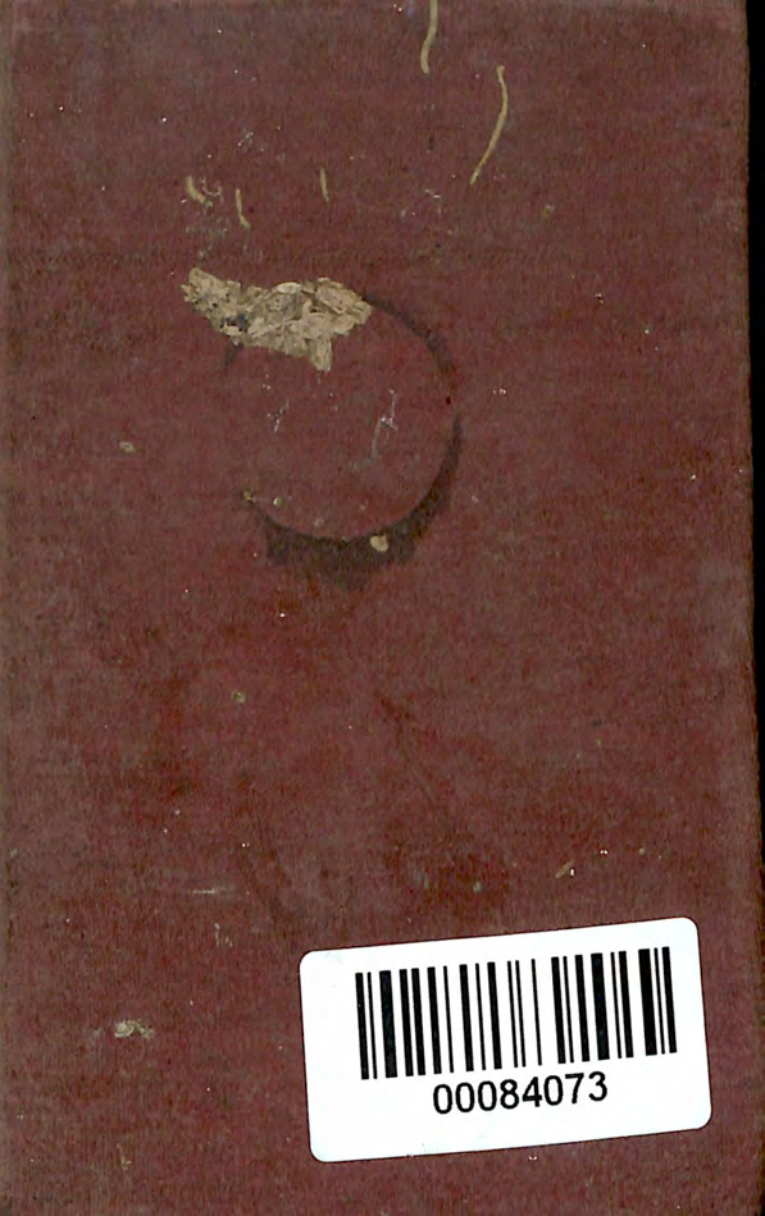

00084073

BOMBAY BRANCH

OF THE

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 06 February, 2016

GREECE

AND

THE LEVANT;

E4073

OR,

DIARY OF A SUMMER'S EXCURSION IN 1834:

WITH

Epistolary Supplements.

BY

THE REV. RICHARD BURGESS, B.D.

OF SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;
AUTHOR OF "THE TOPOGRAPHY AND ANTIQUITIES OF ROME," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMAN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1835.

914.1
Sur/Gun
84073.

914.6 ?

00084073

PREFACE.

A Tour in Greece and the Levant has now but little chance of awakening any general interest, or of exciting the curiosity of the public. But, as travellers in the East are daily becoming more numerous, the demand for such works as may contain any information upon the mode of travelling, the method of seeing the places and objects of interest, comprised in a tour, &c., is naturally on the increase. To visit the classic soil of Greece and cross the plains of Asia — to see Constantinople, and travel through Turkey in Europe — would have been considered, a few years ago, no ordinary undertaking, and few would have attempted such a tour without contemplating a long absence from home, and, perhaps, the incurring of some danger in the enterprise. But

these little volumes will show that all this may be accomplished in "a summer's excursion," with very little more risk of health and safety than a tour on the Continent would include. The Author does not pretend to have made any new discoveries, but merely offers his Journal Book, *written during the tour*, to any who may wish to follow the same route. He has not scrupled to embody the observations of former travellers in his own, whenever they tended to illustrate the subject in hand; and he is not aware of having made any attempts at originality. Why such a "Diary" should be published, "there is no reason to be rendered." It has been thought important, in those countries where the distances are not measured, and are difficult to be ascertained before-hand, to mark them as accurately as the mode of reckoning by time would allow; and if any future traveller should derive any convenience from this, especially in the journey from Constantinople to Belgrade, he will not be so much indebted to the *writer* of the "Diary" as to the diligence and activity of his youthful companions and pupils, Lord George Paget, the Honourable Thomas Knox, and Mr. John Butler S. C. Wandesforde.

The manner in which Constantinople has been treated arose from the want, as it appeared to the Author, of some such description; for, although there are many sketches and descriptions of the interior (which are, however, no longer true), it is difficult to meet, in a convenient form, with any topographical view, so as to put the stranger in the way of a classical study of the capital of the Eastern Empire; on this account it was thought expedient to introduce a plan with special reference to the topography of the city.

The letters addressed to private individuals, whom the Author has the honour to call his correspondents, convey, in a more convenient form than the chapters would have admitted of, certain kinds of information: they were, for the most part, written from the places whose dates they bear, and if not all received, were intended for that purpose.

The reader will easily understand, that, as many books of reference cannot be conveyed in a journey which is chiefly to be performed on horseback, the references could only be made when there was an opportunity of comparing

recollections of reading with the sources of them. But these, and the necessary corrections dependent upon them, are nearly all that has been added to the "Diary," as originally written, during the "Summer's Excursion."

St. John's College, Cambridge,
July 9. 1835.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

LETTER I.

INTRODUCTORY, PAGE 1—4.

CHAPTER I.

THE JOURNEY FROM NAPLES TO OTRANTO.

Avellino. — Ariano. — The Capitanate. — Foggia. — Via Trajana. — Cannæ. — Barletta. — Apulia. — Bari. — Casa Massima. — The Bavarian Widow. — Massafra. — Taranto. The Cathedral. — The Tarentini. — Lecce. — Heel of Italy. — Otranto. — Turks and Saracens Page 5—30

LETTER II.

VOYAGE TO CORFU.

Albanian Coast. — Landing at Corfu - - 31—34

CHAPTER II.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND AND CITY OF CORFU.

Statistics. — Ancient and Modern History. — The Corfiotes. — View from the Citadel. — Ionian Superstitions. — Site and Antiquities of Corcyra. — Scenery of the Island 34

LETTER III.

To Sir Alexander Woodford, Bart., at Corfu - Page 46

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY FROM CORFU TO YANINA.

Walking to Delvino. — Limits of Epirus. — A Turkish Aga. — Delvinaki. — Lake of Tzavorina. — Albanian Travellers. View from the Monastery of Zitza. — Site of Dodona. — Epirus and Albania. — Present State of Yanina. — The Pacha's Castle. — House of Reception - 48—63

LETTER IV.

Visit to the Pacha. — Hall of Justice. — The Divan. — Turkish Ceremonies - - - - 64—69

LETTER V.

Ali Pacha. — His Successes and his Wars. — His Fall. — Distance from Salonika - - - 71—75

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEY FROM YANINA TO NICOPOLIS BY SULI.

Passage of Variades. — Marco Bozzari. — First View of Suli. — Suliote Heroes. — Foto Zavella. — Samuel the Monk. — Desolation of Suli. — Fortress of Kiaffa. — Passage of the Acheron. — The Acherusian Lake. — Regniassa. — Itinerary - - - - - 77—92

CHAPTER V.

NICOPOLIS AND PREVESA.

History and Remains of Nicopolis. — Arrival at Prevesa. — Albanian Palikars. — Promontory of Actium. — Ambracian Gulf - - - - - 93—99

CHAPTER VI.

FROM PREVESA TO ZANTE.

Island of Santa Maria. — Voyage to Ithaca. — Fountain of Aretheusa. — Castle of Ulysses. — Passage to Cephalonia. — Walls of Same. — Ancient Cities. — Plan and Remains of Cranii. — View of Argostoli. — British Garrison. — Voyage to Zante - - - - Page 100—116

LETTER VI.

Useful Information. — Zacynthus or Zante. — Duty on Currants. — The Pitch Wells. — The Septinsular Parliament 117—123

CHAPTER VII.

VOYAGE FROM ZANTE TO PATRAS.

The Ætolian Coast. — Landing in Greece. — Description and History of Patras. — Roman Ruins. — Valley of the Aqueduct. — Police Regulations. — National Lands 123—132

CHAPTER VIII.

A TOUR ON BOTH SIDES THE GULF OF CORINTH AND THE ACROCORINTHUS.

Dardanelles of Lepanto. — Vostizza. — Rocks of Bura. — Monastery of Megaspelaion. — Image of the Virgin. — The Bay of Salona. — Crissa, now Krissò. — Sepulchres near Delphi. — The Pentathlon. — Remains of Delphi. — The Castalian Spring. — From Kastri to Arakhòva. — The Corycian Cave. — The Scriptures at Parnassus. — Ruins on the Zimenos. — Triodos. — Ambrysus or Distomo. — Bay of Asprospiti. — Classical Landscapes. — Coast of Sicyonia. — The Acrocorinthus. — Ancient Columns at Corinth. — Present State - 133—168

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNEY FROM CORINTH TO NAUPLIA BY NEMEA AND MYCENÆ.

Ruins of Cleonæ. — The Nemæan Vale. — Temple of Jupiter. — Ancient Games. — Passage of Mount Tretus. — Mycenæ. — Treasury of Athens. — Walls and Gate of the Lions. — Arrival at Napoli - - Page 169—184

LETTER VII.

Interior of Napoli di Romania. — Theodore Colocotroni, his Trial and Condemnation. — Diplomatic Intrigues. — Polizoides. — Coliopoulos - - - - 185—194

A TOUR IN THE MOREA.

Preparatory Observations - - - 195—198

CHAPTER X.

THE MOREA.

Walls of Tiryns. — Argos. — Petro Bey. — The Erasinus, &c. — Passage of Mount Trochos. — Vestiges of Tegea. — Siege of Tripolitza. — Mantineia. — Epaminondas. — Sources of the Alpheius. — Megalopolis. — Karitena. — Ruins of Gorthys. — Arcadian Villages. — Banks of the Alpheius. — Vale of Pisa. — Olympic Games. — Mountains of Morea. — Andritzena. — Bassæ and the Temple. — Mount Lycæus. — The Nomian Mountains. — Leondari. — Mistra. — Sparta. — The Mainatts. — Route to Agios Petros. — Astros. — Return to Napoli. — The Fort Palamidi. — Tomb of Muller - - - 199—257

LETTER VIII.

Travelling in the Morea. — Greek Politicians. — The Madagascar. — "Untoward Event." — Allied Intervention. — Battle of Navarino. — Conduct of the Allies 258—265

CHAPTER XI.

JOURNEY FROM NAPOLI DI ROMANIA TO THE PIRÆUS BY EPIDAURUS AND ÆGINA.

Lykourio. — Grove of Æsculapius. — The Theatre. — Path to Epidaurus. — Orient Light. — Ægina. — Landing at Piræus - - - - - Page 266—273

LETTER IX.

Athens. — Modern Writers. — Modern Travellers 274—278

CHAPTER XII.

ANTIQUITIES OF ATHENS.

The Olympeium. — Banks of the Ilissus. — Fountain of Calliroe. — Dionysiac Theatre. — The Pnyx. — Temple of Theseus. — The Propylæa. — The Parthenon. — Erectheium. — Doubtful Vestiges. — Circuit of Athens. — Acropolis surrendered. — Siege of the same. — Valour of the Garrison. — Monuments in Athens. — Tower of the Winds. — The Piræus - - - 279—296

LETTER X.

Missionary School. — Divine Service at Athens. — Athenian Society. — The Attic Dancers. — Franceso Vitale 297—302

CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNEY FROM ATHENS TO SYRA, BY MARATHON AND CAPE SUNIUM.

Mavrocordato. — Plains of Marathon. — Glory of Ancient Greece. — Modern Greek Heroes. — Defenders of Missalonghi. — Wildness of Attica. — Temple of Minerva on Cape Sunium. — Adieu to Greece - - 303—312

TOPOGRAPHY OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

GREECE

AND

THE LEVANT.

LETTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Addressed to Mrs. Colyar, at Rome.

Otranto, April 28. 1834.

SINCE my departure from Rome, I have more than once recalled to mind your remarks, that 'Classical Tours and Travels in the East are generally destitute of that kind of plain and useful information which an inexperienced traveller stands so much in need of;' and if I had set out with the determination of writing a Tour in Greece and the Levant, I could not have had a better outfit than your sprightly injunctions: 'Pray tell us how people go

to Greece, and what they are to do when they get there; point us out the road, and the mode of travelling, that we may follow you over the Morea and Asia Minor, if we like: we know already the antiquities of those countries,—we have Dodwell and Col. Leake.' There seems to be something in our nature repugnant to plainness of speech, unless it be that the difficulty of acquiring it renders it so rare. There is no reason why I should not tell you exactly how I have arrived at Otranto, drawn as far as Lecce by four horses in a large coach furnished by the renowned Angrisani; but I could never get past the country of the Samnites without some allusion to the "Caudine Forks," nor look upon the Apulian mountains without invoking the genius of the Venusinian bard. I could never conceal the gloom which sometimes steals over the spirits of the traveller, when he finds himself alone in the midst of thousands who have no sympathy with his feelings; nor yet the tumultuous joy which sometimes fills his breast, when he "carols away idle sorrow" amidst the splendour of nature's solitude. Besides, what traveller could endure to be pitied as "the man who can go from Dan to Beersheba and say all is barren?" Rather than suffer this, he will almost paint the wilderness as a garden of roses, and draw upon the resources of his imagination; he will relate incidents that never occurred, for the avowed purpose of illustrating the manners of the people; and if he

has the faculty of representing fictitious things as real, he will beguile his readers into admiration until they cease to look for truth. Now, although I will not undertake to strangle thought, nor bury in oblivion the impressions which the scenes I am to visit may make upon my mind; although I may be tempted to soliloquise, and sometimes take a page out of history, or a line from a poet; I will never knowingly misstate a fact for the purpose of embellishing my Diary: if fiction there be, it shall be obvious; but if I have any information to communicate to my correspondents, it shall at least be accurate—and this, I think, will be nearly all you will have accomplished by the injunctions you laid upon me at parting. But, by adopting this path of simplicity, I shall have accomplished much in rendering my task comparatively easy. I am pledged to neither science, statistics, nor history. The "useful information" may be given without reference to any previous acquirements, and happily for me that it may! I possess not that geologising penetration which finds "sermons in stones;" nor that botanical science which discovers a new world in the physiology of a plant. I can neither draw with a "camera lucida," nor paint the costumes of the "kirtled" Albanian, nor sketch the "turbaned Turk:" my knowledge is limited to some of the old embattled plains of Italy, Greece, and Asia; and to a few sentences of the ancient philosophers, which I understand were delivered on the banks of the Ilissus.

If I am capable of making a few observations upon men and their actions, I owe it to having conversed with more than an ordinary share of my species; and if I shall be found to dwell too long upon the moral and religious condition of a country, some apology will readily be inferred from the preconceived notions with which I may be supposed to have set out. If I know myself, I am in this instance free from ambition. And as I intend to put on no fetters but those of truth and the honest convictions of my own mind, I may occasionally be thought too free and easy; but what I principally dread is, to be thought tedious and unprofitable. I enclose you a copy of my Diary from *Naples to Otranto*, and as this is a journey I have never seen described by any Italian tourist, you have my full permission to impart to Mrs. Starke as much of it as may be thought adviseable to insert in the next edition of her "Information for Travellers."

I am, &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE JOURNEY FROM NAPLES TO OTRANTO.

There, too, the vigorous olive in its pride,
As in its own Apulian soil uncheck'd,
Tower'd high, and spread its willowy foliage wide.
SOUTHEY.

AFTER quitting Naples, the road to Avellino runs through a country much resembling the neighbourhood of Capua, and traverses Pomigliano d'Arco and the villages of Marignano, Gallo, or Galluccio, until Avella, with its castle in ruins, appears on the left. Nola, where the Emperor Augustus ended his days, stands at the foot of the Monte Calvarini; and after passing this, the road runs between two chains of hills to Bajano and Cardinale; the latter place being eighteen miles from Naples. Travellers are particularly recommended to carry their own cold turkeys, for the miserable inn at Cardinale affords no food, and very little shelter. At Mugnano is the shrine of St. Philumena, the patroness of this district. A waxen image, bedecked in embroidered robes, and enriched with a profusion of precious stones, produces the revenue of the church and adjoining convent: it requires twelve candles to be lighted before

it can be exhibited to the gaze of devotion or curiosity. On the side of a Terracotta Sarcophagus, resembling those found in the catacombs of Rome, is this inscription: 'Pax tecum Fi——lu mena;' the name, however, is only made up by putting together three distinct fragments, and selecting as many letters as compose it; and in this manner, said the ingenious sacrist, were the names of the saints and martyrs concealed from the knowledge of the Pagans, whilst the Christians could read them with ease. In the same reliquiary are two torches, sent as a pious offering by the "beloved Ferdinand;" but Philumena's body cannot be both here and in the church of S. Susanna, near the gardens of Sallust, at Rome! An ascent begins at Mugnano, which continues, for four miles, to Monte Forte and Le Nevière. The scenery is pretty, and in descending to Avellino a rich valley opens, abounding in corn and wine. Avellino contains about 18,000 inhabitants, and is twenty-eight miles from Naples. I found the inhabitants in the midst of an eight days' rejoicing in honour of a new saint, Generoso, just arrived, in mouldering dignity, from Rome. He works, I was told, "innumerable miracles," and throws the patron saint, Modestino, into the shade. I thought, at first, I had stumbled upon an allegory, Generosity overwhelming Modesty; but no, these were the real titles given to the old and new guardian saints of Avellino: the beauties of this town and neighbourhood are worth a journey from Naples.

The second day's journey, to Ariano, is only twenty-six miles, the first seven of which run through valleys smiling with abundance. The ascent to Torrione is steep and rugged, and not quite free from the incursions of banditti: a military station, consisting of eight Neapolitan warriors, is considered necessary for the security of travellers. Monte Fusco, standing on the ridge of a mountain, screens Beneventum from view on the right. The Alp-like Monte Chiusano, sprinkled with snow, rises boldly on the left; and from the top of the ascent is an extensive prospect of the chain of mountains which overlook the "Capitanate." Far spreading valleys reveal their beauties as the eye wanders towards Ariano; and the fields, which were beginning to assume their verdant hue, seemed like carpets purposely spread over the nearer plains. At Grotta Miranda the beauty of the country ends, save that the position of Ariano once more exhibits those picturesque features which generally belong to Italian towns in mountainous districts. It contains about 18,000 inhabitants; has a fortress on the summit of its mountain; and supplies Foggia and the places of the plain around with wine and provisions. A staple commodity of Ariano is butter, which is preserved in rinds of cheese, and may be transported to any distance without endangering its flavour.

Locanda della Posta, April 18.

From Ariano, a steep descent among broken hills, tending to less fertility, leads down to the Villa Forte, which, an inscription says, was honoured in the last century by the royal visit of their Sicilian Majesties. The villa was only an appendage to an immense "Caccia Reale." These royal domains in the kingdom of Naples were so numerous and extensive, that they became a just cause of complaint in the revolutionary times; and the present monarch, also a reformer, has found it expedient to relinquish many of his claims upon those hereditary possessions of the crown. At Ponte Bovino, the plains of Apulia may be said to commence, except that a barren mount again obstructs the view at the sorry Osteria of Giardinetto. A road diverges from Ponte Bovino, by Ordona, to Cerignola, which, in dry weather and with a light carriage, is just practicable. I went by Foggia for the sake of a better road, thus adding about twelve miles to the distance; and, for about six miles, we were driven headlong over a common with *choice* roads in all directions. A wilderness, or rather barrenness, takes away all interest from this district: much of the land is thrown out of cultivation, for no other reason, that I could see, but that it was not wanted. This, however, is the country of sportsmen, who wander from Ascoli and the neighbouring towns, with the double object of pleasure and gain. Even the peasants are armed in all directions; and, as far as I could understand, they

do not always run after the same description of game. Foggia is about thirty-six miles from Ariano, and ninety from Naples. It is a regularly built town, containing, perhaps, 30,000 inhabitants. It presents every appearance of a population living in prosperity, the fruits of the industry of La Puglia: its new promenade will, when finished, be a fine appendage to the town, and must be proceeding at a considerable cost. Fom a Tempietto at the extremity of the promenade, reared upon an artificial mound, and surrounded with mock antiquities, is an extensive view of the plain, which, towards the "Apuli Montes," was then waving with green corn: but the eye is wearied with the hopeless level on all sides, before it can repose on the low distant hills; and not even a glimpse of the Hadriatic is afforded to relieve the prospect.

Foggia, April 19. Locanda di Raffaelle Faella.

The third day's journey, from Foggia to Trani (forty-two miles), brought me through much of Puglia, of which the Capitanate forms only a part — a wild corn country, with no clearly defined road as far as Cerignola (sixteen miles); and, except for a few olives, secured within an enclosure, this town would be without a tree for several miles around it. Here I found I had stumbled on the Via Trajana, as appeared from an inscription most legible upon a milliarium standing in its original position in the

public street. The distance marked upon it is LXXXI., and measured from Brundisium. I gathered from this inscription, with which I stayed to converse as with an old friend, that the Emperor Trajan, in that year of his reign which corresponds to the 104th of the Christian era, made the road from Brundisium to Beneventum at his own expense;—*Viam fecit,* and not *munivit.* There was, doubtless, a road of some kind before Trajan undertook this splendid addition to the Via Appia; but it was probably something like the present track from Foggia to Cerignola. Horace, in his journey to Brundisium, complains of the road after rain; which he certainly would not have done, if it had been paved with the usual hard silex.* On the front of a church I read, "Franciscus Pignatelli Dux Bisacii Deo Virgini ac Religioni. 1718." The descendant of this duke is the great proprietor of the country, which, for many miles around, is one vast corn field: the land is let for the yearly rent of seven

* When a road was made with gravel or small metal like our own, it was simply called Via strata; when paved with the usual basaltic lava, it was Via silice strata; and when paved with any hard material, more perfectly cut and fitted together, it was Via strata lapide vel saxo quadrato. (See the remarks of Bergierus in Morcellus, de Stylo Inscrip. p. 540.) "Via munita," I imagine, might indicate any one of the methods, simply having reference to the construction of the road. Via facta (as in this instance "viam fecit") I have seldom seen used; perhaps it implies even more than "viam munivit."

or ten ducats per rubbia. The Lago di Salpi appears at this distance like a narrow firth running under the arid Monte degli Angioli. Cannosa is discovered at the distance of nine miles, partially concealed by an intervening hill: it occupies the site and almost the name of the ancient Canusium, and frowns over the lowly plain where once stood the fatal Cannæ. There are no vestiges now to guide the passing traveller to the scene of the Roman disasters. The peasant's tradition of the bloody field, like the "Sanguinetto" of Thrasymene, "alone tells you" of the slaughter which happened 216 years before Christ; but Canusium tells the more recent story of the youthful Bohemond, who died and was interred in the cathedral in 1111. His *dilapidated* tomb has rescued from oblivion the malicious envy of a Duke of Tarentum.

In continuing the journey, leaving, as the road now is, Cannosa on the right, at about eleven miles from Cerignola, the Hadriatic breaks upon the view, with the fishing towns on its coast, seen from a barren hill. Through the same kind of country, except that the plain becomes more undulated, the equivocal road reaches the Ofanto, leaving the fields of Cannæ on the right beyond it. I had looked for the Ofanto with some eagerness, and within about two miles and a half of Barletta I passed a bridge long enough to bestride the utmost overflow of that impetuous river: there were some signs of its wandering propensities.

" Sic Tauriformis volvitur Aufidus
Qui regna Dauni præfluit Appuli
Quum sævit, horrendamque cultis
Diluviem meditatur agris." *

But the poet says he was born " ad longe sonantem Aufidum," which immediately takes us up to the mountains; for here the bed and banks are too deeply buried to be ever heard from afar. A sturdy square tower, called the Torre di Ofanto, marks the spot where the classical river enters the stormy Hadria.

Barletta is hemmed in with regular-built walls and angular towers, built not unlike the walls of the Leonine city at Rome; they are certainly not so old, but they may have been made after the pattern of the Saracenic construction. The successors of Alphonso of Arragon (1433—1464) found this city convenient for their residence when the vassals of Apulia and the powerful Orsini, Duke of Tarentum, raised the rival banner of Anjou. Ferdinand I. was crowned in the cathedral. Six miles further on the coast is Trani, which I entered too late and left too early to make any observations upon.

Between Trani and Bari, a distance of twenty-four miles, along a road which runs near the shore, several towns occur, at the distance of four or six miles from one another. *Bisceglia* is conspicuous by its solid square tower, its mosque-like cupola, and its tele-

* Hor. Carmen xiv. lib. 4.

graph: the fortifications are by far too good for a town of so little importance, but this is owing to the facility of procuring materials. Nothing can exceed the regularity and beauty of the masonry in these towns—made, too, of a stone which is equal to marble in purity. This is still more remarkable in the houses of *Molfeta*, where I observed some elevations of a chaste style of civil architecture. After leaving the gate of Molfeta, Giovanasso is seen a few miles down the coast, launching boldly into the sea. In approaching this town, and continuing my journey towards Bari, I passed through olive yards and corn fields, running down to the very margin of the shore. The enclosures are all made with stone fences: the system has not only the merit of economy, but it clears the soil of the only incumbrance it appears to lie under. Half-ruined square towers, with which this country abounds, peep out of the olive fields, and are distinguished at vast distances over the whole flat. There is certainly no picturesque beauty in Apulia; and the historical interest is of an unusually melancholy nature. Its fields have been deluged with human blood in the various contests for empire, in which more than the fate of Italy was involved. The dukes of Beneventum extended their dominion over a large portion of the flat country reaching from the promontory of Gargānus to this Terra di Bari.

Its history emerges out of the dark ages with the Norman conquests; Robert Guiscard was saluted with

the title of Duke of Apulia; but it can hardly be said whether that province was wrested from the Lombard princes or the emperors of Constantinople, A. D. 1060. Roger Guiscard succeeded to this title in 1127, and uniting the province, together with Calabria, to the other districts which now belong to the kingdom of Naples, he became the first king of Sicily. In the church of St. Nicolo at Bari I found an inscription to that effect; it stated that Roger received, in that Basilica, the "Iron crown," in 1136, at the hands of Anacletus II. The authority for this date is as old as the sixteenth century, as appears from the same inscription. The Emperor Manuel again rescued Apulia from the new Sicilian monarch, and the siege of Bari was his first undertaking, in 1155: the conquest was of short duration, and Apulia became again incorporated with the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. But my recollections of the "Bari mœnia piscosi" went beyond the Norman period. The epithet bestowed upon it by the Roman poet may mean that in his time it was little more than a fishing village; and it is not until the ninth century that it becomes so conspicuous in the history of the Greek empire. Although the valour of Charlemagne had nominally subdued all Italy, it neither reduced to submission the Lombard dukes of Beneventum, nor expelled the Saracens from the coasts of Apulia. Bari was their firm possession. But Lewis, the great-grandson of Charlemagne, after a siege of four years, took it in

871. "Bari is now fallen," he writes to the Emperor Basil, "Tarentum trembles, Calabria will be delivered," &c.* For nearly two centuries it remained under the precarious dominion of the Cæsars of Constantinople, and then it enters into the history of the Norman conquests and the republics of the middle ages. I found no memorials of its former glory or vicissitudes, except such may be descried in the huge fortress which overlooks the shallow bay. I sought in vain for some monument or tradition of Melo, who appeared to the Normans in the cavern of Mount Garganus, in the garb of a Greek, but in the real character of a foe to the Greek emperor. This noble citizen of Bari died in Germany, and the adventures of his son Argyrus may yet form a subject for romance or poetry.

My *cicerone* was a cobbler, who had been twelve years in the British service; he willingly left his stall to accompany a party of the "noble nation" around his native town; and he still broke the King's English. He said his town had stood seven bloody sieges in olden time; but how and when, he was ignorant. I believe he was correct in his number, and seven sieges of Bari may be enumerated. He pointed out the church of S. Nicolo; and behind the main altar I saw a monument erected in honour of the wife of Sigismund King of Poland, bearing date 1593.

* See Gibbon, Decline and Fall, chap. lvi.

She was the daughter of John Sforza Galeatz; and the only reason for her monument being here, that I could perceive, was her title of Duchess of Bari. This church contains a great number of ancient granite columns, grotesquely put together in pairs, to support the aisles. This, as well as the cathedral church, exhibits specimens of the Græco-Saracenic style, like that of Pisa and Amalfi, showing a common origin. The crypt of the cathedral is gorgeous; the tower and belfry stupendous and imposing. Bari is defended towards the sea by a line of regular-built walls, like Genoa: it contains about 24,000 inhabitants. Lately the two entrance gates have been thrown down, and the city enlarged with a fine new street, called the Corso. The other streets, or rather lanes, are not kept clean, but kept dirty by being made the reservoirs for filth. The Corso and the Quay are excepted from this nuisance. I saw two or three small vessels in the harbour, which my cicerone technically termed "small craft" from Trieste; all that appeared in the port of Bari.

The once celebrated Brundisium (Brindisi) is now so far left to its solitary fate, that the carriage road disdains it; and from Bari travellers must now go across Italy to the Bay of Taranto. The new road, however, is excellent, because its foundations are laid by nature in hard stone. It leaves the coast at Bari, and passes through Capurso and Casa Maxima: the country frequently degenerates into a wilderness, in which I saw

nothing remarkable but the industry of the peasantry in recovering the land from its stony barrenness. I suppose they know enough of political economy, not so to employ their labour without the prospect of an adequate return.

I am sometimes tempted to take my eyes away from landscapes, to suspend my recollections of history, and leave antiquities undisturbed, for the sake of conversing with living beings whom any peculiarity in feature or address may recommend to my attention; and I have generally found the tale to which I had voluntarily lent my ears to be one of misery or vexation. Nature is, indeed, shy in bringing forward her own demerits; but when the feelings are labouring under the pain of injury (real or imaginary) inflicted upon them by others, the sufferer is always glad of an ear, however strange, into which to pour the voice of complaint. Hence I have ever found the female sex the most willing to communicate, for they have more frequently to complain of the infidelity of mankind. At the village of *Casa Massima*, whilst taking some refreshment, I observed a figure which had nothing in common with Italian features or expression. Instead of the jet-black hair and dark eyes, there was a sandy complexion, and eyes — the colour of an English sky; instead of the vivacity which generally distinguishes the female countenance in Italy, there was that round-faced sobriety which belongs to the Transalpine character:

I immediately set down this person in my own mind as a German: she was accompanied by a little girl of about ten years of age, partaking of the mother's features; but, in other respects, showed an Italian origin. My case was therefore made out before I asked a single question. A German woman, I said, having married a Neapolitan: but this did not satisfy my curiosity; I was anxious to know how she had found her way to a solitary and uninviting place like "Casa Massima:" besides, as she sat at the table of mine host, helping her little daughter to a few shreds of "bouillé," she appeared to be labouring under some mental depression; and the impatience with which she ordered the ragged "ristoratore" to supply her numerous demands, convinced me that some excitement was still working in her temper. To ask a person whom chance may throw in the way — but especially a female — who she is, and where she comes from, would be thought, in England, a very difficult question; but, on the Continent, if it be done according to the standard rules of politeness, it is the easiest question of all. The facility of obtaining information from a well-regulated police, upon the birth, parentage, and education of a stranger, renders concealment of any kind hopeless, and a mysterious air dangerous: hence the foreigner very easily glides into the notion that every man may, with propriety, ask him both his name and business. The only thing to be ob-

served, is, to put the question in the third person singular; and with Monsieur or Madame as a nominative case, in France, or wherever the French language is the medium of communication, the "inquisitive traveller" may accomplish any thing. *Madame est Allemande peut-être,* was quite enough to elicit the whole history of this unfortunate woman and her daughter. Her native soil was Bavaria; but she had been imported into Italy along with the Austrian troops, at the period of the Neapolitan insurrection in 1821. Left a widow, but with ample means of living, she preferred the climate and scenery of Naples to the frosty plains of Munich. It happened that in the same house where she had fixed her residence, there lodged a young student in anatomy, who always answered to the name of Ludovico; and as they were destined to meet continually upon the same staircase, it is not difficult to conceive how they became acquainted; besides, Ludovico played the violoncello, and occasionally sung a cavatina from the best operas; all which stole sweetly upon the ears of his fair neighbour. But having left his native Terra di Bari with a slender purse, he soon found he must either relinquish his studies or procure some further means of support. The widow, now consoled by the balmy atmosphere of Naples, and the hopes, however distant, of being united to Ludovico, undertook to pay the whole expense of his education, and to add whatever might

be thought enough to make him not only a skilful anatomist, but a physician of the first degree. It was of course a condition well understood, that Ludovico was to espouse the widow, and, in return, receive the enjoyment of her remaining fortune. The young Italian not only consented, but performed his engagement faithfully; and hitherto the Bavarian bride knew nothing but felicity. But when the time came for leaving Naples to return to his native village, Ludovico made some propositions which threw alarm and suspicion into the breast of his wife. He asked for nothing less than the half of her fortune, and added, it was necessary to leave her behind him with the infant which their union had already been blessed with. The marriage vow appeared a more solemn tie in the eyes of the German lady. She followed Ludovico faithfully to his native home, and cheerfully offered to share with him her income. She followed him but to learn a fatal secret, — that his affections had long been engaged, and his faith plighted, to another, who, also, now for the first time learnt her cruel destiny. The young husband, seeing again the object of his youthful affections, and all his former love returning, became impatient of his lawful bride, and invidiously compared the soft charms of his Carolina with the rigid features of his Bavarian spouse. For three years and a half, said the distracted woman, he has tried, by insults and ill-treatment, to drive me away from his home. —

Here she stopped to pay her tribute to nature, and burst into tears. It is, she continued, as soon as grief permitted her to speak, — it is that he may marry another, that I am to be dishonoured — banished upon pretext of not being his lawful wife, and without having any compassion on this child, — and here she suddenly caught the child in her arms, and clasped it fondly to her bosom, and remained for some moments in silence. The little arms which had clasped the mother's neck, as ivy clings to its support, were then gently disentangled; and after a wistful gaze in the countenance of her beloved daughter, she sealed the burst of maternal affection with a kiss: when this ebullition was over, she inveighed bitterly against her faithless Ludovico, and vowed, that although she was in that secluded region, without a friend, she would never go forth into the world as the discarded wife of him she had lawfully married, nor brand the child of her love with the mark of unmerited disgrace. I could not but praise her strong sense of virtue; and I besought her to trust to that Providence, who, when he sees good, can heal the wounds of misfortune. She had nothing to reproach Carolina with, she said; Ludovico had deceived them both, and made them both unhappy. Your feelings, said I, are generous. Alas! poor lady: may He who shields the oppressed from wrong be your protector and guide.

Gioja (24 miles from Bari), April 21.

No country can be more uninteresting, in every point of view, than the open track which continues from Gioja to where the road passes at the foot of Mollola, a town about eleven miles distant from Taranto, and situated on a barren mountain; nor could the view of the Gulf of Tarentum, with the corn fields and olives in the foreground, raise a single emotion, by its natural beauty, in my disappointed mind. The ancients appear to have singled out a hopeless flat country always for their special admiration, as the Neapolitans now talk with delight of the Terra di Bari. I glanced at the large village of Palegiano, shining white amidst the green corn. Massafra is prettily situated on the slope of a hill, interspersed with tufts of trees and shrubs; but, when near it, it assumes a most singular appearance. The rock on which it stands is perforated and worked into a thousand fantastic shapes by no other hand than that of nature. The houses stand on the brink of a narrow valley, or rather chasm, worked through the rock by the action of running water. The walls of the chasm itself, so curiously formed, appeared to me to resemble the concretionary stone made by the waters of the Silarus; it is therefore of the nature of travertine stone, but has certainly a greater mixture of buoyant materials. The scanty streams of the Patimisco and Tara, and, at no great distance, the Galeso, run among the aged olive trees which cover the country around Taranto.

This city, the shadow of so great a name, stands in a corner of the gulf, upon a slightly elevated rock, which in this place only binds the coast. A lake formed by the sea, which finds a passage inland, is called the Mare Piccolo: the only access to the town is by a bridge thrown over the end of this lake, which thus communicates again by the town with the "Mare Grande." This is a small portion of the bay, terminated towards the south by the Punto S. Vito, and at the other extremity by the Isoletta S. Nicolo; the flat ugly islands of St. Peter and St. Paul lie in the midst. I could distinguish the distant line of mountains which enclose the gulf on the Calabrian side, but nothing is to be seen in the contrary direction beyond the Punto S. Vito. The fortifications, forming a rampart towards the sea, are preserved; and the "Castello," garrisoned with a few soldiers, presents a most formidable aspect. It immediately connects the Mare Piccolo with the Mare Grande, where it is flanked with immense towers. The population is estimated at 18,000 souls. The great article of commerce is oil; the whole country, indeed, from Bari to Otranto, is, more or less, olive-yards. Taranto contains a cathedral of some renown, and confers the title and dignity of Archbishop. The see has remained vacant ever since the death of the late learned prelate, who died at the full age of eighty-two: he is buried in front of the high

altar, but the inscription intended to record his fame and virtues is already nearly effaced by the rude tread of the inhabitants. The interior of this edifice is arranged in the Greek style; it is supported by several ancient columns of granite and white marble — all the remains I could discover of Tarentum. The chapel of S. Cataldo is one of the richest incrustations I ever saw, being inlaid with *pietre dure*, like the work of the Florentines. The altar is particularly rich; behind it are two columns of verd' antico supporting the reliquiary, with silver doors. In the sacristy I was shown the episcopal ornaments of S. Cataldo — the ring which he wore, the very cross which he used, which is inscribed with his name — the whole exhibiting a profusion of emeralds and rubies. I was not aware that S. Cataldo was an Irishman, nor do I yet know by what process he became the patron saint of the Tarentini. I observed the flank of a sepulchre; round the borders of it were some Gothic-Latin characters, among which I read the name of Franciscus, Duke of Tarentum. But, although Taranto offers no natural beauties, how full of historical interest and classical recollection! Who, in taking a wide survey of this gulf, can forbear to conjure up the spirit of Pythagoras, and revolve the maxims, so painfully near the truth, of the Italian sect. Here was the ancient Sybaris, destroyed, 500 years before the Christian era, by the neighbouring "Crotoniatæ," who afterwards became so "flourish-

ing in all manner of wealth," that they could hire Zeuxis to paint pictures for their temple of Juno.* Here Pyrrhus landed from Epirus, and maintained his ground for two years, whilst he might be said to be teaching the Romans the art of war. And how, in looking over the blue waters which lave the Heel of Italy, forget the song of Arion †, or refuse to hear the piteous accents of Archytas begging that a particle of sand may be thrown upon his unburied corpse. ‡ But I miss the sheep which fed on the banks of the sweet Galesus §; and there are few places which will more effectually teach us to live upon recollections of the past, whereby we frame a country and beings for ourselves, than the "Lacedæmonium Tarentum."

The new road no longer passes by Grottaglie, which appears conspicuously at the foot of a low mountain; but, leaving Fagiano on the right, it reaches, after sixteen miles of the same uninteresting country, the poor village of Sava.

I travelled from Sava to Guagnano, a distance of twenty-one miles, over a marshy and ugly plain. Wherever the soil is rescued from the dominion of stone, there are patches of corn and olive trees. Oria and its marshes lie on the right; an horizon

* Cicero de Inventione, lib. ii. Procemium.
† Herodot. lib. i. Clio. cap. 24.
‡ Horat. Carmin. lib. ii. ode 28.
§ Id. ibid. ode 6.

which sometimes appears like the sea on the left: the town of Noia, notwithstanding its name, is a relief. I arrived at Lecce at half after three P. M., just before the torrents began to fall, but no Vetturino of Lecce was bold enough to attempt the marshy roads to Otranto before the following morning. The patron saint of this city is Irene, who has a large church erected to her honour. The buildings in general are approaching to magnificence; and such is the facility with which materials are procured, that even in the most wretched villages we find large piles of building like palaces, and towers which reach to the sky, like the one at Lecce near the college and cathedral. An inscription over the gate tells how the Emperor Charles V. was received by the "populus Lupiensis," when he was driven to their coasts in 1547. They have a singular method here of torturing columns, and piling inscriptions, almost unintelligible, one above another. The palace of the governor is almost royal; the Villa Pubblica is rising with a certain degree of luxury; and a road reaching to the Hadriatic, six miles in length, is soon to become the grand promenade of the Lecce people.

April 23. 1834.

The distance from Lecce to Otranto is twenty-four miles. Melindura is the halfway village; from hence the road is barely practicable for a carriage,

even in dry weather; and we found ourselves indebted to the last year's journey of his Sicilian Majesty, through this extreme part of his dominions, for any road at all. A Caratella, however, dashes through every thing, and, within the twelve miles just mentioned, there was variety enough for its prowess. We entered upon an almost trackless moor, drove over ploughed fields, sunk into ditches, were hemmed in between walls wherever olive trees occurred; and, finally, the contents of one caratella poured out upon a muddy road, not without risk of life and limb: such is the state of the Heel of Italy. Hydruntum has kept pace with the surrounding scenes.

The Romans preferred Brundisium to Hydruntum for their communications with the East; and had some reasons which the descendants of the "Salentini" have not now to weigh against Otranto, especially since Greece has become a nation, and England rules over the Ionian Isles. But how make a road from Lecce? or remodel the deserted harbour and build a lazaretto? Thus is Iapygia doomed to eternal solitude, unless another Dædalus should alight upon the promontory, and found a new dominion! The distance across from Hydruntum to Vallona (Aulon) is reckoned by Pliny to be fifty miles; but this is not the shortest cut, for the nearest point in the Cape Linguetta is not more than forty miles. This would have made a great difference in the bridge

which Pompey proposed to throw over the gulf, and which if he had accomplished, I should not now have been waiting for a Corfu packet! If Pyrrhus ever had such a splendid notion, it might probably have grown out of his desire to get safe back to the coast of Epirus. The only Roman remains I found here, were two dedicatory altars, nicely fitted into the entrance of the Syndic's house; fortunately, their inscriptions were turned outwards and the right way up: the one was to Marcus Aurelius; the other to his colleague Verus, which I copied. The granite columns in the cathedral, however, are evidently ancient. In the Norman conquest of Apulia (1040), Otranto was one of the places which was saved to the Greek empire; forty years later it exhibited the busy scene of an embarkation of the innumerable troops which Robert Guiscard led to the siege of Durazzo. Gaita, his wife, and the youthful Bohemond, with a train of 1300 knights, assembled with 30,000 followers, a motley throng, and 150 vessels floated in this now deserted harbour.* In walking along the low rocky shore, I could only people the coast and its inlets with the Norman adventurers, and shudder at the view of the Acroceraunian mountains.

The present aspect of Otranto takes us down to more recent times; the castle (now surmounted by

* Gibbon's Decline and Fall, chap. lvi. A. D. 1081.

a telegraph) was built by Alphonso of Aragon, with the motive, no doubt, of securing the place against a second attack of the Turks. The huge bombs of granite yet fill the streets of Otranto, and several of the largest are kept piled up on the parapet of the fortress. The castle contains prisons, stables, a mill, a chapel, and some deep recesses with which every one who knows the "Castle of Otranto" is familiar! Alphonso also made a line of fortification, and a circular bulwark reaching for about 600 feet on the land side. These were joined to others which had previously existed, perhaps ever since the Saracens, and are yet to be traced. A slight addition to the fortifications, and some repairs, stand as a memorial of the reign of King Jehoiakin.

At the distance of more than half a mile from the town, a solitary square tower, called the Torre degl' Orti, still wears the marks of a bombardment on the side looking towards the sea. The Torre del Serpe was built by the aid of the Venetians at an earlier period, and was intended as the lantern for the extensive port which seems rather to have been planned than attempted: an open country, overlooked by the wild tower, furnishes the revenue of the archbishop. In an inscription over the gate, allusion is made to the piety of Ferdinand of Aragon, with reference to the "Salentine" martyrs, — those, no doubt, who perished at the siege of Otranto by Mahomet II.

(1481), when all Europe was thrown into dismay. The injury done to the grotesque mosaic pavement in the cathedral was caused by the trampling of the Turkish cavalry, when the sacred edifice was turned into a stable. The bridge which stands before the gate was erected, in 1625, by Annibal of Turtura, who is said, in an inscription on the wall, to have been equal to the Carthaginian in military valour, but superior in virtue. In his day, Philip IV. was king, and Alvarez Toledo viceroy of Naples. I observed a regular portcullis, which I was inclined to believe was left by the Saracens, for Otranto, as well as Bari, was under their precarious sway. The three distinguished characters of Otranto at the present day are, the British consul (a Neapolitan), the proprietor of the "Immacolata," and the archbishop's cook, who all contributed, in their respective departments, to cheer the gloom of five days' imprisonment, in a town reduced to 1800 inhabitants. I could only compare the three modern worthies with Guiscard, Bohemond, and Alphonso; or, remounting to the Saracenic times, run down the scale of vicissitudes through which the "Salentini" have passed, from the yoke of the Lombards to that of the Spanish Bourbons.

Locanda nuova all'Immacolata,
April 28. 1834.

LETTER II.

Corfu, May 8. 1834.

My dear Madam,

HAVING at length arrived at this island, I can at least fulfil a part of my engagement, and tell you how I got here; at the same time, I shall add some "useful information" for those who come after. The journey from Naples to Otranto requires seven days by that private conveyance called a "vetturino;" nor can the time be abridged unless the traveller is disposed to lend himself for three days and four nights, without repose, to the Lecce mail, which leaves Naples three times a week. The Corfu *sailing* packet is so uncertain, that sometimes despondiing travellers are detained a week or ten days at Otranto: but I waited only five; add two days more for the voyage, and you will find that I consumed fourteen days in reaching this island, and ran the risk of making it twenty. But supposing the steam-packet to start regularly from Ancona, and the day of departure known, which is not the case at Otranto, Corfu would then be reached in ten days even from Naples. Much more, therefore, would Ancona be the preferable route, if the point of departure be Rome, or any place north of it. But if, in the

journey which you contemplate, you are determined to see Apulia, and to have the shortest passage across the Hadriatic, then prepare yourself with fifteen Louis for the hire of a carriage and three horses from Naples to Otranto, and five dollars more for your passage to Corfu: as soon as you step into the boat which is to convey you to the packet lying off in the harbour, you are irrevocably lost for twenty-one days, and as many more as you please, to the society of civilised Europe; but having made up your mind to this sacrifice, and already floating on the briny wave, you will, if the weather be calm, enjoy the beauties of the Ionian Sea.

> "Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore,
> The shortest passage from the Italian shore."

I left the shores of Italy on the evening *of the 28th of April*, about an hour and a half before sunset. Our boat's crew was a mixture of Maltese and Italians — Palinurus himself a Neapolitan. The company below stairs consisted of two priests from the "Propaganda," on their way to Smyrna, and two agreeable Frenchmen of La Vendée walked the narrow deck, looking in the direction of Gratz, with an occasional remark upon Louis Philippe. My youthful companions superintended the weighing of the anchor. There was scarcely breeze enough to carry us out of port, and our unskilful captain had nearly allowed his "Giacintha" to retrograde upon

the rocks. After moving slowly for ten hours, we came within sight of Fanò, the ancient Othronus, which a Greek writer of the sixth century thinks may be the island of Calypso: it is now garrisoned by about fourteen British soldiers: it is about three miles and a half in length, and rises gradually from the sea to the height of about 600 feet. Four miles distant from Fano is a smaller island, Samothraki, in which the ancient name of Samothracia is easily discovered. Here are stationed three solitary men and a corporal. As we were nearly becalmed during the whole of Tuesday, I had leisure to contemplate the "infamous rocks." A more arid, savage chain of mountains I never saw. I could distinguish no signs of vegetation, except here and there a tree on the rugged sides of the Chimara, growing out of the naked cliffs. A dry river course, like a rent in the mountain, falls from the Chimara;—the seamen call it the "Strada Bianca;" and it serves as a landmark for them even at night. The mountain rises into a conical shape, and is capped with eternal snow; but it does not appear to the eye so elevated as the others which rise above Paleassi. The habitations along this sullen line of coast are few, and almost as little is known of the inmates as of the inhabitants of China. The sailors speak of them with mysterious horror, giving no other character of them than "*sempre si battono fra lora.*" The Porte Palermo I could hardly distinguish; but the far-stretching

island of Corfù was seen at a provoking distance. About two o'clock, P.M., we passed the little island of Merlera; and it was dark before we turned the point of S. Spiridione. After veering round another small cape, defended by the Madonna di Cassopo, the successor of Jupiter Cassius, we entered the canal which runs between the island and the Albanian coast, and in which a current generally sets. About half an hour before daybreak, we cast anchor at the foot of the Pharos, having performed a voyage of 120 Italian miles in thirty-three hours. It required an hour to pass the formalities of landing and for conveying our baggage to the "Locanda del' Cavallo Bianco."

CHAPTER II.

THE ISLAND AND CITY OF CORFÙ.

Fair clime! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles. BYRON.

CORFÙ is a corruption of the Greek word Κορυφους, *arces*, named from the lofty cone-shaped citadel to which Virgil, in all probability, alludes. This island is situated at the entrance of the Hadriatic Gulf, 20 degrees long. merid. of London, and 39 north latitude; and it is separated from the coast of Epirus by an irregular canal lying nearly S.E. and N.W. This canal is entered towards the north between Buthrotum and Cassiope — the shortest distance across being not much more than a quarter of a league. On the south, the passage lies between Leucimne and Sybota. The shape of the island is like a scythe; hence it was called Drepane. Homer frequently calls it Phæacia; it had also the name of Scheria, and finally Corcyra. The anchorage is near the little isle of Vido, the ancient Ptychia, where the government is now erecting some superfluous fortifications. A

chain of mountains runs irregularly through the whole length of the island, which is about thirty-eight English miles, and the greatest width sixteen miles *; the highest mountain, Pantaerator, is 2795 feet: a third of the surface is covered with olives, a third with wood, and a third with vines and low valleys, of which the greater number are marshy. The island is divided into four districts, Gyru, Oros, Messi, Leucimne, or Alefchimo. The population of the whole island was estimated twenty years ago at 55,000; and although the inhabitants of the town and suburbs have become more than double their portion during that period, yet, upon the whole, there is very little increase of population: the marshes and the want of commerce will account, in some measure, for the decrease in the villages, and the constant attraction of a numerous garrison naturally increases the number of settlers at the seat of government. The oil is accounted of the finest quality, and about 200,000 barrels are produced biennially. There are about 2000 Jews in Corfù, and they have two synagogues. The European costume and the Venetian language generally prevail.

The fabulous and heroic history of Phæacia is found in the Odyssey. Ulysses going to Ithaca is cast upon these shores, and received into hospitality by Alcinous and his daughter Nausica. * The king, Nausithous, is said to have accompanied Jason

* Homer, Odyssey, vi. The Antiquities of Corcyra are written by Angelus Maria Quirinus, Latin Bishop of Corfù,

in his Argonautic expedition, which looks something like a tradition that the inhabitants of this island were early engaged in naval enterprises. But the Corcyræans first appear, in authenticated history, at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. They had been neuter in the Persian invasion of Greece, and Herodotus appears to accuse them of treachery to the Greek cause.* They afforded an asylum to the exiled Themistocles, and they had the still greater honour of receiving Aristotle. Agathocles, tyrant of Syracuse, attacked Corcyra, but was subsequently obliged to relinquish his pretensions. Pyrrhus became master of the island previous to his invasion of Italy; it was afterwards joined to Illyricum, and assisted the Romans in their wars with Philip II. of Macedonia, and his son Perseus. Augustus, after the battle of Actium, treated the inhabitants with rigour, because they had been unfortunate enough to espouse the cause of Mark Antony. The æra of Diocletian is marked by a persecution of the Christians in the island; in the fifth century they felt the ravages of the Vandals, and subsequently the injuries inflicted upon them by Totila; but they generally assisted the Greek em-

in a quarto volume, published at Brescia in 1738, entitled, Primordia Corcyræ, post. Editionem Lyciensem, Anno 1725, ab auctore—adaucta; the Antiquities end, however, with the famous naval battle related by Thucydides.

* Herodot. lib. vii. cap. 169.

perors against the Gothic invaders, and their destiny fluctuated between the fortunes of the Eastern and Western Empires. In the famous expedition of Robert Guiscard, the acquisition of the island became an important object. We find it afterwards erected into a duchy, and Philip of Anjou had the title of Signor of Corfù about 1367: he appears to have introduced the Latin clergy, and by the authority of the Pope, Gregory XI., established an archiepiscopal see: it was not until the fall of Venice that the Latin Bishop ceased to reside in the island, but he is now replaced by a Vicar-general. The Latins have six churches, and their rites are admitted to equal honour and protection with those of the Greeks. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Corfù was a prize worth contending for, and its fate was balanced between the Genoese and the Venetians and the Greek emperors; but the valuable possession was finally secured to Venice in 1546, when it was taken by the Doge Pietro Polano. With some slight interruptions from the Turks, the republic held it for 250 years, along with the other islands of the Ionian Sea. This long domination transfused the manners, institutions, and language of the Venetians among the islanders; and the Corfiotes are still indulged by the executive government with the grotesque exhibition of a tournament. Corfù fell from the grasp of Venice into the demoralising hands of the French Republicans, until it obtained the dangerous protection of Russia.

Agreeably to the treaty of Tilsit, it was ceded again to the French in 1807, and they held it until 1814. At the congress of Vienna it was consigned, together with the six islands of Zante, Cephalonia, St. Maura, Cerigo, Paxò, and Ithaca, to the protection of England, and the Septinsular inhabitants were told to expect the blessings of a constitution. The elements of that constitution were framed by the first Lord High Commissioner, and it has not yet been found expedient to expand its provisions for a rational liberty. The representatives are still elected without a constituency, and the senators are created by the breath of his Majesty's Commissioners: yet they are sometimes refractory withal, and refuse to grant the supplies! Twenty years have not sufficed to secure the affections of the people; nor have the magnificent roads and harbours which now adorn their islands, reconciled them to a system of taxation and the maintenance of the British troops. Corfù is the only one of those islands really useful to British dominion and commerce; and it would be better governed as a colonial possession: the other six might be resigned without reluctance, and go to strengthen the hands of King Otho!

The citadel rises out of the sea, in the form of a cone without its vertex; and a lower summit not much dissimilar makes the two "Koryphoi," which the natives call the two "mamillæ;" — a lantern, over which waves the British flag, —

crowns the highest top. Thick grass and dandelions cover the ascent, where the rock leaves room for vegetation. The fortifications extend to the Esplanade, connected therewith by a lofty drawbridge; and a formidable Venetian bulwark encloses the city on the land side. A little bay, filled with habitations, and ending in a woody elevation of shore — the site of the ancient Corcyra — completes the suburbs on the south; among which the "Country-house" built by Sir Frederick Adam stands conspicuous. The harbour, affording anchorage for any number of vessels, bears N.W. of the citadel, and the isle of Vido nearly due N. The summit of the Pantocrator (the Istōne of Thucydides), with its continued ridge varied in outline and richly wooded, circumscribes the green fields and olive-clad hillocks on the west, until the naked mountain, rising above the Lake Perăma, takes up the more rugged features of the chain. This forming the end of the Drepane, gradually slopes away with many an irregular break, until it falls into the waters at the promontory of Leucimne; but departing again from the Pantocrator towards the east, a still greater variety of hill and broken valley meets the eye, until the other promontory of Cassiope nearly reaches the coast of Albania. That coast frowns darkly in a crescent form over the smiling isle; and the snowy tops of the more distant mountains just conceal the Acroceraunia. This panoramic view I enjoyed from the top of the rock, on the evening of May 3d.

On the Easter Sunday of the Greeks, May 4th, the body of S. Spiridion was exposed to public adoration in a corner of his church: he stands upright in his closet, his black head reclining on his shoulders, and his feet, which are accessible to the kisses of the devout, enveloped in rich brocade. The life of S. Spiridion figures in Oriental Martyrology, and he is the most popular saint of the islands. His body was brought to Corfù from Constantinople in 1489, where it had been, according to tradition, ever since the seventh century. The superstitious belief in the powers of this saint would be far too gross even for the Neapolitans. Spiro (for that is his name by abbreviation) sometimes walks the fields by night, and inspects the crops; and, on the following morning, his feet are gravely exhibited to the people with a sprinkling of soil or dust, as a proof of his nightly peregrinations. A system of pious fraud like this may excite pity for the multitude and contempt for the priest; but the system of an enlightened nation obliging and teaching its own children to "worship a lie," must excite disgust. It would hardly be believed that British soldiers are compelled to join in a procession headed by the hideous relics of S. Spiro, and followed by an idolatrous train; there they give solemnity to the scene by appropriate music, and do the same homage as if they were approaching their own altar! Indeed, it is only lately that officers were excused from standing bare-headed

to receive the procession! This is called the policy of not offending the prejudices of the people; the poor soldier being supposed to have no prejudices at all: but the people, instead of appreciating the generosity, think S. Spiro dishonoured by the forced compliance of unbelievers. The priests alone rejoice in the pomp and the popular submission of the rulers; but it neither adds to the respect nor authority of the British nation. Surely there is a wide difference between interfering with the superstitious rites of a people, and taking a part in them with mock solemnity.

The most frequented drive and ride is to the "One-gun Battery," which overlooks the scenes described by Homer. The island of Ulysses still appears, ship-formed, at the entrance of the port. It is crowned by a whited habitation and a few poplars. There is the λεπτη εισιθμη, or narrow passage to the second port; and the gardens of Alcinous, under the wooded hills, appeared in richest verdure. The whole site of the ancient Corcyra is now covered with olive trees, forming the most delicious shade, and varying the landscape in their contrast with the green herbage, vigorous plants, and occasional glimpses of the blue sea. The view from the little chapel on the top of the hills is one of those which, if once seen, must ever dwell on the recollection: and then, turning to the more inland scenes, with the fountain of Chrysida issuing from the thick shade, we say it is the

region of some enchanting spirit. Here, with the Odyssey, the imagination grows warm; and the peasantry, in a costume so foreign to the newly landed visitor, fairly transports him to another hemisphere. Behind the gardens of the "Country-house" are some ruins, said to be of the Temple of Neptune: this cannot be, if Homer's ports are truly ascertained. The columns which exist, show something of the Pæstum Doric, but they are of so diminutive a size as to throw suspicion on their ever having supported the portico of a temple at all. At a great depth an aqueduct has been discovered,—a "specus" perforated in the rock, which is of a friable material.

At the entrance of the Governor's villa, some tesselated pavement is laid open: and, this no doubt, is Roman; as are also some sepulchral inscriptions which I saw in the Prosalindi Museum. A head of M. Aurelius has been found, and a bas-relief representing a sacrifice to the Goddess of Fecundity. After leaving these enchanting spots, I went over some marshy, boggy, half-dry ground belonging by right to the lake, but which the English garrison are pleased to call the Race-course. Here, and towards the west, in the immediate neighbourhood of Corfù, the country is far from being beautiful. But in pursuing the direction of the road which leads to the Geruni pass, about eight miles from the town, the scenery becomes rich and varied; and the view of the Ionian Sea, with a glimpse of the low coast of

Italy, is of itself worth the evening's ride. The Phalacrum Promontorium is now called S. Angelo: towards the end of the fourteenth century, a prince of the Palæologi built the castle whose ruins whiten on the cliff. Not far from hence, and about sixteen miles from Corfù, is Paleocastrizza—a much frequented excursion. This I made on the 9th of May, when the island was in all its verdant beauty. At the ninth milestone a road branches off, on the right, to S. Pantaleone, which ends in a kind of little Simplon. Approaching the coast, the scene becomes one of the most singular in nature. Olives, cypresses, fig trees, and even the palm tree, vie with each other on the abrupt cliffs; the cystus, the myrtle, the arbutus, and a number of odoriferous shrubs, cover the banks; and overhead are the bare and precipitous rocks which overlook the whole island. I never saw a coast so capriciously formed by nature: innumerable little bays insinuate their windings within the rocky shore, forming diminutive harbours and mysterious caverns. The Hospital of Paleocastrizza stands on one of the many summits, kept by a serjeant and three sentinels. I returned to Corfù in the cool of the evening, by the village of Potamou, and stood long in silent admiration of the scenery clothed in all the luxuriant verdure of an Oriental spring.

Nothing can exceed the hospitality and kind attentions of the Lord High Commissioner and the military commander-in-chief towards British travellers. His

excellency, anxious to diffuse knowledge and improvement in the Septinsular republic, has been the principal promoter of a quarterly journal lately established, and called the Ionian Anthology. It admits of articles in any of the three languages principally used in the islands, viz. Greek, English, and Italian. I am now reading the Number for April, which contains an animated description of a "Journey to Athens," written by the accomplished lady of the Resident at Zante.

Palace at Corfù, 2 A.M. May 10.

LETTER III.

To Sir Alexander Woodford, Bart. at Corfù.

Yanina, May 13. 1834.

When I took leave of you inspecting your magnificent troops on the Esplanade, last Saturday morning, you kindly expressed a wish to know how I and my young party might fare in the rugged Albania. We happen to have alighted upon a period of perfect tranquillity, and have reached the capital without so much as hearing a gun fired, except by our own guides for the sole pleasure of regaling their ears with the warlike echo. The heat in the open plains was sometimes oppressive, and we did well to carry our own bread and other provisions. Our beds we found indispensable, unless we had made up our minds to sleep, as the Albanian does, upon his capote. Of the three attendants we took from Corfù, I intend to return two as useless, but the Suliote serjeant is evidently fitted for the undertaking, and in all his services shows the good effects of British discipline. It was half-past ten o'clock before we were fairly launched in the "Scampa Via," with which his Excellency had the goodness to accommo-

date us; and although we were favoured with very little breeze, by the exertions of the ten rowers we reached Santa Quaranta in five hours. My Itinerary would be of very little use to you, who know the road to Yanina so well; but as it is interspersed with some observations of a literary kind, you may perhaps think it worth while to send some extracts to the Editor of the Ionian Anthology.

I am, &c.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY FROM CORFÙ TO JOANNINA OR YANINA.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view;
Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
Veil'd by the screen of hills. BYRON.

THE fortified rock of Corfù continually recedes from view, but it is hardly ever lost sight of until the Albanian coast is touched. I glided past Buthrotum *, now Butrinto, and looked diligently for the counterfeit Simois. It is evident from Cicero's letters †, that his friend Pomponius Atticus had large possessions on this part of the coast of Epirus. From here the political exile might be in Rome within four days, as soon as he heard of a "re-action" in his favour. After clearing the Cape Cassopo, we soon landed at Agioi Saranda, or the Forty Saints. The ruined monastery, which once flourished here under the protection of Venice, still stands on a mount rising from the bay, and a more lofty eminence is crowned

* Ovid. Metamorph. lib. xiii. v. 720.

† Epist. ad Atticum, lib. iv. ep. 8., Ib. lib. xi. ep. 6., *et alibi*.

by a fortress originally erected by the Venetians, and renewed by Ali Pacha. The ruins which yet run along the coast, show that Agioi Saranda has been a town of some importance; but now a Turkish police officer, with a Greek for his dragoman, is sufficient for its defence. It could only afford, unless notice had been previously given, four horses, — not more than sufficient to carry baggage: there was, therefore, no alternative but to walk to Delvino.

The first appearance of this land of Albania is rugged and hopeless. The ascent towards Delvino begins immediately from the police station; but, on gaining the top of the passage, an extensive valley is seen at the feet, screened by a chain of hills, from that in which Delvino stands. The Chimariot mountains, with the town of Vonitza coming boldly forward, arrested my eye continually as I passed through the valley, which is intersected by misguided streams and unrestrained rivers: over these we were carried upon the shoulders of our Albanian guides. Let not travellers be deceived by the nominal distance of three hours from Santi Quaranta to Delvino; it requires four with baggage. I paid a dollar apiece for horses, and from Delvino to Yanina, I was obliged to offer as much as two dollars and a half per horse. Delvino, which I entered in the dark, was captured by Sultan Suleiman in the year 1533. I could discern through the night a minaret, for the first time; but between

the innumerable fireflies which sparkled around me, and the occasional lights which gleamed from the thinly scattered habitations, I could hardly discern the abodes of men from the delusive light of the insect.

The first reception at a Khan in the Turkish dominions could not but excite our curiosity. We sat down on the slightly elevated cushion of the divan, and the host, a Greek, bid us welcome to his roof: he was assiduous in supplying our wants as far as he was able. On the following morning, after receiving from the master of the Hospitium a specimen of the roses with which the gardens abounded, and which, with many oderiferous plants, perfume the soft air, — I had leisure to look around me and admire the situation of Delvino. I also began to consider how it stood with reference to the divisions of the ancient Epirus, and how to be adjusted with the limits of the modern Albania. The old kingdom of Epirus extended along the coast from the Gulf of Vallona to the Anactorian bay, and then ran along the Gulf of Ambracia: it was separated from Thessaly by the lofty range of Mount Pindus, and from Macedonia by the river Aous until it reached the Illyrian tribes. The three principal divisions were Chaonia, Thesprotia, and Molossia: but fourteen distinct tribes are enumerated of the people dispersed over Epirus. The Paxi Islands and Corcyra must be added to make up the dominions of Pyrrhus. These geographical outlines were sometimes effaced in annexing the Epirotic na-

tions to the contiguous Roman provinces. The modern Albania extends along the Hadriatic shore far beyond the limits of old Epirus*, and comprises much of the ancient Illyricum; but the district of Delvino I found to border on Thesprotia, and my travels were to be chiefly confined to this central division. It became our duty, before proceeding on our journey, to visit the Aga, whom we found sitting in solemn taciturnity, surrounded by a number of his Albanians. The ceremony to be performed was, reclining for a few minutes upon the divan, and drinking a thimbleful of coffee. This, however, was supposed to be an additional passport in the eyes of our guides. In leaving Delvino, a dollar was demanded as a right of passage; and in another place fifteen piastres, which seemed to be either an imposition or a very recent regulation. The horse-path runs over unfruitful mountains until it reaches the village of Petza, which appears enveloped in olive branches and verdure, at the base of a naked mountain. A stream, which has its source in a spring, the Karthekarki, runs below the village, and finally falls into the Butrinto. I do not know why this stream should not be either

* Theopompus reckoned the Epirotic tribes at fourteen, which seems to have been a favourite number with the ancients. King Donnus reigned over fourteen Alpine tribes. The most noble of the Epirotes were reckoned the Chaones and the Molossi. Strabo himself is content with enumerating five distinct Epirotic nations: the Thesproti, Cassopæi, Amphilochi, Molossi, Athamanes.—Lib. vii. p. 465. tom. i.

the "false Simois," or the Scamander. After passing between two mountains, not unlike the passage of the Col de Balme in Savoy, we descended, by a steep stony path, into the valley of Deròpuli, through which runs the scanty river Druno. At the upper end of the valley I could easily distinguish Argyrocastro, its vast fortress running down the declivity of the mountain. This valley still retains in its name the memory of Hadrianopolis. Upon the opposite mountain of Mertzika I could distinguish a town, which I understood to be Libochobo. This place, with the country surrounding, was given by Ali Pacha to his sister, Shainitza, of sanguinary memory. In leaving this valley, which is but partially brought into cultivation, we passed over the neck of a hill, which is now memorable for a battle fought about a year ago between the Turkish troops and the refractory Albanians. "It lasted for a whole day," said the gravest of our guides, "and most of the native warriors came from Tepeleni." At six hours and a quarter from Delvino we took our repose at a shed, with a well of water near, called Bekermeni. To Delvinaki we found near five hours more, and, being late, were obliged to take refuge in a miserable hovel. The village of Delvinaki, consisting in a small group of cottages, and destitute of all manner of life's conveniences, is situated on the side of a mountain, from which breaks a deep ravine. The scenery, which has been so praised by Lord Byron, is the most striking on the Yanina

side. After an hour's travelling we arrived at the lake of Tzarovina, not large, but beautifully clear, and a perfect mirror, in which the wooded hills above are reflected. The whole of this scenery is indebted for its beauties to the oak forests, which extend, for many a mile, in all the varied forms of the abrupt cliffs and mountains. This country was famous for robbers, owing to the facilities for escaping among the forests; about three months previous to our passage, a Turk, laden with money, was shot, and the robbers were afterwards apprehended, but were only compelled to restore the money: Ali Pacha's justice would have been more summary. A house which he built is still standing, and at no great distance from where the murder was committed. The Pacha took great delight in this romantic country, and retired to it sometimes to soothe his savage breast. The lawless state of Albania, ever since it has appeared in history, has compelled the most peaceable of its inhabitants, like the early Greeks, always to be armed; so that, now, arms may be considered as a necessary part of national costume. Their passion for fire-arms is so remarkable, that, although they may have to walk ten or twelve hours a day, they will voluntarily lade themselves with heavy guns, pistols, and yatagans: the seven men and three boys by which we were attended (or rather our horses), were all armed after this fashion. They presented a formidable group as they reclined, at the noonday's repose, under the

shade of a tree near the Mosheri Han, where we had pitched our tent on a fresh running stream. We were soon visited by a number of curious travellers, both Mussulmen and Greeks, who were not a little astonished at our luxury, and at the few travelling conveniences we possessed. I asked some of them if they were Christians: one answered boldly in the affirmative, and even began to rally his next neighbour for being a Turk, which the follower of Mahommed did not appear to resent. I showed the Christian a Testament, observing they were the words of Christ. He took it into his hand, and kissed it devoutly, and then made the sign of the cross. I translated a few texts for him into modern Greek, which, when written down with a pencil, he was able to read; and I much regretted not having a Romaic Testament to give him. The Mussulman was chiefly occupied in inquiring into the price and virtue of our pistols, watches, and other articles; and spoke, as well as the Greek, with great respect of London, where everything of real value appeared to them to be made. These men I found were merchants from Argyrocastro, and therefore ought by no means to be taken as a criterion of Albanian intelligence. They were in frequent communication with the Ionian Isles.

After proceeding for about five hours towards the monastery of Zitza, we arrived opposite the fall of Glizani, which rolls over a rock about fifty feet high, and has one of the richest foregrounds I ever saw.

The river which forms this beautiful cascade is the Kalamas, anciently the Thyamis, and which Lord Byron unaccountably confounds with the Acheron. After a further distance, measured by one hour and a quarter, we came to the monastery just as the sun was setting behind the Thesprotian mountains. From the commanding eminence on which the convent stands, is that extensive panoramic view which Childe Harold so much admired: and although in his sober prose he appears to over-rate the scenery of Albania, yet the situation of Zitza is such as to call forth his powers of description, — not that the convent's "white walls glisten fair on high," for they are very grey walls, and concealed on all sides by trees, the cool freshness of whose shade is worthy of being sung. Here, indeed, having ascended from the sultry plain, the pilgrim would delight to rest; and if he has a Muse to awake, he may sing of the Epirotic flocks and herds, which graze at his feet in the valley of the Thyamis. He may tell how the rugged mountains, which extend for many a league, were washed from the plains of Thesprotia, as if the earth had heaved with the design of throwing them out of her lap. The vines next he sings, which grow in such abundance around "Monastic Zitza!" but if he must needs come to realities, he will find the wine which they produce very little to his taste, and the interior of the convent ill adapted to secure his comforts. The "Caloyer" is not "niggard of his cheer;"

but it consists in his wine and his fresh water. A civil reception, however, is hospitality; his poverty, and not his will, withholds the viands. I found provisions at the village: a lamb was purchased for fifteen Turkish piastres, and roasted whole in the midst of our nine Albanians. They soon raised their wild notes as they sat round the fire, and I felt a momentary thrill as the lurid light blazed upon their half-savage features. The monastery contains no records: and its history, like Albania itself, is sunk in oblivion. It probably owed its foundation to the Comnenian race, and its present poverty-stricken appearance to Ali Pacha. It was capable of maintaining at least sixty monks, but now scarcely six can be found to trim the lamp before the "Panaghia."

Written at the Monastery of Zitza, May 12.

At a quarter past six o'clock the following morning I left the convent, and descended past the village to the cultivated fields, and then entered upon a stony path between two rugged mountains. This issues into one of those long plains which form a main feature of the land of Albania. Through this plain, without a tree, the path continues for about three miles, and then enters a second, and others in similar succession, until it brings us within view of the site of Dodona, of oracular fame. The spot is marked on the top of a mountain by something like a grove; and the position corresponds well

enough to the description of ancient geographers. An Albanian Greek, who was conducting his son to school at Yanina, from Argyrocastro, pointed out to me the place where was anciently, he said, a temple (Naos): he assured me, likewise, that there existed no traces of either oaks, or fount, or shrine, but a few trees still distinguished the sacred eminence. A cool fountain, and a shady grove on the top of that mountain, where the votary might take refuge from the scorching heat of the plain, were enough to consecrate the spot. The idea of a deity presiding over it seems to be nothing more than the creation of a grateful heart for the sweet repose, which none can appreciate but those who have borne the burthen of the heat in the plains of the East. My new acquaintance turned from the Dodonæan oaks to his own prophecies, and spoke of the approaching changes in Albania: he expressed his astonishment that the Sultan should be allowed to keep possession of a country which any one of the European powers might wrest from him in a few days. But, I replied, the other powers would not consent that any one should do so. He confessed that there lay the difficulty: but, in the mean time, what shall we do? he added; our industry is oppressed, our commerce ruined, and our energies paralysed. What can I do with this boy? said he, looking affectionately upon his son: he must acquire some learning, and become a dragoman. In God is your only trust, I

replied; you are a Christian. Monos Soter, said the Albanian, and galloped away across the plain.

As soon as we lose sight of Dodona*, the city of Yanina appears; but, until it is almost reached, the greater part of the town keeps concealed behind a naked mountain. Its fortress and palace, projecting into the lake, first strike the eye; and every step, for a while, unfolds more of the red-roofed habitations. We passed the trenches thrown up fourteen years ago by Ali Pacha, and began to enter the streets; but the approach and suburbs of the meanest town in Italy may put to shame those of the capital of Epirus.

The history of this singular country, into which I have now securely penetrated, is one of the most obscure in Europe. It may begin with Alexander the Great, and end with the magnanimous Scanderbeg, until Ali Pacha throws the light of burning lava across its pages. The name of Pyrrhus, and the celebrity of the Oracle of Dodona, rescues Epirus from 120 years of oblivion. Then follows the Macedonian war conducted by Emilius Paulus, whose devastating army threw down the walls of seventy five cities, and sold 150,000 of the inhabit-

* Since my Journal was written, I have read Mr. Hughes's dissertation on the site of Dodona; and, considering the numerous authorities there brought together, I see every reason for adhering to the popular tradition delivered to me by the Albanian traveller.

ants for slaves, in one fatal day. Through those cruel operations we are furnished with the guidance of a faithful historian — the only one who throws much light upon the ancient geography of Albania.* As the Roman Consul had his head-quarters at Passeron, a principal city of Molossia, and not far from where I now write, we may suppose this portion of Epirus to have undergone more than its share of cruelty and distress: but when the Roman history is closed upon this division of the province of Macedonia, we almost lose sight of it until the period of the Norman adventurers. The siege of Durazzo, and the approach of Alexius Comnenus, for a while called the attention of Europe to the coast of Albania; otherwise, George Castriot is the only name which rescues it from the oblivion of a thousand years. There are different opinions as to the origin of the Albanians. Some suppose they came from the Asiatic Albania, and the borders of the Caspian Sea: but it is by far more probable, that they derive their origin from the old Illyrians, and take their name from the city of Albanopolis or Elbassan.† Their language is harsh and guttural, and full of borrowed terms. They call themselves Skypetars, but are generally known to the Turks by the name of Arnauts; and this term also designates their language. They

* Tit. Liv. lib. xliv. xlv. See also Strabo, lib. vii.

† See Colonel Gordon's Introduction to his History of the Greek Revolution.

issued, in all probability, from their own country (the Illyria of the Greeks), about the period of the decay of the Greek Empire, and they soon spread themselves over Epirus and Greece. The most considerable of their tribes are, the Ghegs, about Scodra; the Toxides, about Tepeleni; the Zyamides, in Thesprotia; and the Chimariotes, which are described by Cantacuzene as the independent Albanian shepherds*: behind these we read of the Lyapides, the most savage of all the tribes. Their religion is neither Mahommedanism nor Christianity, but a counterfeit of both; and they pass without difficulty, if it suits their interests, from Islamism to Christianity, and the contrary. If the records of history enabled us to collect the sum of human happiness enjoyed in this country through a series of generations, it would doubtless be found to be comparatively trifling; and we are almost constrained to recognise the curse which has rested upon the land whose inhabitants appear to have refused the offer of the Gospel. If St. Paul preached round about unto Illyricum†, he must have comprised the province of Epirus; or if the word sounded forth from Thessalonica, it must have reached the Thesprotian plains. The Turkish yoke almost appears to have been reserved as a punishment to the generations that came after.

* Αλβανοι αυτονομοι γομαδες. Hist. lib. ii. cap. 24.
† Romans, chap. xv. ver. 19.

Ioannina, pronounced Yanina, was founded by the Greeks, at what period I know not; but it existed as one of the capital cities of Albania in the thirteenth century: its name is derived, I believe, from a church and monastery dedicated to St. John; and perhaps this may have been founded as early as the reign of Justinian. A mosque now occupies the site of that church; and the son of Ali Pacha has found a grave in a corner of the cemetery, which rises perpendicularly from the lake: beneath, in the rock, was the refuge of the tyrant himself, with his wives and treasures, — a place he appears to have perforated and made somewhat habitable: the vestiges of his rocky chambers and secret passages are still visible; the recesses of his couches and cupboards. From the summit of the rock, is a comprehensive view of the lake and town: for the mere accommodation of 12,000 inhabitants, it is spread over by far too great a surface. There are, indeed, especially about the citadel, many vacant spaces where the ruins of the habitations, lying in heaps of stones, appear as if they had but recently ceased to smoke. The fortress where Ali Pacha had his residence is also battered on all sides, but still remains as a monument of his obstinate resistance, and of the impotency of the Sultan's troops. The spot may yet be discovered, where many a wretched being was impaled in full view of the city, whilst their piteous cries reached the ears of the trembling

inhabitants. There are the subterraneous abodes of captives and hostages, and the secret passage-vaults, half choked up with ruins: the shattered walls yet wear an aspect of strength, from whence the ghost of the aged despot almost seems to be hurling defiance. A canal, which is now fallen into disuse, communicated with the fortress; and a part of this is now the Pacha's residence: it is half surrounded by the lake, and a considerable defence of rock rising perpendicular. Here the ruling viceroy sits secure, hemmed in by the lake on one side, and by fortifications and canals on the side of the town. The streets are narrow and crooked; and all the animation of the place is confined to the dusky bazaar. The scenery around would be fine, if it had the essential ornament of wood. The outlines are finely drawn; but the lake is far inferior to any of those in Italy or Switzerland. The chain of the snowy Mount Pindus, which rises beyond the N.E. end of the lake, may compare with the Alps; but the mountains in the immediate vicinity, and I may include the island, have no beauties to excel those which a loch in Scotland can boast of, save the beauties of the sun and sky. An island in the lake contains the church and monastery — although it is much unlike one — where Ali Pacha was allured to take up his residence in order to complete the triumph of the Sultan's Vizir. The miserable chamber in which he fell, is shown, with the bullet-holes

still remaining in the planks of the floor: an adjoining room contained his wives, and a secret recess his treasures. At present, nothing can be more uninviting than this low spot of ground in the island, surrounded as it is by sedges and aquatic vermin. At Yanina, every spot is connected with the name of Ali Pacha: his memory, like a haunting spirit, claims every thing for its own: if there be a house of a better appearance than the rest, he either began it, or planned it, or was the cause of its comparative splendour. Signor Cherici, with whom, in company of thousands, we are lodged, excepts his Frank habitation; — he declares it to be his own invention from top to bottom; and, like its owner, unicà nella città. This personage, in his capacity of doctor and apothecary, may be said to be the Ali of the present day, substituting a milder kind of death for impalement: he was once consular agent for Austria, and is now an expectant of some lucrative employ from England through Corfù. In a little time, another house of reception will be fitted up by the British consular agent, and travellers will no longer be condemned to bear the scraping of the violin and the grating conversation of Signor Cherici.

LETTER IV.

To Mrs. W. H. Campbell, at Geneva.

Yanina, May 14. 1834.

In your agreeable letter, which reached me at Corfù, you expressed a wish to know something of Ali Pacha and the Suliotes, and also to have some account of what a living pacha was like. Your romantic spirit seems to have imagined all these things better than I can describe them; and I should almost say, if I did not know to the contrary, that you had actually visited the capital of Albania: but the Institution you speak of, established at Yanina for the instruction of youth, ceased to exist long before the year 1800. It was short-lived; but, as long as it flourished, it might have done honour to a more civilised capital. There was, about twenty years ago, a motley population at Yanina, amounting to not less than 30,000, exclusive of the Albanian soldiers, but now it is little more than a third of that number. It contained sixteen mosques and eight Greek churches, but the whole was burnt by order of Ali Pacha in 1820. It is not possible that a city can flourish,

which is liable to be demolished about once in every ten years. Most of the houses are now built up of mud; a few have ventured upon a more solid construction, but in the present state of Albania they cannot be worth three years' purchase. I have just come with my young party from paying a visit to Mahmoud Pacha. I regretted I had not your pencil to sketch the scene.

The Pacha of Yanina.—We proceeded to the residence of the Viceroy half an hour earlier than the time announced for our reception, in order to be first introduced to the prime minister. The approach to the Pacha's divan lies through a rude gateway belonging to the fortress; and, after traversing an open space as uneven as a rough pavement can make it, we stood before a flight of steps leading towards the apartments; the wide open corridor was filled with Albanian attendants, running one against another in wild disorder, and a rude magnificence pervaded the avenues to the chambers: perhaps a large barn fitted up for the accommodation of strolling tragedians may not be an unfit representation of the whole. We were shown, without delay, into the presence of the prime minister, who appeared to be diligently employed, like Deioceces, in dispensing justice. We were politely invited to recline on his right: a line of Turkish figures sat along the lengthy couch, which ended in an

under secretary writing upon a parchment at arms' length; and I afterwards discovered that this was our Bouyourdee, or passport, which was then preparing with all solemnity. Before the carpeted precincts stood scores of attendants and clients, or persons having come upon business from distant parts of the Pachalic; amongst the rest, I espied my acquaintance from Argyrocastro, in whose eyes I had now acquired considerable importance. From this whole quadrangle of taciturnity, there issued continual clouds of smoke, which only permitted the curious eyes of the spectators to alight upon us occasionally. The man of state was handsome in his appearance, and affable in his conversation, a native of Thessaly, and spoke Romaic fluently. The indispensable chibouque was brought to each of us with speed, and coffee soon succeeded. After a few sentences of little import, the commander of the troops entered boldly, in a costume meant to be European: a solemn Turk, who wore the sacred green, at the same time sat down, and observed with more than usual scrupulosity all the forms of Mahommedan courtesy. A pipe and a thimbleful of coffee were soon a substitute for his conversation. After about a quarter of an hour spent in a cloud, it was announced that we were to go and see the sun. Three centinels, leaning on their spears, guarded the entrance into the Pacha's divan; and, after passing the threshold, I had nearly stumbled over fifty pair of red slippers,

which as many slaves had left at a respectful distance from the couch. To pull the shoes from off the feet is equivalent in the East to our taking the hat off; therefore I considered those red slippers as fifty black hats, and recovered the equilibrium of my person and my meditations. The Pacha sat, as I find is the custom, in a corner of the divan, but the couches on either hand were empty. We were invited to sit down, which we ought to have done before the invitation was given; for that which would be considered vulgar and impertinent in our notions, secures greater respect in the eyes of a Turk; and I was strongly recommended, although I did not adopt the system, always to treat a Pacha or a Bey with the most sovereign contempt, in order to secure more certainly his consideration. The chibouque and coffee soon appeared again, and I discovered that the essence of my politeness would consist in smoking as many pipes of tobacco as would stupify my senses — for the greater the dignity of the person, the more the smoke to be inhaled: but to the ceremonies of a Turkish reception were also added those of the Greeks, which were far more agreeable. A quantity of preserved fruit is handed round for every guest to take a small spoonful, and this is supposed to be a preparative for drinking the cold fresh water which follows: this is handed from one guest to another in the same goblet, and is no doubt the cup of friendship (κυλιξ φιλοτησια)

of the ancient Greeks.* After this slight quenching of the tobacco fumes, a signal was made by the Pacha, and the stage was cleared of all the numerous menial train as rapidly as it is sometimes done by the chorus of an Italian ballet; and thus a clear course was made for confidential conversation. Two or three servants soon re-appeared, to replenish the pipes and bring the sherbet; some handed the cups, and others followed with richly embroidered napkins: this last act of attention completes the Pacha's first list of honours conferred upon strangers; if he wishes to go beyond, he must next ask them to dinner. The room displayed a kind of coarse splendour; it was the same which Ali Pacha used for state occasions, having also built it. Mahmoud, the present Pacha of Yanina, is a man of about fifty-five years of age, and has been elevated (which is a common thing in Turkey) from the humble station of a domestic to the rank of Vizir. This ought to indicate talent; but it does not appear he has yet displayed much in his Pachalic: but he has exercised that quality which the Albanians have been little accustomed to see, viz. humanity. Wishing to enhance the value of this, I endeavoured to account for the present tranquillised state of Albania by the mildness of his government. The wisdom of his Highness, I said to his interpreter, has effected what Ali Pacha could not do. The Pacha approved of

* See Dodwell's Travels in Greece, vol. i. p. 156. 4to edit.

these words; and, in return, expressed himself favourably disposed towards English travellers in general, but especially ourselves; at the same time observed, that their customs and religion did not permit them to travel in like manner. He spoke of the Lord High Commissioner with respect, and desired to cultivate with the "General" all kinds of good understanding. After a few such compliments as these, we *courteously* took our leave, and had no sooner repassed the threshold of the chamber, than we were surrounded by eager faces to ascertain the extent of our generosity. I had committed the agency of the whole business to Signor Cherici, who professed to have distributed seven dollars among them; but three or four of the Chiboukees afterwards made an excursion to our lodging to complain of the niggardly donation: this made me suspect that my worthy agent had distributed the sum with *partiality*, having given himself the best share. The next morning we received the Bouyourdee, which entitled us to the protection and hospitality of all Agas and commanders between Yanina and our next destination, which was Prevesa.

LETTER V.

Yanina, May 15. 1834.

My dear Madam,

I SHALL scarcely feel to have accomplished the task of a faithful correspondent, unless I add to my sketch of the "Living Dog," some account of the "Dead Lion." The modern Nero of whom you have heard so much, was wont to compare himself with Napoleon — the rest of the world could never see the resemblance, except in the one circumstance of plundering, without shame, on a very large scale. The formidable Pacha appears in various memoirs and histories, under a diversity of names: sometimes you see him called the Viceroy of Albania; sometimes the Satrap of Yanina; again, the Despot of Epirus, the Tyrant of the Porte, and the unrelenting Vizir: but the simple name of Ali Pacha has prevailed over all those expressions; and I merely wish you to understand that they all mean the same man. You may see many curious details of his life in Mr. Hughes's Travels in Albania, and a highly wrought description of his person and court in the pilgrimage of Lord Byron; but in this letter you will have nothing more than a summary of the principal acts of his life.

Ali Pacha Tepelini — so called from the place of his nativity — was born in the year 1740: he was descended from a family which had held the office of Bey or Aga for as many generations as will reach back to George Castriot. His father, Veli Bey, died when Ali was but a boy; and his mother, a woman of bold spirit, but destitute of every humane feeling, was left in charge of Ali, and Shainitza his sister. Veli Bey also left another widow and a son; but Ali's mother, in order to secure him the whole inheritance, contrived to take away her rival and the son by poison. She then began to encourage her own son in every audacious enterprise — often exciting him to go and take vengeance upon some neighbouring village or district, for any real or fancied grievance. Not much time elapsed before the young Palikar rebelled against his mother's authority; and finding her disposed to become refractory, he shut her up in confinement, and began to act for himself. In the course of his depredations, he was taken prisoner by the Pacha of Yanina; but he afterwards obtained a high military command through the Roumelie Valessi Kourt. He narrowly escaped the vengeance of Ibrahim Bey, by letting himself down from a window at Berat; he afterwards entered the service of the Pacha of the Negropont. After a time he returned to Albania and assassinated the Pacha of Delvino, and again took post in his native town. From Tepelini, he made incursions upon the neigh-

bouring Beys, and often succeeded in wresting their authority and districts from them. His valour recommended him to the notice of the Sultan, when the war broke out between Russia and the Porte in 1787. His services during these campaigns finally procured for him the government of Triccala, in Thessaly; and it was from thence that he made a grand and successful descent upon Yanina. By a forged firman he made himself governor of Epirus; and as he had really obtained great authority among the rude Albanians, the Sultan thought it best to ratify his self-appointment: being thus raised to the rank of Vizir, and commanding a greater extent of territory than his predecessors, — for he could not endure a rival Pacha near him, — he began to appear as a modern Caligula: extortions, and oppression in all its varied forms, were exercised all over Albania. Yanina was daily the scene of every species of atrocity; and the sons vied with their father in the works of rapine, murder, and violence. But his inveterate enemies, who checked his ambition, and for ten years defied his power, were the Suliotes: with a force which never exceeded at any time 1300 men, they repulsed his thousands; and if they had not finally yielded to his artifices and his gold, they might have secured their independence within the barriers of their native mountains. The possession of Parga, however, in some respects consoled the covetous Vizir; and I fear, the part which England

took in that transaction must remain as a lasting disgrace to her policy.

Parga was evacuated on the 10th of April, 1819; and less than 150,000*l.* was considered an equivalent for the country and household gods of the Parghiotes. The officer commanding the British garrison at Parga made known the fatal secret to the inhabitants, that they were to be delivered up to Ali Pacha, according to arrangements made with him unknown to them. It is impossible to paint their despair, when they saw the Turkish troops enter the place which contained every thing most dear to them. They began to disinter the bones of their relations, and even to put portions of their native soil on board the vessels prepared for them. All this was done under the "protection" of the British flag!

Ali having at length become obnoxious to the Porte by his tone of independence and his growing ambition, he was proclaimed a traitor, and Zurchid Pacha was sent against him with an army of 40,000 men. The Suliotes then offered their assistance to subdue their old enemy, upon the sole condition that they might be allowed first to reconquer their own country. The Porte appeared to agree to that stipulation; but it was soon discovered that there was no intention of adhering to it. The Suliotes then joined Ali against the treacherous Sultan: they turned the balance of the war at first against the Porte; and had they kept true to the Despot of

Yanina, the Ottoman forces would have been insufficient to subdue him. After an obstinate resistance, Ali was displaced from his stronghold, and took post in the island. There he had secured his wives and his treasures, and laid in a great supply of gunpowder, to blow himself and all that belonged to him into the air rather than fall captive into the hands of his enemy: but Zurchid Pacha, desirous of securing his head and his treasures, began to offer him terms for a capitulation; and in this only instance—the last and most important of his life—he forgot his usual cunning. Driven to defend himself with about fifty of his followers, he listened to the Pacha's offers of procuring the Sultan's pardon, and allowing him to end his days in honourable retirement at Tepelini. Ali was induced to withdraw to a place in the island until the messenger should return from Constantinople. He was daily visited by emissaries from Zurchid Pacha, and he suspected no plot. But after a few days, upon taking their leave in the usual manner, and whilst the aged tyrant had his back turned, they drew their pistols and shot him in the room, which yet exhibits the marks of the murder. It is said that Ali had time to draw out two pistols and shoot two of the assassins, but he fell pierced with many balls, and his head was sent in triumph to be exposed at the gate of the seraglio. His treasures were dispersed to the winds, and his conqueror had to account for them at last with his head. Ali

Pacha was in the eighty-second year of his age when he was shot: his name will probably increase in awe and horror with posterity; and the places which have as yet scarce lost the print of his footsteps, be pointed out with a superstitious awe by the generations yet to come.

I find I could go from this place to Salonika (Thessalonica) in five days, according to the following Itinerary.—First day, to Mezzovo, at the foot of the Pindus; second day, to Triccala; third day, along the Peneus to Larissa; fourth day, to Platamona, on the coast; and the fifth day's journey may be performed either by sea or by land. There is also a shorter road from Corfù to Yanina than going by Delvino; that is, to land at Sayadez, instead of Santi Quaranta. If four days be allowed from Platamona, or Salonika, to Constantinople, the whole journey from Corfù to that city may be performed within twelve days according to the ordinary mode of travelling.

From Yanina to Prevesa there are three roads: the easiest by Arta, eighteen hours; the second by Parymathia, which brings in the ruins of Cassopœa, thirty hours; and the third by the pass of the Variades and Suli, thirty-six hours. I have just determined to take the latter, the least frequented—indeed, scarcely known; and I hope to be repaid for the fatigue and danger of passing the Suliote mountains.

I am, &c.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEY FROM YANINA TO NICOPOLIS BY SULI.

Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's hills,
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak.
BYRON.

May 16.—FROM Yanina the path runs through the plains for about two hours and three quarters, having the Tzemerika, the harbinger of Mount Pindus, on the left, and a chain of naked mountains on the right, which screen the country through which lies the passage to Parymathia. The Arta road inclines to the left, leading to the "Cinque Pozzi*;" and the path I followed brought me, after three hours and a half, from Yanina to the foot of the Kiriaki pass. In ascending this most steep and rugged path, the valley was gradually developed below me. It appeared like a rectangular basin fenced by the rough flanks of the

* The Cinque Pozzi (five wells) is a classical place in the history of modern Greek warfare. Marco Bozzari and the Suliotes distinguished themselves near there in many hard-fought battles.

mountains. These valleys have all the appearance of fertility; but the want of human labour, and the devastation of Turkish warfare, defeat the benevolent designs of Providence. At the top of the passage I found the ruins of the village of Kiriaki. A church has recently been erected among them, which is generally the first indication of the inhabitants returning to settle on their native soil, from which war, or some other evil, had expelled them. The name of village is given to a few miserable huts, scattered at wide intervals on the side of a mountain, in the shade of a few trees. Grey heaps of ruins are continually found to tell some woful story of Ali Pacha's destructive march; and a few wild-looking peasants, armed with pistols and a yatagan, surrounded by sheep and defended by many Molossian dogs, complete the picture. Such a village is Variades, which I reached after passing through another plain. The features of the scenery were new to me; barren rocks interspersed with patches of corn, a succession of green knolls with tufts of trees, the pathway winding through holly-bushes, hawthorn, and sweet-briar. It took us seven hours to go from Yanina to Variades. In these straits the Christians of Albania compelled a Pacha and his army to lay down their arms, in July 1821: and previous to the battle of Petta, fought July 16. 1822, Omer Vriones established his head-quarters at Variades. In the rencontre of 1821, the Turkish commander was made prisoner by the celebrated Marco Bozzari.

The fort in which he lay encamped with 1300 men, is now a heap of ruins. A little way beyond those ruins we gained the top of the passage, and from thence had an extensive view of the bleak chain of Mount Pindus; whilst in the opposite direction we could see the Suliote mountains, with the valley called the Lago Bozzari, at our feet. Into this valley we descended, where fresh beauties opened at every step. It is fenced on the west by hills, rising one above another like the steps of a theatre; and the whole is surmounted by the high chain which conceals the valley of Suli. The lower hills are richly wooded, and the bottom of the valley is better cultivated than any thing I had as yet seen in Albania; after about three hours' march from the top of the straits of Variades, we pitched our tent on the side of a mountain, beneath the protection of a few cottages, and within an hour and a half of the village of Dervichiana. How fresh was the evening! how lovely the scene! by moonlight, too, I saw the deepening shadows as they fell over this now peaceful valley, and I could hardly believe it had ever re-echoed to the sounds of war. Here, secluded from the rest of the world, and before the Ottoman arms or the plundering Albanians invaded their peace, the family of the Bozzari ruled supreme, and Marco, tending his father's flocks, conceived those ideas of military glory which were afterwards developed in combating for the liberties of Greece. His father was assassinated, at the

battle of Petta, by the old traitor Gogos, at the instigation of Ali Pacha: but Marco first appeared as a leader in 1819, at the head of the Chimariot Schypetari, who offered their services to the Sultan to fight against their old enemy. They only asked, as a reward for their services, that they might be permitted to reconquer Suli, from which the rightful owners had been expelled for nine years, and were then living scattered over the Ionian Isles and the Peloponnesus: but Marco aspired to still higher glory than the mere conquest of Suli. As often as he heard his father, the Polemarch, relate the exploits of the first Suliote war, his youthful imagination would grow warm; and whilst tending his flocks in this delightful valley, he sung of arms, and accompanied his fine voice with the Albanian guitar. Obliged to leave his beloved mountain, when occupied by Ali Pacha, he went with his father and served under the French standard, until the events of 1819 opened his way for his return. He outstripped, says an Italian writer *, the zephyrs in speed and lightness; he was the first at wrestling and the discus; and although of diminutive stature, yet, when his azure eyes caught fire, and his long hair floated in the wind, when upon his shaven brow there fell a ray of the sun as he sat like the shep-

* Compendio della Storia del Risorgimento della Grecia dal 1740 al 1824; compilato da M. P. C. Italia, 1825;—a work written in an animated strain, but with a partial view of facts.

herd boy, the expression of his features was so remarkable and animated, that he might, continues his biographer, have been taken for a descendant of those Pelasgi, sons of Phaeton, who spread the arts of civilisation through Epirus. After a series of brilliant achievements in Albania and Northern Hellas, which materially contributed to the liberties of Greece, and thereby realised the wishes of the youthful warrior, he died like a Leonidas of Sparta. At the head of 600 Suliotes, by night, he made an attack upon the whole Turkish army. "If I am missing," exclaimed the intrepid warrior, "seek for my body in the Pacha's camp." It was no vain boast, for he penetrated through the Ottoman troops to the camp of Jeladin Bey, and, in the act of bearing him off a prisoner, was shot. Thus died the "Eagle of Suli," on the 21st of August, 1823. He was interred at Messalonghi, with all the honours the Greek chiefs could bestow; and there was not a citizen who did not drop a tear on his grave. The name of his family is left to future generations, with this his native valley, called the Lago Bozzari. I found an old peasant, who knew Marco well, and was connected with him by blood; Constantine, his brother, is now a colonel in the service of King Otho.

Before leaving the advantageous position I had chosen for my tent, I ascended the following morning to a height above it, to enjoy the view more freely; and reading, as I moved with slow steps, the

103d Psalm, felt that pure delight which, although momentary, would require a long time to express, if it might be expressed. It is felt when the mind is elevated to the tone of praise by the contemplation of nature's verdant and most varied beauties, through which is seen the great Author of them all. Around some distant cottages, the goats were browsing, and the landscape was receiving the morning blushes of light. I could scarcely believe this to be the country into which travellers dare hardly venture,—so tranquil the scenes, so hushed now the wildness of the peasants!

May 17.—We crossed the valley, and ascended to Romanotti, an important post which the Turks held, and where the Suliotes signalised their valour. A ruined fort, and a few heaps of rubbish where habitations have existed, yet mark the spot: it is three hours and a half from the place where I had slept, and on the corresponding side of the valley. A steep ascent, by a stony path, now led us to the first summit, where we found ourselves among ilexes and a few wild olives; and after refreshment near a spring which issued from the side of the mountain, we wandered from the right path, and for some time were lost. As soon as the error was suspected, we began to retrace our steps and seek the road, which was higher up the side of the mountain; but the hour which was spent in rectifying our footsteps brought into view some of the most picturesque

scenery I had ever witnessed. Having found the path (which was most rugged), we gained the top of the passage; and then the Ionian Sea, with the islands of Paxò and Antipaxò, burst upon the view in front. Soon after we looked down upon deserted Suli: it then appeared to lie in a deep basin; but when we had descended, it was found standing upon high vantage ground. The fortress of Kiaffa and the rock of Kunghi, with all that remains of the Santa Veneranda, reared their heads above the defile of the Acheron; and every rocky eminence about the roofless habitations is pointed out as the scene of some incredible act of valour. There stood Ali Pacha urging on his troops to dislodge a handful of Suliotes who had gained an advantageous post; there the heroines Despo and Tasso stopped the flight of their sons and husbands: there Zavella or Ciriaco rolled down the rocks upon the heads of the Mussulmen. Our faithful Suliote guide recollected the incidents of many battles fought over his native town; and his heart warmed at the scenes of his country's valour. He pointed out the rock in which, when a boy, he took shelter with the rest of his family from the fury of the battle; and he had not forgot how nearly they had all died for want of water. But when he turned to look at Suli, where not a house except one was tenanted — where every thing was mute — where he had listened in his early days to the sound of rustic harmony — he began to

weep, and I could only hear the words "Povero Suli!" and whilst I made my way over some broken ground to get to a herd of goats, he went to see if he could trace any remains of the house of his fathers. It took Ali Pacha ten years to subdue this stubborn peasantry. The first fall of Suli was in 1804: and perhaps the siege, with the awful scenery and name of the Acheron*, may yet find a Homer in modern Greece to sing them; and then the names of Zavella and Samuel the Caloyer, who appeared in the first war, will not be forgotten.

Foto Zavella (whose wife Mosco was almost equal to him in courage) fell captive into the hands of Ali Pacha in the early part of the first war, and he was set at liberty for the purpose of negotiating a peace between his countrymen and the despot of Yanina: he left his son as a hostage, promising to return if he did not succeed in his negotiation No sooner had Zavella arrived at Suli, than he despatched a messenger to tell the tyrant how happy he was to have deceived an impostor like him: that he might put his son to death, indeed; but means would speedily be found of revenging the bloody deed. Ali detained young Foto for three years, and then

* The Suliotes are supposed to be the Selli of Homer, whom he calls barbarians, because they were dirty in their persons, and slept on the ground—"ανιπτοποδες, χαμαιευναι:" it is remarkable that these two words should still describe the peculiar habits of the Suliotes.—See Strabo, lib. vii. tom. i. p. 475.

found it expedient to give him his liberty. He afterwards became a distinguished captain, and proved himself a true patriot. During his captivity, the Pacha made many attempts to win over the Suliotes. In 1802, they were induced to yield to some propositions; amongst which was one that young Zavella should leave Suli, and no longer remain in the councils of his countrymen. In conforming with this injunction laid upon him by the chiefs, in order to save the remnants of their flocks, he set fire to his house, declaring that the abode of the Zavella family should never be polluted by the Turks. His sister Caido went into the monastery of Santa Veneranda, where Samuel the monk had shut himself up with three hundred Suliotes, refusing to sign the treaty which cut off the right arm of Suli.

Samuel was the most extraordinary man that appeared upon the stage of this wild war: it was never yet known from whence he came; and the origin of the "unknown Caloyer" is still enveloped in mystery. About the year 1799, he came preaching among those mountains, and by his enthusiastic manner excited the feelings of the people. He generally repeated such passages as these: "The day of vengeance is at hand" — "Prepare slaughter for his children for the iniquity of their fathers"— "I will break the Assyrian in the land and upon my mountain," &c.: but he did not confine his efforts within the sphere of the prophet. He made two pieces of cannon, and directed them,

with his own hand, during the greater part of the siege. He went from house to house to console the afflicted and encourage the youth by visions of liberty; and when the Suliotes were pressed for want of provisions, he made sallies from the strongholds, and more than once conducted a motley throng to Parga in spite of the vigilance of the enemy. He was generally accompanied in these expeditions by Foto Zavella and his sister Caido. It was not to be expected that a monk could display the judgment and military skill of a practised warrior; but the presence of Samuel became of the greatest importance to the continuance of the war: he remained firm to his purpose, of never yielding an inch of ground to the Turks; and when it was finally resolved in a council of chiefs to deliver up Suli to the Vizir of Yanina, Samuel would consent to no treaties: in vain did the chiefs urge that it was the only way of safety left for the remnant of their families and property; for the monk had formed an inconceivable resolution: being in possession of the monastery on the Kunghi rock, he apparently consented to give it up and admit the enemy. The unsuspecting Turks climbed the steep and entered the monastery to the number of 600; and then the Caloyer set fire to the powder-magazine, and laughed as he dragged the 600 with him into eternity! In their second war, which was waged against the Sultan rather than against the rebellious Vizir, the

Suliotes performed prodigies of valour: with a force seldom exceeding 1300 men, they resisted, and often defeated, the Turkish hordes of thousands: but Omer Vrioni, an excellent general, at length learned their mode of warfare, and gained several victories. The Suliotes, harassed by the Sultan, as much as they had been by Ali Pacha, made an alliance with the latter; but they were finally obliged to leave their town and beloved mountains in 1822; and the shells of their habitations now remain to tell the woful story of their wrongs and oppression. A solitary goatherd now watches the precipitous rocks and the ruins of Suli. He furnished us with a little of his curd-cheese; and, after remaining a while in the grassy valley, we descended towards the village of Samoniva, situated just beneath the fort of Kiaffa, and above the gorge of the Acheron. This village presents the same melancholy appearance as Suli, — a few roofless habitations, near which we pitched our tent; in the mean time, we sent the Bouyourdee of Mahmoud Pacha up to the Bey, the governor of the fort. He respected the parchment, and sent us down bread, with offers of other provisions if required: there soon followed seven armed Mussulmen, who were intended as a guard for the night: they served the purpose, and also that of keeping us awake by singing their uncouth songs until midnight, and then resuming the savage notes at about four o'clock in the morning.

May 18.—I awoke to look upon the island of Paxò, which was visible through an opening in the dark mountains, at the feet of which, though at some distance, rushed the Acheron. I saw the group of the seven Turks reclining near me; a large fig tree afforded a covering for the muleteers, and two or three shells of houses indicated that this spot had been inhabited: but the Turks have done unto Samoniva as they did unto Suli—they have spared none alive. Above me, on one hand, rose the tenantless and shattered monastery of Santa Veneranda, as Samuel left it, and his life with it. Perched on the top of a cone, it appears on all sides inaccessible, and the spectator ceases to wonder how a few individuals could hold out so long against such numbers of besiegers. On the other hand, I looked up to the fortress of Kiaffa, which Ali Pacha built to secure this dear-bought possession. I could distinguish with my glass the Bey watching our proceedings below, whilst he was performing all proper civilities by means of his guard, his bread, and a polite autograph. Escorted by the seven Mussulmen, we began our descent about seven o'clock, and were almost precipitated to the mill of Dala, which stands close by the torrent of the Acheron. We left the fort of Athelina on the right; and many a place distinguished, if not immortalised, by the valour of Ciriaco and the Bozzaris. From those sullen mountains towering above, the Suliotes rolled destruction on the heads of their assailants;

women and children aided in pushing the rocks, and they heard the thundering echo which announced that hundreds of their enemies were crushed beneath their feet. They then descended quick from the parched heights, and fetched the water for which they had so severely struggled.

At the mill of Dala our escort left us: we were supposed to be now beyond the reach of danger, which sometimes arises from a few remaining robbers who yet infest those mountains. Our passage of the Acheron reminded me of the description of that infernal stream usually given by the poets. I trembled not a little, lest at every step the horses, which were certainly not the "steeds of Mars," should roll our household gods into the torrent; but having "escaped" to the left bank, ("perrumpere" would be a better word,) we ascended and descended by stony steps, and, after two hours and a half, arrived at the gorge from whence the awful torrent rushes out into the plain. I could distinguish it below me, deep in its narrow bed; but looking at it from its own level, it completely loses itself to the eye as it enters the defile. Half an hour further brought us opposite the ruined fort and village of Glyky.* The path now runs through

* Travellers who take the road by Parymathia descend upon Glyky, and then they must make an excursion to Suli, and return by the same road to Glyky, if they wish to see the scenery I have described.

the plain, of which the Acheron occupies a good portion. Some of its overflowings—for there are many —stagnate into marshes; and one of those must be taken for the Palus Acherusia. The largest is, of course, marked in the maps, but it is not clear where the Cocytus enters the darksome river. On the hills which screen the country of the Parghiotes from view, appear the towns of Turcopalogo, Croni, and Koronopoli *, whilst the opposite side of the plain, called the Fanari, is closed by mountains of a somewhat barren aspect; but the villages are more numerous than in many other places I had passed. Indeed, here are frequent indications of returning industry and population; the plain, sufficiently fertile, has come under the hand of cultivation. I considered this as a sign of approaching the coast; and the further I advanced towards it, the more evident were the marks of agricultural prosperity. At noonday we reposed near a village in the plain, from whence we could discover the path which was to conduct us

---

There was anciently, and is now, a port of Glyky, Γλυκυς λιμην, into which, according to Strabo (lib. viii. p. 476. tom. i.), the Acheron flowed from the Acherusian lake: this cannot be less than six miles distant from the village of that name.

* Above the "sweet water port," Cichyrus was situated, which had formerly been called Ephyra. Neighbouring to Cichyrus was Buchætium; besides these, are mentioned Elatria, Pandosia, Batiæ. If Elatria be Regniassa, we might look for some of the rest in those towns of Kroni and others. Strab. lib. vii. p. 470. tom. i.

over the mountains to Regniassa. We left Parga on the north-west, at about the distance of four hours. I could not but recal to mind the fate of the Parghiotes once more, who, like the inhabitants of Suli, were obliged to say "dulcia linquimus arva." The part that England took in that transaction must ever bring dishonour upon her diplomacy. Parga is now in the hands of the Turks, but the former inhabitants are scattered over the Ionian Isles and the continent of Greece.

By a beautiful passage, which closes the southern extremity of the valley of the Fanari, whilst the Suliote mountains, with Parymathia conspicuous from afar, shuts in the north, I went towards Prevesa. The most luxuriant foliage clothes every part of this wide ravine,—the sycamore, the fig tree, the plane tree, and the ilex, in all the varied shades of green. Over the wide-spreading ilex was cast, as it were, a veil of wild vines, which hung like drapery from the topmost branches. It was one of those days when all nature is soft and still, but seems to be eloquent. The slight stirring of those tender leaves, the occasional gleams of light which penetrated that thick shade, the fields below standing thick with corn, the mountains towering in sober majesty above all—in short, the whole scene and hour—gave me that inexpressible feeling which, although often momentary in the experience of it, is lasting in the recollection of its enjoyment, because it partakes of something

which is more than earthly. We are not all of clay, and it would require nothing more than a susceptibility of impressions like these to prove it. After gaining the top of this pass, the Ionian Sea, with the islands of Paxò, S. Maura, and Cephalonia, burst upon the view; the foreground is varied with many a smiling vale and woody glen; and every object around assumes an aspect of more civilised life—the fruits of intercourse with the Ionian Isles. After travelling for little more than an hour further, we came within sight of Regniassa, a town situated at the top of a cone-shaped hill. This is supposed to be the ancient Elatria, and is said to contain some fine remains of walls, a theatre, and other ruins. It was also conspicuous in the Suliote war: it was taken by Omer Vrioni out of the hands of old Bozzari, who found out his error when it was too late to redeem it; this happened in 1822. Not far from Regniassa we encamped in a grassy vale, with a few cottages around it: the Papas offered us his house, but we preferred his bread, which was bread prepared for the use of the church, and superior to the ordinary kind. We discovered a peasant bearing a lamb on his shoulders, which he had just slaughtered, and of this we procured our portion; besides these supplies, eggs were found in the cottages to the number of four and thirty. I estimated the distance from Glyky to this village at eight hours. It required six more to go to Prevesa, as we found on the following

day: in three hours we descended to the coast, still passing through thick shade and odoriferous shrubs; nor do the beauties of this journey cease until the traveller arrives at the barren shore. ☞ Let any one going from Suli to Prevesa as we did, turn from the path as soon as the first ruins of the aqueduct indicate the ancient Nicopolis, and let him make his way across the fields to the low chain of green hills which rise immediately above the theatre; it appears at a distance like the outworks of a fortress of the middle ages.

CHAPTER V.

NICOPOLIS AND PREVESA.

Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose.
BYRON.

WHETHER the tourist has come from "Pindus' inland peak," or has "hailed Leucadia's cape" from the sea, I shall suppose him to be viewing the ancient Nicopolis from the hills which rise just behind and above the theatre. From this station there is gained a splendid view of the Ambracian gulf, whilst the extensive ruins of the "second Cæsar's trophies" lie at the feet of the spectator; the bay of Prevesa, with the scene of the battle of Actium, is comprised in the prospect. Here also it is at once observed how the "city of Victory" was so built as to have the advantage of the gulf; at the same time that it commanded the bay of Comarus and the Ionian Sea. But notwithstanding its eligible situation, and all the favours which the master of the Roman world could bestow upon it, Nicopolis never became a city of

much importance: it derives its greatest interest, in the eyes of the Christian, from being the residence during one winter * of the great Apostle of the Gentiles; and it is to be hoped that there was at that time a body of Christians in it. It is rarely mentioned in the three centuries which followed, but we find Julian the Apostate anxiously employed in restoring it to its original splendour. † It fell, like the cities of the Peloponnesus, under the fury of Alaric, but was again set up under the reign of Justinian. It is not difficult to trace, in the existing ruins, the works and repairs of those three different epochs. From the point of view I descended first to the theatre immediately below: this I found almost inaccessible from long thistles and wild grass entwined with stalks of corn. The brickwork of the theatre remains as solid as that in the "Domus Augusta" of the Palatine Hill, and is equal to it in regularity of construction, but it fails in the cement: the two portals near the "Scena" are constructed of stone, but so inferior in execution that I should judge them to be of the age of Julian. The form of the theatre is preserved, and much of the *proscenium*; and it appeared to me to be about the capacity of the theatre of Marcellus at Rome, which contained about 30,000 spectators.

* Titus, chap. iii. ver. 12.

† He also renewed the Actiac games, which had been instituted by Augustus. See note 78. in chap. xxii. of Gibbon's Decline and Fall, &c.

The principal remains of this city consist in the walls, which enclose a space of about a mile and a half in perimeter, and which I conceive to be the city as it was contracted by Julian: those walls are of that kind of construction called "opus mixtum," having the rough stonework regulated at intervals by a course of brick. In the middle of this rectangular space are several unintelligible vaults and buttresses. To the walls of this inner city are joined those of more ancient date, which, for about one third of the circuit, run on in the direction of the aqueduct, not unlike some parts of the walls of Rome. There occur in that line considerable remains of some baths, which I found tenanted by a few sheep and their shepherd. The walls of the Augustan city are still to be traced in a sufficient number of places to give the extent of the whole: masses of ruins rear their heads on all sides, and the whole cannot be comprised in less than a circuit of six miles and a half. The circuit of Rome, if strictly estimated by the *Pomœrium*, was not more; and Athens is made equal to the extent of Rome by a writer of the Augustan age. It is not, therefore, improbable that the Conqueror of the Roman world may have intended his new city to rival the majesty of Rome. Nicopolis is now called *Palaia Prevesa;* but Prevesa the *new* is at the distance of one hour from the ruins, the road running through a continued olive grove: a few

Turkish sepulchres on the left hand side of the road first announce the approach to the town. Although Prevesa appears so conspicuous in the annals of the new Epirus, it is but an inconsiderable town of three or four thousand inhabitants; but it derives its chief consequence from its geographical position: placed on the limits of Albania and the new kingdom of Greece, it commands the gulf where the destiny of the world was once decided, and it stands in a central situation with reference to the most important of the Ionian Isles. Thus situated on the verge of three separate dominions — two of which, at least, are in a condition which cannot be permanent — there is no reason why it should not again become the scene of some mighty struggle. A few more years of decrepitude in the Ottoman power, or of vigour and union in the Hellenic kingdom, — and the attention of mankind may be fixed once more upon the Actian promontory. Meanwhile, let me describe things as they are. I had scarcely been in Prevesa a few hours before one of those scenes took place which characterise a lawless state of society, and exhibit the imbecility of a government. The shops and houses were all suddenly closed at the report of a pistol shot; and when I looked out from my balcony, I saw the streets crowded with angry Albanians, as if a general battle was about to ensue. Upon descending to inquire into the cause, accompanied by the English Vice-consul, I found it was a dispute, which surprised

nobody, but only had excited general apprehension for the consequences. Two Palikars having quarrelled, the one had deliberately shot the other, and then their respective partisans had begun to take part in the fray. I arrived in time to see one man limping away, with the blood oozing through the covering of his right leg, whilst the dying man was carried into the nearest habitation. The business of the police was *not* to bring the murderer to justice, but to facilitate his escape, lest he, in his turn, should be waylaid and shot by the friends of the deceased; and, in this way reciprocal vengeance goes on increasing, until one whole family or tribe rises in arms against another. I did not ascertain whether the murderer had been killed or not during the night, but I was assured that too many ambushes were laid for him by any possibility to escape: his only chance was to have taken refuge in some of the Consulates, which are generally considered to be inviolate. Having thus ascertained the extent of security for human life, I went to see the deserted harem of Ali Pacha, and the fortress which he built when he had discovered the importance of Prevesa as a possession. On the opposite side of the bay, there is a still more important fort yet remaining in all its strength: it is within gunshot of the line drawn for the Greek frontier. It may still be doubted whether Actium is included within that line or not. If it be near the windmill,

which stands opposite Prevesa, in the bay, it is still in the land of the Turks; but if it be in the east promontory, which guards the entrance into the gulf of Arta, it belongs to Greece. I can hardly believe Actium to have been any other than the east promontory; for thus a part of the famous battle might have been fought *without* the gulf. In that case, the bay of Prevesa, if it existed as it does now, was not considered as belonging to the Ambracian gulf, but to the Ionian sea. There are, however, certain appearances about that small bay, which incline me to think that the waters had gradually made some encroachment upon the low land, which, in ancient times, more clearly defined the entrance into the gulf: and this opinion receives some confirmation from the remains of Roman brick-work, yet to be seen upon as much of the land as is yet uncovered; in some instances, too, coming so near the water as to be traced into it.* Those remains resemble in construction the ruins of Nicopolis; they are now surrounded by the trenches cast up by Ali Pacha, within which he had intended to defend himself against the Sultan's forces. A neglected Turkish sepulchre stands amidst these remains; and it is said

* Since the above observations were made, I find a celebrated geologist alluding to some great physical change at a more remote period in the neighbourhood of Prevesa. Leucadia was, as Pythagoras thought, a peninsula, and is now divided from the mainland by some phenomenon. — (See *Lyell's Geology*, vol. i. p. 17.)

to contain the ashes of Ali Pacha's son, who betrayed his father on this very spot. The Anactorium promontory still wants a place in my cursory survey; but why should not that be the one opposite to Actium, so that the entrance into the "Sinus Ambraciacus" may lie between the two? As to the wall of a Hippodrome, on the site of Lord Byron's Actium, I met with no one who had ever seen it. I received great civilities at Prevesa, from Mr. Allison, in the absence of Mr. Meyer, the Consul.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM PREVESA TO ZANTE.

And onward view'd the mount, not yet forgot, —
The lover's refuge and the Lesbian's grave.

BYRON.

HAVING hired an ugly barge to take my party, and all the necessary accompaniments, to Ithaca, we left Prevesa at about four o'clock P. M. on the 20th of May, intending to reach Santa Maura in two hours, but the "Bonasso" made it seven. I had the recompense of witnessing the setting of the sun behind the mountains. I saw the last hues thrown over the Zalonga chain, and the golden rays which sprinkled the Makrynoros. Over the Berganti mountains (now Greece) hung the clearest moon I ever beheld; — the beams were thrown over the hushed waters, which nothing disturbed but the splashing of the heavy oar: the encircling mountains embraced a wide expanse of sea, and deepened in hue as the sun sank. The scene was so lovely, that even at eleven o'clock I scarce thought it time to leave it. We cast anchor at the fortress of Amaxichi,

and then entered a canal in a small boat, which scarcely found water enough to float upon; but, by performing half the way on foot along the edge of the canal, and being punted over the Lagune, in half an hour we were enjoying the hospitality of Captain Macphael, the "resident" of the island. The deputy governors of the Ionian isles, appointed by the Lord High Commissioner, have the title of residents. Captain Macphael was for many years resident at Cerigo, where he had to deal with the Greek emigrants during the revolution. He is now laudably employed in teaching the 18,000 inhabitants of Santa Maura the means of improving their condition. He has introduced the most useful vegetables and plants, and built a square of cottages for the use of the poor, whose habitations were thrown down by earthquakes (these are of frequent occurrence in this island). He has also instituted a girls' school, which I saw conducted in a very orderly manner, and where the pure word of God is read and taught; also a subscription library, which has now about ninety subscribers, most of them natives of the island. He further proposes to remedy the glaring defects of the canal, by cutting another to run just beneath the continent, past the fortress, where Veli Pacha intended to have lived in safety. It is necessary here to understand, that the passage between the island and the continent is often so destitute of water, that even small vessels cannot get through;

84073

but by cutting a deep canal the evil would at once be remedied. The error made by those who planned the present canal seems to be, that, instead of carrying it near the continent, where a deep course might have been found for the water, they have carried it across the bar, so that even my own boat of seven tons stuck fast in the mud for seven hours. This work is of great consequence, and ought to engage the earliest attention of the Ionian government; for, until the passage between the island and the continent be made practicable, all vessels must sail round the promontory of Leucate. This beautiful island, the ancient Leucadia, appeared to me to rival Corfu in its interior scenery. The Olive Grove, within five minutes' walk of the "Piazza Nugent," is one of the richest imaginable: 10,000 barrels of oil are exported biennially from the island. At no great distance from Amaxichi, there are some remains of ancient walls, of the commonly called Cyclopean construction. These are probably remains of the ancient Lucas, as will appear from comparing Livy's description of Leucadia.* A few fragments of sculpture, scattered about the town, indicate that the arts of Greece have flourished here also in times of antiquity.

May 21.—At midday, as soon as our boat floated in the canal, we bade farewell to Amaxichi. The passage towards Ithaca runs close by the continent, but the

* Liv. lib. xxxiii. cap. 17.

island continues near, as far as the Pacha's fountain. This is a lovely spot, where the cool shade of vines, cypresses, olives, fig trees, and various shrubs, invites the passers-by to step ashore and repose. The plane treé, which overshadows the fountain, girths about fifteen feet. At no great distance from hence is an inlet of the shore, where the ancient town of Helomenos * stood. Issuing from between S. Maura and the island of Maganisi, the scenery becomes magnificent: it comprises the islands of Arcoudi, Ataco, the view of the mountains which rise above Patras, and the far-stretching cape of Leucadia, now called Cape Ducato. I was content to contemplate the Lover's Leap at a vast distance; for "to glide beneath the cliff" would be to make the circuit of the island. I must leave the poetry of Leucate's rock, the lyre of Sappho, and the wild waves which play around the precipice; but not the setting sun, as he sinks behind the island of Ithaca: — the expanse of water between that island and the far-famed promontory was illumined by a richer glow than Claude ever imagined. The mellowing tints fell in infinite variety on the more distant rocky isles, and the blue wave gradually deepened into purple, until the moon beams shed another and a tremulous light upon the easy waters.

On entering the *canal* of Vathy (if that be the proper name for it), I could have fancied myself on

* Thucydides, lib. iii. cap. 7.

the lake of Como. We arrived at midnight near the harbour, but were not permitted to set foot upon the island of Ulysses until six o'clock the following morning. The distance from Santa Maura to Ithäca is estimated at thirty miles. Vathy, with its small harbour and Lazaretto, occupies the end of the bay, which is of a parabolic form. — The island is barren towards the east, save that a few stunted vines are seen growing on the rocky surface. My first excursion, in that direction, was to a stalactite grotto, at an hour's distance from Vathy. The natural curiosity alone can attract the stranger; for there are many grottos of the same kind, in other places, which would more amply repay the trouble of a visit: of course, this one is called the Cave of Ulysses. It is nearly six miles from Vathy to the fountain of Aretheusa: this excursion was reserved for the cool of the day. Having been provided with horses, by the kindness of Major Parsons, the resident, we began by a gentle ascent from the port. The *road* — for it is worthy of that name — winds up the mountains among the lowly vines, and then over rock half covered with brush-wood: this is the characteristic of the whole island, which is, therefore, for the most part, unproductive. The fountain, which, like all other classic spots on this island, has been rescued from obscurity by Sir William Gell, is at the top of a deep ravine, perhaps at a height of about 450 feet from the level of the

sea: it is a small basin, supplied by the constant dropping of water from the vault. I was grateful to Aretheusa for a most refreshing draught; and, as I sat on the broken arch in front of the fountain, I looked down the glen, whose rocky sides were clothed with leafy plants and odoriferous shrubs, and I caught a glimpse of the blue sea rolling at the foot of the defile: over head a bold rock, developing at first more space, but afterwards shutting up the ravine; and on the face of a cliff were marks of a cascade which sometimes rolls over it. I ascended far above the fountain, for a view of the isles and the mountains of Greece; and returned by a height from which is seen Cephalonia, and a wide extent of sea and islands. The only portion of Ithaca which appeared to me wholly cultivated is in the vicinity of the town. Here, amidst vines and olives, which grow round the scattered habitations, and the church where the remains of Captain Knox, the late resident, repose, I enjoyed the evening's freshness: the last blushes of light were falling upon the purple bay, and the boats seemed to glide like spirits of the water over the liquid plain of Vathy. The antiquities of Ithaca have been so accurately delineated by Sir Wm. Gell, and all classical allusions so fully employed by Dodwell, that I am content to follow their steps, without any hopes of adding any thing to their learned observations. The distance from Vathy to the little port of Opisaito is five miles across the

neck of the island. After four miles, the shaggy mountain which bears on its summit the "Castle of Ulysses" appears on the right. The remains of walls, which the above mentioned antiquaries describe, appear to belong to an early period: they mark the site of an acropolis in which the king of Ithaca may be supposed to have had his abode; if so, the three hundred suitors of Penelope were not averse to the fatigue of climbing up a very steep and rugged mountain. The footsteps of Ulysses are traced by the topographer, with the Odyssey in his hand, from a little bay to the south of the ravine which descends from Aretheusa's fountain; then by the mount Corika down to Βαθὺ (Vathy); and thence, nearly in the direction of the present road, to the ruins on the mountain. I should think not more than one fifth of the surface of Ithaca can be cultivated; the rest is rugged rock, starting through stunted trees — and yet how beautiful does even this appear in the light of an Oriental morning or a setting sun! The Ionian authorities tax these poor islands in all manner of ways: rights of passage, port dues, &c., without end. A demand of five shillings was made before we could embark at Opisaito for the next island, within two hours' sail.

May 23.—Our boat, with a glad breeze, left the diminutive harbour, above which rises the mountain where Ulysses hastened home. I saw before me two thirds the length of the island of Cephalonia, in the

form of a crescent bending over the waters; but I could only distinguish one portion of any extent which gave signs of cultivation: that was around the port of Samos, which I reached within two hours after leaving Ithaca. Whilst bathing in the ancient port, I could see the circuit still visible beneath the green waves. Cephalonia is the largest of the Ionian isles: its principal town (fourteen and a half miles across from Samos) is Argostoli. The ancient name of the island was written Cephallenia, and it contained, besides Same the capital, three other principal cities — *Pale* or *Pallæa*, *Cranii* or *Cranion*, and *Pronos*. The northern part of the island is now the district of Erisso: near the extremity of this is a bay called Fiscardo, a corruption of Guiscardo, which indicates the place where Robert Guiscard died on his expedition to the east. The southern promontory is Capo Scala, projecting from the district of Coronos, a corruption of Pronos. The western part of the island, which contains Lixure and the slight remains of the ancient Pallæa, hangs to the rest by a neck, admitting the port of Argostoli, a barrier of hills, and the gulf beyond them. From about the middle of the island, rises the stupendous Black Mountain, from whence Jupiter could once look from his temple reared on high over the isles of the Ionian Sea and a good portion of Greece. I began by visiting the fine remains of the ancient Same.

The vestiges of this city consist in its walls and

sepulchres: the walls must have existed long before Thucydides makes mention of the place; and the siege which Livy has described was, doubtless, laid against the massy construction which yet stands secure on the declivity of the Cyatis. Two mountains, with a deep valley between them, rise before the ancient harbour *: the one on the east is the highest; its summit has been fortified for an acropolis by Cyclopean walls, of the second period, which yet remain to a considerable extent; and this I take to be the citadel which Livy calls Cyatis. I measured, in the more regular and less ancient parts, blocks of twelve feet long and four and a half feet deep. I sat upon one at the eastern angle, and looked on Ithaca and the coast of Greece in the distance.

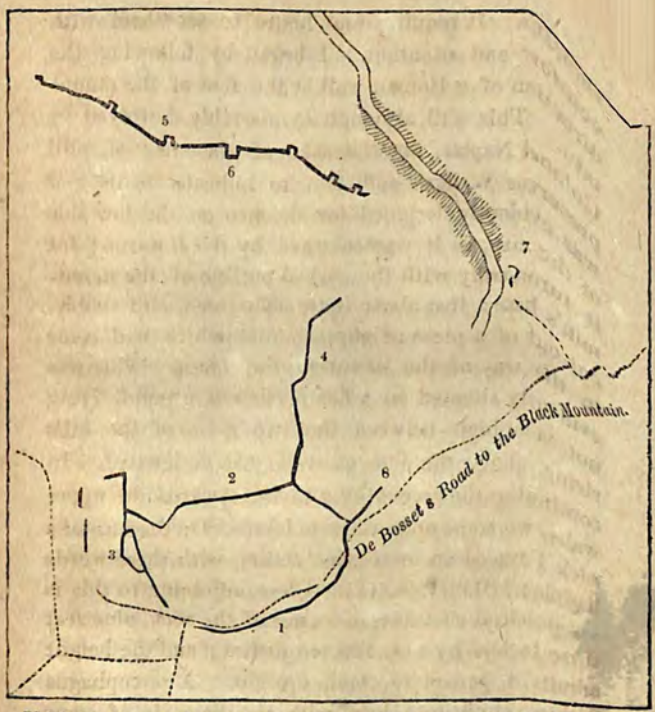
The outline of the acropolis is well marked, and preserved in continual portions of the walls which remain: but the walls of the city are evidently of a later date, and more advanced stage of civilisation. They are fine, regular cut blocks, put together with all the order of skilful masonry. They leave the acropolis in a northern direction, coming steeply down; and then, turning along the side of the mountain, they descend to the bottom of the valley nearly opposite the port, and they may be traced all the way with very little interruption. They then re-ascend the second mount, and run parallel and near

* Arcem quam Cyatidem vocant nam urbs, in mare devexa in occidentem vergit. — *Tit. Liv.* lib. xxxviii. cap. 29.

the line of tombs which were lately opened by the Lord High Commissioner: in one of them were found two small urns of alabaster. This second mountain must also have been formed into a citadel; thus throwing the more peopled part of the city into the valley and on the sides of the two mountains overlooking the port.

I found also some remains at a little distance from the ancient port: they appear to have formed part of an ordinary habitation, and are of brick, doubtless of the time of the Roman dominion. There are several coins of the city of Samos, having the letters S, A, M, worked into wreath; and, on the reverse, a head covered with a helmet. There are also medals belonging to Cephalonia before it was divided into four portions: on these is seen a naked figure sitting on a rock — perhaps Cephalus; and on the reverse a female head. Of the ancient Pallæa, I understood there were few remains; of Pronos, there are vestiges of the acropolis.

Having examined the ruins of Samos, I went across the island of Argostoli, and was struck at finding a little Naples, with all the cleanliness of an English watering-place: but in the house of Mr. Tenison, the resident, we also found English hospitality. The site of the ancient Cranii is visible from Argostoli: it was situated on a rugged mountain, overlooking the little bay, now like a marsh, and it still exhibits some most striking

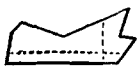


PLAN OF THE WALLS OF CRANII, IN THE ISLAND OF CEPHALONIA.

1. Walls of the Roman period, destroyed by Colonel Napier to build a dyke with.
2. The walls of the Asty.
3. Appearances of a more recent construction.
4. Wall connecting the Asty with the outer walls of defence.
5. Great walls defending the city of refuge.
6. Remarkable gate.
7. Sepulchres on the edge of the ravine.
8. The Agora.

remains. It requires four hours to see them with comfort and attention. I began by following the direction of a Roman wall at the foot of the mountain. This wall, although so miserably destroyed by Colonel Napier for the sake of the material, still preserves vestiges sufficient to indicate its use: it was evidently designed for defence on the low side of the city, as it was enlarged by the Romans; for it turns truly with the curved outline of the mountain's base: just above it are some steps, still visible, cut out of a piece of slippery rock which had come in the way of the ascent to the *Agora*. This was evidently situated in a flat portion of ground, lying not very high between the two sides of the hills rising above the line of wall just designated. In continuing the ascent by a ravine towards the upper walls, we come upon the sepulchres. On the face of a rock I traced an inscription ending with these words legible: MHTHP XAIPE. Close adjoining to this is a sepulchral chamber, hewn out of the rock, nine feet three inches by nine feet ten inches; and the height admits a person to stand upright. A sarcophagus within, sunk to a level with the floor, is of stone six inches thick and measures five feet seven inches (interior). By reference to the annexed sketch, it will be easier to understand the direction I took from the sepulchres towards the walls of the upper city. On arriving at the gate, I observed that the construction

of the walls changed into that kind called Cyclopean: one block of this shape measured



thirteen feet ten inches in length and six feet ten inches in depth. This huge gateway or entrance is the only one that can be traced in the whole circuit of the existing walls. The ingress was defended by two towers, whose foundations are still visible. The immediate entrance was divided by a third tower, which thus formed a double gate (πυλαι); and the space before the entrance was considered to be sacred, so that the solemn assemblies of the people were sometimes held in it. The walls I am now describing run far beyond the limits of the *city*, properly so called; and they were made for the purpose of affording a refuge, in case of necessity, to the rustic population. When the inhabitants of the surrounding country had driven their cattle and retired within those walls, they were secure; and as their mode of warfare, in the most ancient times, was invariably to fly upon the cattle of the enemy unawares, every thing depended upon getting within the safeguard of the impenetrable wall. The vast space which now lies enclosed within those Cyclopean walls was not wanted for the ordinary population of the city, but for cases of emergency, when the people of the country were attacked by a neighbouring clan. In some places of the mountain of Cranii, the rock

is so abrupt as to require no walls; and in those instances I found no vestiges. From the large gate I took the direction which leads to the walls of the city itself—the Asty (Αστυ); and here I distinguished a specimen of Cyclopean walls of more ancient construction than the rest. The interstices between the unshapen blocks were filled up with small stones. After examining those remains, which take us back for at least twenty-five centuries, I sat down to look upon Argostoli with its canal, and the marshy ground at the foot of the mountain on which Cranii stands. But I conceive that in early days, instead of a marsh, the sea washed the base of the mountain; and this may account in some measure for the city being left partly undefended on the N.W. side. The town of Argostoli is modern, having being built by the Venetians in the course of last century; but the name is ancient, and taken from that which Strabo gives to the bay — Αργος στολος. It was here where Lord Byron waited for some time before proceeding to Messalonghi. The improvements of Colonel Napier have given to this town the air of an English watering place. The bridge across the marshes is imposing as the traveller descends upon it from the Samos road. The quay on which the Cephalonians take their exercise in the cool of the day extends for a mile in length; and although they have some reason to blame the extaravgance of that extraordinary

governor, they sometimes rejoice in their quay, and are proud of the mail-coach road and regular mile-stones with which he adorned their rude island.

In viewing the ruins of Cranii, I was accompanied by Major Macbean, and had the benefit of his judicious observations: and my thanks are due to Lieutenant Alcock, of the 95th, for a topographical sketch of the ancient site. Sir Thomas Maitland has obtained an honorary statue, which is soon to be permanently placed at the end of Colonel Napier's Quay. On Sunday, May 25., I preached to the garrison, from John iii. 14, 15. About 300 persons were present; and the soldiers had not heard a sermon for thirteen months, although the greatest attention was paid to having the prayers read by the commanding officer and the adjutant of the 95th. These gentlemen, with a good feeling which I cannot too highly commend, endeavoured to make up for the deficiency of the government at home, who can endure to send out British soldiers, with their wives and families, without affording them so much as the means of having their children lawfully baptised. In some instances, I supplied the latter defect for the time; and I trust, upon a proper representation of the case, a chaplain will be sent to officiate in the islands of Zante, Cephalonia, and Santa Maura.

From Argostoli I went to Metaxàta and S. Pelagia, eight miles distant. This journey brings the western

part of the island into view, and the currants are seen growing by the road-side. I was surprised to hear that Cephalonia exports more currants than Zante. At Metaxàta—a large village situated among olives, vines, and fig trees—Lord Byron resided five months. I embarked at six o'clock for Zante, and soon passed the "Scoglia di Giove," a huge fragment of rock, curiously riven asunder, and rising solitary out of the waters. This is said to have been a Jove, dependent upon him of the black mountain, Mount Enos. I saw the modern priest of the rock, the Proegoumenos, whose beard was long enough to have served at the shrine of the Indian Bacchus. Before it was dark, I could distinguish the bold rocks which rise on the east side of the island, and end in the long promontory of Santa Scala. The evening was lowering, and threatened a breeze too much: I watched the sun, with one section of his orb behind a black cloud, and the other dipped in the watery horizon; leaving a rectangular blaze of light, having almost the appearance of a mountain on fire. About nine o'clock the breeze blew full, and brought us to the coast of Zante, where we were shot at in good earnest by a guard-vessel—the fruits of regulations and precautions taken in the twofold wisdom of British and Ionian legislation with which these "Blessed Isles" are drugged. In approaching Zante, we neared a small rock, called the Scoglia di Trente Nuova, because upon it thirty-

nine conspirators against the state of Venice were executed; the fortieth escaped. The whole distance from Argostoli to Zante, by water, is forty-four miles; by crossing to S. Pelagia by land, we abridged twelve of the forty-four, and performed the rest in about six hours.

Locanda del Giglio, May 26. 1834.

LETTER VI.

To Mrs. Colyar, at Rome.

Zante, May 28. 1834.

I HAVE sometimes thought, since I despatched my last letter from Corfù, that you will think my passion for Cyclopean walls and old sepulchres is too predominant to admit of my ever finding room for any "useful information;" but conveyances are now becoming so numerous from Corfù to the rest of the islands, and English money (unless you prefer Spanish dollars) being the currency of the Septinsular government, there is no occasion for my interference. You may now hire your bark at Corfù, and land upon any of the islands, without restriction of quarantine laws. You need not pass by the island of Ithaca nor the promontory of Leucate, without being able to set your foot on the shore, as former travellers were obliged to do: but in ease and comfort you may see Samos, or ascend to the fountain of Aretheusa, or descend into the currant vale of Zante, without being shot at from a guard-boat. Your number of attendants must of course depend upon your own ideas of luxury in travelling; but, at all events, avoid an Anglo-Maltese or an Asiatic Greek. You had better purchase an English ham of Mrs. Suter, and secure

a bed (at least clean to begin with) from the same obliging matron: to every moderate person I would recommend a jug of brandy, some tea, and a little macaroni; but I have no advice to offer to those who cannot travel without Cayenne pepper and English mustard. I do not see how you can well proceed without a tea-kettle and some kitchen utensils, by the aid of which, gypsy-like, you may boil your water and cook your viands under a fig tree: but be aware of many bottles, or any thing of a fragile nature; and be not tempted by hot pickles, or Harvey sauce, unless you would know the Latin for luggage. Let your robes be as light as the drapery of the Zephyrs, but your mantle as thick as the folds of Minerva Medica. Take thick sandals for the rough mountains, and an extra covering for the head, to be a protection against the rays of an Eastern sun. Separate yourself from the creeping portion of Greek society by a mosquito curtain, and never refuse private letters of introduction. I have learnt most of these things in travelling through Albania, where neither you, nor any of your sex, are likely to follow me. As your curiosity about Ali Pacha and his dominions had been satisfied by our travelling friends at Rome, I thought it better (to use a homely phrase) to carry my Albanian goods to another market. But perhaps you would like to hear something of Zante.

Zacynthus was one of the islands which the poets say composed the kingdom of Ulysses, the "Laertia

Regna ;" but a more satisfactory account of it is to be found in Thucydides, who says it was first peopled by a colony of Achæans. There is a tradition respecting that part of the mountain rising immediately above the town on which the castle stands, and which appears as if it had been rent from the main mass. The tradition bears, that this effect was produced by an earthquake; and the ancient city of Psothis lies now buried under the mountain. No one looking down from the Castle Hill upon this fearful rent, will doubt of its having been torn asunder by some violent convulsion ; and it is evident that the surface has undergone a total change of its appearance. From the commanding eminence of the Castle Hill I viewed the whole island almost at a glance ; the Mount Scopo, on which it is said a temple of Diana stood, together with the Castle Hill, encloses the town within a flat piece of coast. The extensive valley, filled with currant plants, and occasionally interpersed with a few cypresses and olives, is, perhaps, one of the richest scenes in Europe ; the olives are thick enough in the broken valley which lies before the country residence of the Lord High Commissioner, to entitle it to the epithet of "Nemorosa," which Virgil gives to Zacynthus. About 9,000,000 lbs. of currants are annually produced in this fertile vale. They are accounted superior to those of Cephalonia, but inferior to those of the Morea. They are gathered in August, and spread out to dry for three weeks ; and

for this purpose a plot of ground is levelled and kept dry before every house in the valley. Much depends upon this process of drying; a shower of rain will sometimes diminish the value of the article by one third, and a second entirely ruin the crop. An export duty of, I think, seventeen per cent. is laid upon currants from the Ionian Isles; but this is a mere trifle compared with the import duty in England. But when the Greeks begin to supply the British market from the Morea, the Ionian government will not only be compelled to lower the export duty, but England will reduce its tax and admit more of the article, without injuring the revenue*: the grand

* I find this has, in great measure, been done since I visited the island. The following return, kindly sent to me from the Custom-house, will show the practical working of the system recommended.

An Account of the Quantity of Currants entered for Home Consumption in the United Kingdom in the last four Years, distinguishing each Year, and showing the Amount and Rate of Duty thereon: — .

Years.	Quantity.	Amount of Duty received.	Rate of Duty.
	Cwt.	£	
1831	149,488	331,550	2*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.* per cwt.
1832	143,077	317,505	— —
1833	140,469	311,374	— —
1834	163,564	242,243	1*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.* per cwt. *from 6th August.*

The value of currants in the market, exclusive of the duty, is about 2*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* per cwt.

result will be more plum puddings to join the roast beef of a reformed constituency. I cannot give you a better idea of what currants are as they grow, than by calling them dwarf grapes.

The pitch wells near Port Cheri, which Herodotus went to see, I reached in two hours and a quarter from Zante; there is only one well which shows the bituminous fluid floating on the surface. A small bay, near the end of the island, meets a little plain almost circumscribed by mountains; in this plain are the wells. I sought for some others besides those that are usually pointed out to strangers, and I found amongst the corn-fields a naked spot on which I could easily imprint my footsteps; the bitumen next appeared in small portions, and a strong odour impregnated the air around me. I perceived that the soft ground extended for several yards, and I concluded that here had existed formerly a large pit, which was probably the one Herodotus saw: it is about 600 yards from the coast. In returning towards the town, I was induced to proceed along the coast where the rocks scarcely admitted a passage; but I soon left my guide, and struck off among the olives and currant fields, and was lost amidst the beauties of the island.

The town of Zante contains about 20,000 inhabitants, which is more than half the population of the whole island. The English residents, but especially the garrison, owe much to the labours of Mr. Croggan, a

Wesleyan missionary, who had been in the island seven years: he had met with some success among the natives, and supplied the place of a chaplain to his countrymen. The coast of Greece, with the conspicuous Castle of Chiarenza, is well seen from Zante. I traced the mountains of Arcadia far away, and exclaimed, "'Tis Greece." Not a vestige of antiquity is to be found in Zacynthus, except a stone with a Greek inscription, which I *heard* of in a church in one of the villages. The Septinsular inhabitants were looking forward to the 6th of June, the day appointed for a general election of deputies to serve in the new parliament: the previous one had been dissolved for acting on a system too liberal. In the true spirit of Reformers, they curtailed the supplies, and refused to be bound by the previous acts of others, and thought they paid too highly for British protection; but sanguine hopes were entertained that the ensuing legislative assembly would be more pliant to the wishes of the Lord High Commissioner. Count Roma is now in Zante, having narrowly escaped his trial at Napoli di Romania: he is probably of the Russian party, which appears to be rearing its head in the new Hellenic kingdom.

I am just about to sail for Patras, from whence I properly begin my travels in Greece; but, as I shall have no chance of communicating with any of my correspondents until I reach Nauplia, I intend to keep a journal of my tour, which shall be at the service of my friends who desire to follow the same track.

CHAPTER VII.

VOYAGE FROM ZANTE TO PATRAS.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?
BYRON.

A MAIL packet is provided by the British Governor to run between Zante and Patras. In this I left the island on the 28th of May, when the garrison was preparing to celebrate King William's birth-day. A dead calm, for the first hour, enabled us to contemplate the slowly receding shores. We hovered, for some time, about the coast of Elis, where the Castle of Clarentza stands. This castle was originally comprised in the old duchy, which extended over the greater part of Achaia: it passed into the royal family of England, through a marriage with the Hainault family, and gave the title which is still borne by the third son of the King of England. The present castle was erected by the Venetians, and subsequently received additions from

the Turks: it stood a siege, or rather an assault, in the late revolution. A brisk breeze now carried us off this coast of Elis, and past the Cape Conopeli, which we left on the right. We steered straight for Cape Papas, the most north-western extremity of the Morea, and anciently the promontory of Araxes; it is a low projecting tongue of land, which covers part of the entrance into the Gulf of Patras. On the opposite shores I could distinguish the situation of Messalonghi on the Ætolian coast. That celebrated place is now reduced to a poor village, the shadow of a name which so lately awakened the sympathies of Europe. Not even the house where the poet breathed his last is to be found; the enraged Turks levelled it with the ground. From Messalonghi commences a bold line of coast, gradually ascending to the height of Mount Kreonari, and nearly closing the gulf of Patras with the Mount Varassova. Those mountains are interrupted along the coast line by flat intervals, so that they appear to stand almost separate from one another, like the Curzolari Isles off Messalonghi. These were anciently the Echinades, called by Homer, "sacred." * They were supposed to have been

* Hom. Iliad. ii. v. 625. Ovid. Metamorph. viii. 588. Homer and Thucidydes say that some of the Æchinadæ are joined to the continent by the accumulation of mud from the Acheloos. Some think Doulichion is one of the Æchinadæ; but Homer does not appear to say that. The French geographers now call those islands *Les Curzolaires*; and

formed by the alluvial deposits of the Acheloos, and may be the separated parts of an old Delta. The coast from Cape Papas is flat, until it reaches to within six miles of Patras. At that point were situated the ancient ports of *Dymæ* and *Olenos*; the latter at the mouth of the Pirus, now Camenitza. Beyond the margin of the shore, we saw, as we approached, the mountain which Voidhià, the old Panachaicus, overlooks. The sunset was hazy, and shed but little of its summer hues upon my first view of the mountains of the Morea. They were, however, what I expected to find them—rugged and barren, but remarkably varied and singular in outline. In approaching the town of Patras, the illuminated houses of the English Consul and others interested in the welfare of King William IV. shined from afar; and after a passage of thirteen hours — sixty-five miles — I set my foot on the shores of Greece. The scene of landing was novel and gay: the port was crowded with spectators; the cafès were filled with brave Palikars, the sons of the modern heroes of Greece, rejoicing in their independence; and, amidst a crowd of loquacious attendants, the newly arrived Britons were borne off in triumph to the Albergo delle Due Torre.

Description of Patras. — The space between the old Patras and the sea is now rising into a city; and

---

Curzolari is the name now of the one nearest to the mouth of the Acheloos.

the town, which might before be described as "1000 yards from the open port," may now be said to lie on the shore. The number of inhabitants at present does not exceed 4000; but there is a constant succession of strangers, from its situation and easy communication with the Ionian Isles and the rest of Europe. Patras bids fair to become one of the most flourishing places in the kingdom: it is already furnished with foreign consuls. Near the house which is occupied by the British Consul, is an ancient curved wall of brick — most probably the remains of a theatre; and there is also a transverse wall which appears to have formed the proscenium, but the construction would argue a building of a low period of the empire. A kind of summer-house is placed near those ruins, which commands a view of the gulf, and the low ground in which *was* the large cypress tree mentioned by former travellers.

Patras, anciently Patræ, was situated, according to Pausanias, about eighty stadia distant from the river Pirus, and not far from the Glaucus. Its origin is enveloped in fable. It suffered in the Achæan war, but was restored to something like splendour under Augustus. That emperor appears to have observed its advantageous situation for the purposes of commerce and navigation. The Temple of Venus was near the old port, and of that port there are a few vestiges, consisting in some detached masses of the foundations lying

about thirty feet from the shore in the sea. Pausanias intimates that the Temple of Ceres, with the oracular fountain, was near the Temple of Venus and the port; and this corresponds so well with the site of St. Andrew's Church, where there are ruins of a temple and a fountain, that no traveller ever doubted of these being the identical objects pointed out by Pausanias. It may, perhaps, be necessary to mention, as no traveller in Greece can proceed without Pausanias, that he was born in the reign of Hadrian, and went through Greece during that of Marcus Aurelius. St. Andrew was raised by the inhabitants of Patras to divine honours, at a period when the Iconoclasts were waging war against the image-worship of the Latin church. "The siege of Patras was formed in the eighth century, by a singular concurrence of the Sclavonians of Peloponnesus and the Saracens of Africa: the glory of the day, which really belonged to a prætor of Corinth, was ascribed to a phantom or a stranger who fought in the foremost ranks, under the character of St. Andrew the Apostle.* The shrine which contained his relics was decorated with the trophies of victory, and the captive race was for ever devoted to the service and vassalage of the metropolitan church of Patras†;" but the whole of St. Andrew's

* Constantine Porphyrogenitus tells the story of St. Andrew's ghost fighting against the Saracens, at full length, in his De Administrat. Imp. Orient.

† Gibbon's Decline and Fall, chap. 53.

supposed relics were not kept from the Church of Rome; for when Thomas, the last despot of the Morea, escaped to Italy, in 1460, from the victorious Sultan, he carried with him, as a grateful present to the Vatican, the head of the Apostle, and received a pension for it of 6000 ducats from the Pope. A new shed is now reared over the consecrated site, and there will soon be added a row of pictures and a provision of wooden seats. Remains of the old pavement of the church are preserved, not very unlike the "Opus Alexandrinum," so common at Rome; and perhaps both were the work of the twelfth century. A grotesque "Alma mater," with a Gothic inscription around her, appears to confirm that date. The walls which enclosed the church and its immediate precincts are not demolished, and the ravages of the revolution have left untouched the huge piece of marble, covering the place where the relics of the Apostle are said to repose. It cannot but be painful to a Christian mind to witness those lying wonders again revived under the flag of Greek independence.

Patras was a dukedom under the Greek emperors. In 1408, it was bought by the Venetians; from whom it was afterwards wrested by the Turks in 1446. It was retaken by the Republic in 1553; and subsequently recovered by the Turks, who held it until the revolution. It was pillaged by the Albanians in 1770; and was the stronghold of the

Ottomans during the whole struggle from 1821 to 1828.

From the sea-beach are seen the fortresses which occupy the site of the ancient Acropolis and the *Archiepiscopal* church.* On the same place stood the Temple of Diana Laphria. — In the cool of the evening I went to see the remains of the Roman "Patræ." There exists a high, massy brick wall, which formed the extremity of the port. It is at least 600 yards from the sea, and directly opposite to those vestiges of the lower port, or mole, which I have mentioned before. Some large iron rings have been seen fixed in this massy wall. The port has been made by admitting the sea, ("Neptunus receptus,") into a vast recess dug out for the purpose, like Trajan's or Claudius's works at Fiumicino. At St. Catherine's well is a small rectangular ruin; not a temple, but perhaps a sepulchre, with an "Ædicola." The brickwork is not unlike that of the prætorian camp at Rome, of the age of Tiberius. Whilst we were looking at this ruin, and drinking the cool water at the well of St. Catherine, a crowd of gypsies, copper-coloured Egyptians, ran out from their hovels to beg, and pursued us like harpies for two or three fields' distance. I endeavoured in vain to catch the sentences which were fired in volleys over our heads. In continuing my circuit towards the fortress, which was so renowned in the first years of the revolution,

* See Dodwell's Greece, vol. i. p. 119.

I saw the ruins of the Pacha's palace, and a Giaour in the act of building his house upon the site of it; a little further, a ruined mosque, with the low part of the minaret standing, turned into a barrack; a Turkish house,—perhaps the only one remaining,—with its private bath turned into a habitation for the triumphant Greek; the fortress, which but a few years ago contained the engines of destruction and a garrison of Mussulmen, dismantled and empty; the cross elevated, where but so recently the crescent glistened in the sun. Such are the vicissitudes of earth's affairs, for which there would be no accounting if we lost sight of an over-ruling Providence. Beyond the fortress, but descending a little to the right, is a valley in which there are fine remains of a Roman aqueduct. This valley was the scene of French duels and executions, when the army was quartered here under the command of General Maison. I felt for a moment the solitude of this secluded spot: the broken arches of the aqueduct of Augustus or his successors; their subserviency to the use of a Turkish conduit; the footsteps of a French army, scarce yet effaced; the nakedness of the surrounding country, where those old brick walls seem only to survive to tell the stories of past ages;—all these things suggest reflections to the mind at an hour when all is still, and all, save the deeds of former days, is strange and unknown around us. It was growing dark, and I had just time to repass some further vestiges of

Roman construction, but found no remains of the Hellenic city. By the setting sun I saw the Oxai, and as far as the island of Cephalonia. The two picturesque mountains of Chalcis and Tiaphiassos (Kako-Scali) asserted their pre-eminence in the view from the corn-fields where Patræ once stood. Mr. Robinson, the Vice-Consul, lately dug up a beautiful column of Parian marble, which Captain Lyons took on board the Madagascar. I had the satisfaction of administering the sacrament of baptism to an English child at Patras, as well as at Zante.

One of the first acts of the new government was to make a law to prevent all persons within the dominions of King Otho from carrying firearms; and we found ourselves under the necessity of appearing before the nomarch of Achaia and Elis, with a bondsman, in order to procure a licence. Every person travelling with firearms, and not having his certificate to show to the authorities, is liable to be arrested: and the case really happened to an English traveller, who lately entered Greece from the side of Thessaly: it is, however, acknowledged, that firearms, carried by tourists, tend more to ornament and danger than to use and security. The land in the neighbourhood of Patras is now brought into cultivation to a great extent. Nine tenths of the territory of Greece belongs to the government. They offer it for tillage to any one who will agree to pay one fourth the produce as rent. There will, in

all probability, be a commission appointed for the purpose of valuing those lands, and setting them up for sale or lease at a regulated price. The capital can only come from foreign hands; and investments of that nature should be encouraged. Some, indeed, have made offers to the amount of 20,000*l.* capital; but owing to the extravagant or crude notions of the government on that point, none have succeeded. The remaining tenth of the land (it may be something more) belongs to individuals, chiefly small proprietors. It is charged with a tax of one tenth of its produce; and the additional burthen of obliging the labouring peasant actually to bring his tithe, upon horses, from a great distance, to the collector in the town. Some of the meritorious patriots, or successful contenders, will and ought to be settled upon the public lands; and it will be an easier process than under the Roman generals; for although the valorous Greeks will be "new possessors," none can say, "relinquimus arva dulcia."

CHAPTER VIII.

A TOUR ON BOTH SIDES THE GULF OF CORINTH AND THE ACROCORINTHUS.

The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side.

BYRON.

May 30.—From Patras to Vostizza.—WE went from Patras to Vostizza by land, and sent our heavy baggage, under charge of Agostino, the Zantiote, in a boat hired for as many days as we pleased to detain it in the Gulf of Corinth, at two dollars and a half per diem, six men. By favour of a strong wind, blowing the right way, the voyage was performed in three hours and a half, whilst our journey took us nearly nine; but if the wind had happened to blow out of the gulf, the boat might have been as many days without reaching its destination. The path takes the angular direction of the coast, and runs in a low-lying track, having mountains on the right for the first three hours. The rivers Meilichos and

Charadrus were nearly dry, and the streams all scanty, save where they are fed by neighbouring springs. We found tortoises in great numbers, basking among the oleanders which overspread the whole of this coast. At the entrance of the Corinthian gulf (called by the Romans "Fauces *," and by the Venetians the Dardanelles of Lepanto) stand the two Castles of Morea and Roumelia: the distance between them, across the strait, cannot be much more than a mile. A few Bavarian troops occupy the Castle of the Morea: the two promontories on which the castles stand, were anciently called Rhium and Antirhium. As we advanced, the town of Epacto (Naupactus) appeared more conspicuous, falling, as it were, from the mountain side into the gulf. It is surrounded by a wall which runs up the steep declivity, and ends in a citadel. The promontory of Drepanum is a low broad-pointed cape; near it is now a khan, at Psathopyrgo, where we reposed during the heat of the day. After leaving this place, the scenery becomes fine; but the cascade mentioned and admired by Gell and Dodwell was clean dry: we had, therefore, to imagine its magnificence. The path sometimes runs up among shrubs and flowers, "a wilderness of sweets," and gives a commanding view of the gulf: the scene then becomes magnificent. The Locri mountains rise majestically, closing in the blue waters, and curving away in the distance; the tops

* Tit. Liv. lib. xxviii. cap. 7.

of Parnassus and his compeers are discerned, and anon the eye is arrested by the near beauties of the coast of Achaia. Nor was it less enchanting (after ascending from the shore at Vostizza) to walk on the brow of the crumbling cliff, which rises abruptly from the coast, and witness the sun setting upon the Gulf of Lepanto. The large Platanus, which all travellers, from Spon downwards, have mentioned, is now blighted in one of its stoutest arms. The fountain, which pours its fresh waters through a dozen stone mouths, as in the time of Chandler, is, I doubt not, the one mentioned by Pausanias: its vicinity to the waves of the sea renders it remarkable, but the ancient Ægium contains no vestiges of its former state or glory. It supplied ships for the Trojan war, and was the seat of the general councils held by the confederate states of Achaia. The modern town is rising into some consideration, chiefly on the heights: several good houses have been lately built. I slept in one of them, quite new. Trade and industry appear to flourish in the infant streets, which contrast oddly with some half-demolished mud-walled houses, probably the remnants of Turkish power. I should think there are more than 2000 inhabitants now at Vostizza.

May 31.—*From Vostizza to the Monastery of Megaspelaion.*—I found the distance from Vostizza to the rocks of Bura to be three hours; for the first

two we travelled in a maritime plain abounding with oleanders. Two torrents descend across the plain: the first is the ancient Selinus, a broad bed, but for the greatest part of the year left almost dry; the second has the same character, and appears to have been the ancient Cyrinetus, and is now called the Bokusia. Between these two river beds, but nearer the coast than where the path now runs, once stood the cities of Helice and Buris, which were swallowed up by an earthquake in the 100th Olympiad, and were to be seen in the age of Pythagoras under the sea with their walls inclined. Indeed, this part of Achaia is still subject to earthquakes: Vostizza has suffered more than once from the shocks; and many of the effects yet to be traced in the cliffs and rocks, may be safely attributed to igneous causes. The horse-path lies for some distance in the very bed of the Bokusia; but after quitting it and turning to the right, gently ascending, the scenery begins to soothe and exhilarate the spirits. It added no little to the enjoyment of it, to have the shade of the trees and odoriferous shrubs overhanging the path: the young plane tree and the green fir were intermingled with the oleanders, and sometimes overspread with wild vines. The unstratified rock of Bura is like an isthmus projecting towards the Mount Pheri. It is from this mountain that the torrent Bokusia descends, and finally falls into the gulf at about three miles distant from the Buraicus. We

enjoyed the shadow of the great rock of Bura for a while, and then continued our ascent. We soon gained a fine view of the gulf and the Mount Parnassus; and after reaching the top of the passage, the well-nigh panoramic view was completed by the addition of the Arcadian mountains. I did not note the distances from the summit to Megaspelaion in going, but in returning I did, and found them as follows: — From the monastery down to the bridge, across the Buraicus, thirty-five minutes; the torrent is here crossed; to a fountain newly erected, thirty-five minutes; pass a stream where the bridge is broken down, two minutes; to the top of a steep ascent, thirty-five minutes; to the summit whence is the magnificent view near eight trees, thirty-seven minutes; add three quarters of an hour for descending to the rocks of Bura, and the whole distance between Vostizza and the monastery will be estimated at six hours and nine minutes.

The monastery of Megaspelaion (called by abbreviation Spelaio) stands underneath an impending rock of prodigious mass, in such a manner as to be completely sheltered from above: the cellarage, and part of the lower buildings, are within the "great cave." The edifice is reared upon a high wall, which serves as a substruction, and at the same time forms, with the rock, part of the dwelling; this high wall, or buttress-like foundation, is only relieved by grated windows: the upper part is white, and "glistens fair on high," as

the stranger ascends by the winding path from the bridge of the Buraicus, or as it is approached, with still greater effect, from the valley of Kalybrita. If there exist any charters or documents which might throw light upon the foundation of this monastery, they are in the safe custody of the friars. I was told that the *Egoumenos* had taken them all away at that time to prove the right and title which had been disputed to two villages claimed by the monastery. It was, however, founded by John Cantacuzene and Constantine Palæologus; and if land should acquire its proper value in Greece, it will be one of the most richly endowed institutions in the East. It is without any history, until the late revolution. The Caloyer were about 450 in number, but are now reduced to 200, of which about one half are dispersed through the various neighbouring *Metochis* and parishes. Whilst the events of the revolution have caused this, they have at the same time thrown an interest over the monastery and the scenery around it. Germanos, Archbishop of Patras, first raised the standard of the cross in the Morea, in the vale of Kalybrita, on the 2d of April, 1821; and Megaspelaion became, like Grütli, the scene of a bold resolution to shake off the yoke of the oppressor. Kalybrita was occupied without delay by Germanos and his followers; and the Vaivode, with 200 Mussulmen, capitulated without resistance. Petro Bey, of Maina, joined the insurgents on the 9th of April,

and thus began the dawn of a wild liberty in the Peloponnesus. In 1826, Ibrahim Pacha appeared upon the mountains directly opposite the convent, and summoned the monks to surrender: the *Proegoumenos*, reclining on his couch, raised himself up to relate to me the answer,—"We surrender not to the Pacha until he has first recovered the whole of the Morea;" in a second parley they remarked to the messenger, that if the Turkish army succeeded in conquering a few monks, little would be the glory; but if the assault failed (which they intimated was probable), great would be the disgrace. A thousand Greeks were posted about the rocks when Ibrahim commenced his offensive operations: he attacked the monastery with the remnants of 10,000 Arabs, his Albanian cavalry, and the garrison withdrawn from Patras. The Turkish host rushed down into the defile and began to scale the ascent; "and upon that very cliff," said my conductor, "we saw the Egyptians pursuing our chosen Israel; on that rock," he continued (whilst his beaming eyes showed that he was no indifferent narrator), "was planted a battery: a band of Palikars, bold as lions, went round by that hill and stormed it; and our superior knowledge of the places, and the valour of the Greeks, defeated the Pacha's innumerable army." Ibrahim was called away unexpectedly to more important objects on the coast of Messenia. Greece owes much of her regeneration to the church: out of the convents issued

many of those valiant monks, uniting courage and patriotism, which they sometimes conscientiously joined to predatory warfare. I asked the Proegoumenos how they relished the new government. "We are," he answered, "like a person just beginning to take snuff; he sneezes at first, but after a while becomes accustomed to the pungent sensation."—"But you have laid aside your patriarch."—"Here," he rejoined, "is the royal ordinance for a general synod (showing me at the same time the Ephemeris), by which the affairs of the Greek church will in future be regulated."—"But surely," I observed, "this is the beginning of a reformation."—"Any thing but the Church of Rome," replied the venerable man: "you are not of that church; but adhere to the Scriptures, and whatsoever is found in the Scriptures, by this will we abide." I could not but congratulate the "Caloyer" on this happy disposition, and assured them that the Church of England was ready to give them the Holy Scriptures. I was next shown the cellar, which is the most celebrated thing, except the holy image, in the convent: the large stock of wine is stowed in immense casks: the chief merit of this wine appeared to me to be its coolness, and being a little more free from resin than usual. I visited the refectory, not remarkable for its cleanliness; next the storehouses and bakehouse, all remarkable for dusky confusion.

The pavement of the church is evidently of the same

date as the vestiges existing in the shrine of St. Andrew at Patras; there is a split eagle represented in both cases. The representation of the Virgin is not a picture by St. Luke, but an image: it is remarkable that the Latin church should have adopted his pictures, whilst it prefers statues in worship; and the Greek church, which wages war against statues, should have adopted his images. There is a dirty recess in the rock, near a still dirtier chapel, where this sacred image is said to have been found. The Panaghia is cased in a silver tabernacle, and several lamps of silver are suspended from the roof of the church. The interior of this vast pile of building seems to bid defiance to all straight lines and right angles: you stumble in the dark through winding passages, and up ladders, into an an occasional glimpse of light; but a lamp was necessary to show us up to the guest chamber at two o'clock P. M. We found, however, the most cordial reception, and soon were made to drink of the "poculum amicitiæ." The Caloyer appear to consider hospitality as a duty, and are not "niggard of their cheer;" they look for nothing again, but they admit no strangers within their walls after the sun has set.

I ascended to the top of the mighty rock, and proceeded for half an hour more above it, and then gained a summit from which I had a splendid panoramic view;—a deep valley lay immediately below me, closed by the rugged sides of moun-

tains patched with dark firs, and descending in precipitous projecting masses into a gulf below, which the eye reaches not. A green mountain in front of this valley rises like a wave washed out of it, sufficiently low and detached to open two sections of the Gulf of Corinth: beyond is distinguished half of Mount Parnassus, and Mount Helicon in front; and the noble chain dedicated to the Muses is seen falling away towards Cithæron: then turning to the east there is caught a glimpse of the snowy Khelmos, which divides a portion of Achaia from Arcadia: continuing towards the west, the eye is led to repose upon the declivity of the green mountains which shut up the vale of Kalybrita; through this vale, fenced high on both sides by wild and romantic rocks, flows a stream — the ancient Buraicus — which falls into the gulf near Trypia. The Erymanthus, of poetic fame, next rises majestically beyond the valley and its outworks; above it and Mount Phloe stood a thick mass of bright cloud ready to receive the tints of the setting sun; and, finally, on the west, which was partially concealed from my station, I could discern at immeasurable distance the mountains which run towards the Olonos.

We left the monastery amidst the salutations of the Caloyer on the morning of June 1., and descended on foot, past the zigzag gardens which run down in steep terraces from the building in a kind of concave defile. We returned by the same path as far as the

broad torrent in the plain; but if I had discovered the bearing of Trypia sooner, I should have followed the Buraicus through a beautiful ravine which I saw in continuing my route towards the sea. Our bark was ordered to lie off Trypia, but I found it had gone an hour further down the coast to a place called Gomero, where there is a miserable solitary hut, with two or three fishing boats. This place or Trypia is, however, convenient for those who intend to cross the gulf to Salona, or even wish to proceed direct towards Corinth. After waiting for three hours and a half on account of the neglect of the captain in not providing himself with a proper certificate, we sailed towards the Bay of Crissa, and at the end of eight hours anchored at Galaxīdi. The night was dark and tempestuous, and the wind contrary: we slept on the deck of our boat with an awning; and the following morning, at four o'clock, resumed our course. After beating around some small rocky isles, we approached the port called Scala di Salona: the Crissæan Bay is enclosed by low barren hills on one side, and a fertile plain lies under Krisso: a bolder chain of mountains clothed with firs runs out towards the Bay of Asprospiti. The mountains of the Morea are seen across the gulf in apparent great distance, because seen through a narrow opening of the gulf as through a tube. This I write on the deck of the boat in the Bay of Crissa.

June 2.—From Scala di Salona to Kastri-Delphi.

— Scala di Salona may rather be called a landing place than a port: it consists of two or three white buildings, which are seen to glisten from a good distance on the gulf. On landing, we found an abundance of horses, and some appearance of trade; and, what is the best sign of all, a flourishing eating-house, with bread, cheese, wine, and coffee. But nothing could induce the inhabitants of the Crissæan plains to put our English saddles upon their horses: they alleged that such small things would gall their sides; and we were obliged to yield to the prejudice. I remarked a small fragment of an ancient column, lying near the shore. A little towards the east is the port of Cirrha, to which Lucan applies the epithet of "Scopulosa;" it is now called Xeropegàdi (dry fountain): it was the port of Delphi, or perhaps more properly of Crissa. The Pleistos entered the sea at Cirrha.

'Soon after quitting Scala, the plain of Crissa is seen at one view from a height; in the form of a Upsilon, it extends its branches under Krissò, and towards Salona: it is chiefly sown with barley and rye, but contains extensive olive groves.* In traversing it we disturbed great armies of grass-hoppers, which almost obstructed the path. After an hour's march, the path ascends to Krissò (Crissa), where the Pythian games were held in a Stadium below the Acropolis: perhaps this was upon the abrupt

* In the time of Sophocles it appears to have been pasturage, for the poet calls it *βουνομα ακτη*. — *Electra*.

precipice, as it is observed by Dodwell. Before reaching Krissò there is a good view of Salona, and the valley in which it stands: this was the ancient Amphissa, the first city of the Western Locris. I also saw Galaxìdi, and the harbour where we had slept; in front of us were the cliffs which announced the oracular city: it required one hour and twenty minutes to go from Scala to Krissò, and an hour more to reach Kastri. Before arriving at Delphi, the curiosity is excited by the tombs hewn out of the rock: one I entered: it contained three circular niches or recesses, each having a sarcophagus, with a pillow of stone to raise the head; small niches were behind each, and a slightly elevated border in front. The roof is vaulted, and I remarked some veins of sulphur. These sepulchres are broken, and the entrance is rent, as if it had so happened by an earthquake. Not only on these western cliffs, but almost in every direction, there are sepulchres of the same description: they are not unlike those I saw at Cranii, in the island of Cephalonia. In continuing to ascend the hill, Kastri and the cliffs of Parnassus, with the deep sombre valley beneath, burst upon the view: walls appear starting out of the hill in various directions; and the stranger is for a while bewildered, whether it be that his fancy strays too far, or he has not yet comprehended the extent and form of the oracular city. — I first sought out for the cleanest habitation in the place, and we were all kindly received beneath the Delphian cliff.

Delphi has anciently presented the form of a theatre, with lofty gradations beginning very low down the steep; and terrace walls may yet be traced up to the very top, rising in regular succession. The Temple of Apollo, with its precincts, doubtless occupied the higher part; but I cannot suppose the place where the small church of S. Elias now stands to be the actual site of that temple. It might, indeed, be comprised within the consecrated inclosure, and perhaps sustain on its convenient platform some important building; but the deity himself resided, I conceive, on the higher top, nearer the Pentathlon.* Indeed, there is every reason to suppose that the Temple sometimes meant the whole city, including the very outworks; and this may be all that is intended by Justin, when he calls Delphi a city without walls. I ascended to the Stadium, which I found to be accurately described by Dr. Clarke and other modern travellers.† On the summit above, I

* Pentathlon is the name which the Kastriotes yet give to the Stadium; and which was originally so called because of the five species of exercise commonly carried on in such places, viz. leaping, running, quoiting, darting, wrestling. These are all comprised in a Greek verse, said to be of Simonides,—

Αλμα, Ποδωειην, Δισκον, Ακοντα, Παλην.

See West's Dissert. on the Olympic Games, sect. ix.

† Wherever I found an object of classical or local interest faithfully and fully described by others, I took no further notice of it in my journal than what was merely sufficient to remind me of its position and character; so that, with the help of what is already written, I might have a complete

traced a line of wall running up to join the precipitous crags of Parnassus; and this must have been a wall of defence. On the summit, too, are vestiges of a solid building, which appear to be remains of an Acropolis. Descending to examine the church of S. Elias, I found it to be little more than a hovel, built of broken materials of marble and sculpture of various kinds: within, I observed a piece of a Cippolino column inserted in the wall, and the two large fragments of cornices described by travellers. This Peribolos, on which the church stands, cannot be less than 500 feet in circuit. The wall, with the buttresses which support the platform, are, in the lower part, of regularly constructed masonry; in the upper part most irregular, and yet too slight to be called Cyclopean, or attributed to any remote period of antiquity. The constant repetition of those walls soon turns the stranger's attention to the more general features of the place: he looks up and down the slope, sees the concave bend of the terraces, and adjusts them with the general plan; he fills up the broad belts and intervals with marble edifices, and adorns the wings and parapets with innumerable statues; he sprinkles the deep valley below with groves and fountains; crowns the uppermost heights

knowledge of the localities and objects I visited. This journal is printed very nearly as it was originally written at the very places mentioned in it; and therefore it may serve for others, what I intended it to be for myself.

with Apollo's shrine*, and the bowers of mysterious counsel; and at length becomes astonished at the magnificence of Delphi. The Stadium, the upper walls, the remains of the terraces, and the supposed

* The site of the Delphic temple has been investigated by several travellers who had more time and learning to bestow upon the subject than I had. The Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Isles visited Delphi in 1833, and gave the result of his observations in a periodical Journal published at Corfù, which he very laudably set on foot and wished to encourage. His Lordship agrees with Mr. Hughes upon the site of the temple, and adds some critical observations upon the words of Pausanias. The site, as Lord Nugent describes it, is "about midway (*i.e.* between Castalia and the Pentathlon), and on the side of the village of Kastri, on rising ground, where there is a large space, part of which is now built upon; and near it a Turkish fountain." But suppose this Turkish fountain could really be identified with the fountain of Cassotis, what then? Pausanias does not say the temple stood either at or near the fountain, but only that the waters *were said* to flow under-ground to the most secret sanctuary of the temple. The hill has been searched over and over again to find a stream, but without success; but when Pausanias describes Delphi as situated on a height from which, on all sides, there is a descent by a gentle declivity, we recognise at once the terraces as they may now be traced. When he says the Temple of Apollo, the Περίβολος, comprises a large space in the *highest part of the town*, and there were many accesses to it; this immediately takes us much higher up the hill than the Turkish fountain, or even higher than the church of S. Elias, but, of course, more towards the village. I think, however, the platform on which the church of S. Elias stands was included in the "Peribolus;" and there is plenty of room without encroaching upon the Pentathlon — which is the only objection I have ever heard offered to this more lofty site. Lord Nugent, in "The Fragment of a Journal," has described the general features of Delphi with great accuracy and taste.

site of the temple, are all the objects that invite attention on the western side of Kastri.

The last house on the eastern side stands within 250 yards of the Castalian spring. No "plane tree" now overshadows the fount; nor fig tree hangs drooping over it, except the withered stem: no clinging ivy clothes the naked rock; and few the "water-cresses" scattered in the fountain. There are three niches, one large and two small; the latter not adapted for statues: they are rudely cut. The descent into the basin, or reservoir, is by five steps; and where they appear to cease in length, there is an aperture, through which the superabundant water escapes and forms a rill which runs towards the Pleistos. The reservoir is closed alongside the rock by a wall, which confines the water between it and the rock in a kind of canal about eighteen inches wide. I stepped across the fountain to look behind this wall, and observed a section of the canal to pass under the rustic chapel of St. John. This chapel is chiefly cut out of the rock, about ten feet by eight: but on one side there is something like a buttress, which preserves some stucco and traces of painting. Upon this the name of many a pilgrim, who has repaired hither to indulge his fancy, is written. The most distinguished I saw were, *Byron*, 1806*, and Sir Frederick Adam.

* On a column in the monastery of the Panaghia, Byron's name appears again in company with J. C. Hobhouse and

A small slab of marble, placed on the fragment of a column, forms the altar of this chapel; and such is the present state of the fount of Castalia. But where are the rich tributes of the king of Lydia? the spoils of Marathon, and Salamis? or the sacred ensigns of the Amphictyonic Council? Gone with the splendid superstition which prompted men to bring them hither! And whilst the "prophetic navel of the earth" could rule the destiny of the then civilised world, it could not predict the squalid misery which now conceals the Pythia's cave from the curiosity of the stranger. The fount appeared to me to play as languid as the spirits of the inhabitants; and can only be made to flow by the enthusiasm of a casual visiter. *That* is sometimes kindled by the association of early years; and it would be hard to say that it should be quenched: but the deliberate Faith of a Crœsus will no more approach this cliff; although we have seen as splendid votive offerings at the shrine

---

——— Hope; but the voice is now mute, which once sang, amidst these scenes, in such strains as these:—

"Parnassus —— I look on thee;
Happier in this than mightier bards have been,
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot.
Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene
Which others rave of though they know it not:
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave?
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave."

of a saint, as at the Temple of Apollo. It is sometimes difficult to adjust the feelings between the painful reflections upon human weakness and the glowing pleasures of an elegant fancy; but still I could not but wash my hands in "the pure dew of Castalia," and feel the poetry of the place!

I next ascended the staircase cut in the rock, which frightened Wheeler; but I found it impossible to climb the slippery steep without taking off my shoes;—a Delphian leading the way. We presently arrived at a stony level where the two rocks form a cul-de-sac; and in looking up to the cliff on the west, I saw a circular hollow in the rock, which appeared as if it had been scooped out by the action of water. Here a cascade evidently falls in rainy seasons. The two cliffs, Hyampeia and Naupleia, are separated by this fissure: that on the east (which is on the right of any one looking at the end of the cleft), together with its neighbouring rocks, are the "untrod Parnassian" peaks: (Παρνησιάδες δ' ἄβατοι Κορυφία). The two cliffs are the Phædriades. Aloft, in looking up the above-mentioned fissure, is seen another pointed cliff, which is supposed to make the 'triceps Parnassus." These are, indeed, connected with a chain which joins with the Mount Parnassus: but in an ordinary way of naming mountains, they could not be brought under one and the same appellation; for, from the top of those cliffs to the summit of Parnassus, with a valley and two lakes lying between them, the dis-

tance cannot be less than eighteen miles. Pausanias found it seventy stadia, to go to the Corycian cave, and this is situated on the west side of the valley: but it appears to have suited the Muses to extend the wings of Parnassus as far as the Delphic rock; and those crags, from whence old Æsop was hurled, are well adapted to the superstition of the whole. A peasant of Kastri very readily offered to accompany me to seek for inscriptions in the exposed foundations of some houses. On a fragment half concealed by rubbish, I read the words ΑΠΟΛΛΟΥ ΠΥΘΙΟΥ. Pieces of marble and broken sculpture I saw in every direction; and the rustic inhabitants brought me several coins, which were for the most part Roman.

June 3.—From Kastri to the Corycian Cave and Arrakhŏva.—We passed the Pythia's bath at an early hour, and descended to the monastery of the Panaghia. This building, with its church, stands upon a terrace formed by a solid substruction of stone, of which there are fine remains: here is just space (and it preserves something of the form) for the Gymnasium. At about a mile and a half from Kastri, and a few hundred yards below the road leading to Arrakhŏva, are many sepulchres which have been placed originally by the side of an ancient road, probably the one leading from Daulis to Delphi. The principal object which here attracts attention is a fine sarcophagus dug up about six years ago; and it has lain in its place ever since, except those parts

of it which have been broken off and taken away. On the front is represented a wild boar chase; either intending the slaughter of the boar of Erymanthus, or, which is more probable, the one of Parnassus, in hunting which Ulysses received a wound: on the back part are two Chimæras, with a candelabrum between them: the sides represent Mars with his steed, and a Bacchanalian subject: the corners are supported by Hermes or Caryatides: half the cover remains, on which is left the upper part of a female form reclining, but without the head. I could hear of no inscription.

In two short hours from Kastri, passing through currant grounds where industry appeared to flourish, I came to Arrakhŏva. Yussuf Pacha made himself master of this village in June, 1823, and at the same time had a smart encounter with 500 Greeks posted in the defile of Triodos. Here also Karaiskaki gained, in return, an important victory in 1826, and sent the heads of four beys to Ægina. The village has now risen again, upon the ruins of 1823, to twice its original size; and a large new church crowns the brow of the hill. The evergreen oak mentioned by former travellers is standing, but the cavern is filled up. The weather was too foul to admit of an ascent to the top of Mount Parnassus. The journey to the Corycian cave was sufficiently cold. It requires two hours to go from Arrackhŏva to the foot of the mountain in which the

cave is; but in journeying from Delphi, half an hour may be gained by turning off at fifteen minutes' distance from Arrakhŏva.

The first ascent is so rugged, that it is frequently necessary to dismount. A valley, fruitful in corn and grass, is then to be traversed. On the east rose the Mountain of the Muses, shrouded in clouds, with patches of snow on his shoulders, discernible at intervals through the mist: on the west is a ridge black with firs, containing the celebrated cave: the ascent to it is steep, and requires about forty minutes from the place where the horses are left to graze. The view of the gulf grows at every step: and from the mouth of the cavern, or "the Forty Courts," are seen the mountains of Achaia, and even those of Arcadia in remotest distance. The entrance into the cavern is by an angular aperture not more than ten feet high, partially concealed by nettles and loose stones. The rock in which it is, exhibits a rugged surface, and a solitary old fir tree overhangs it at an angle. A small niche has been cut out of the rock on the right hand in entering; and there may have been a corresponding one, but the face of the rock is fractured. The interior is a spacious hall, which the peasants appear to think large enough for forty courts, for they call it "Sarand 'Auli." It is proportioned in length and breath, and appears as if it was supported by the stalagmites, like columns of nature's own order, whilst from the roof are suspended the stalactites capriciously disposed. In looking from

the upper end of it, the roof appears arched, and slopes towards the entrance. A delusive light, of a bluish hue, plays over the vault, and reflects faintly on the sides, which gives it the appearance of some fairy hall. The floor is strewed with stones, indicating circles which fenced round the bivouacs of troops — for this cave was often used during the revolution for a refuge or an ambush. There were also ashes remaining within the circles; but these indicated the recent presence of gipsies — the only nymphs and satyrs that now dance in the Corycian cave. At the end of the great hall, there is an ascent which leads to some smaller compartments. I went up the slippery way; and, after many recesses and windings, where the stalactites formed the most singular combinations, I came to a steep descent, — the same, I apprehend, which is mentioned by Wheeler: this appeared to lead to an interior recess, but it was enveloped in darkness, and no one can know the depth. For want of light I was obliged to abandon the search. Issuing from the cave, I distinguished Galaxīdi, but the cloudy day prevented my view of the more distant objects. We returned to sleep at Arrakhŏva, and took possession of a room in the house of one of the principal inhabitants. Mr. Leeves, the Church missionary, forwarded a school at this village, in which, I understood, they made use of the Testaments he furnished them with from the London Society. It would be interesting, by religious education, to call back the Muses to Parnassus with a song of

praise and thanksgiving for the knowledge of salvation. Then would the Delphian cliffs become a temple, not reared with hands, in which the true Deity delights to dwell, and the imaginary inspiration of the Castalian dew be exchanged for the real and happy influence of the dew of heavenly grace.

June 4. and 5. — From Arrokhŏva to Asprospiti, and across the Gulf to Corinth. — At the distance of an hour and ten minutes from Arrokhŏva, there is a hill on the left hand side of the road, with a stream running at its base, now called the Zimeno. On one side of the hill is a scooped valley; and in it the ruins of terrace walls may be traced all the way from bottom to top, the very model of the ancient Delphi. At the top lies a mass of ruins, which, on the east side, to any one looking from the glen below, presents an imposing appearance. Here, no doubt, stood the temple of the place and the Acropolis; and perhaps, by comparing the remains of this little Delphi with the great city of Apollo, something more might be ascertained as to the exact site of the Pythian temple. Herodotus mentions a city which lay between Panopeus and Delphi*, called Aiolida, and there is only the name of Cyparissos to contend with it; but as neither medal nor inscription has ever been found to verify the spot, the ruins near the stream of Zimenos must be left to future dis-

* See Dodwell's Travels, vol. i. p. 197. He refers to Herodotus, lib. viii. 35.

coveries. Behind those ruins rise the craggy tops of Parnassus; and, on the opposite side of the valley, mountains dark with Alpine firs. These continue nearly down to Stenè; and the whole reminded me not a little of the Allée Blanche in Savoy, as the tourist proceeds from Chapuis to Courmayeur, though on a smaller scale. The valley itself is filled with snow for many months in the year; and two new khans are now building on the Stenè side, to the great satisfaction of the inhabitants of those districts. A few minutes before arriving at the Triodos, we crossed a wall which is carried up on both sides of the path, as far as to the steep part of the mountain sides; and at intervals there are some ruined towers. Behind this wall the Greeks fought, whilst Yussuf Pacha and his Turks were manœuvring about the tomb of Laius. Descending by the stream, I came to the Stenè, where the three roads yet meet as in days of old. I felt a particular interest in lingering over this spot, until the muleteers disturbed me by their impatience. The noble drama of Sophocles dwelt forcibly on my recollection, and how my youthful imagination was warmed by that variety of glowing incidents: I had often pictured to myself the triple road and the sequestered lawn, and followed the steps of the devoted Œdipus to Thebes; and now the fable burst anew upon my remembrance, and I saw before me Cithæron and the shade of the murdered Laius. But the drama has a moral

withal: Laius paid the penalty of his crime in exposing the infant, and Œdipus suffered but too severely for the rash stroke of the "double-edged axe." I could, however, find no stones which particularly indicated a sepulchre. All now is still as death about the Triodos; but it is there where travellers must decide upon the course they intend to take. If to pass over to the Morea, the road lies straight to Distŏmo and Asprospiti; but it is a great chance that a boat will be found there, unless precaution has been taken to send one to wait. The other road, to Livadia and Thebes, will be for those who intend to see more of northern Greece, and ascend as far as Thermopylæ. They may then return to Athens by the plains of Marathon, and so get round Corinth. In that case, I should say, it would not be worth the while to go, as Dodwell did, to Distŏmo and Asprospiti, having to return to the Triodos.

Leaving this interesting station, which is now more commonly called Stenè, we came in a few minutes upon a corn plain, which I took for the (ναπη) lawn of Sophocles: the mountains on the western side of this are green; but on the other, flat and barren, with some black firs on the tops. At fifteen minutes from the three cross ways (which led in former times respectively to Delphi, Daulis, and Ambrysus) we came to a Turkish fountain; then succeed currant grounds; and there is a ruined church on the left. The plain opens wider, and is occupied

by corn-fields; at the end of it appears Distŏmo, a naked village forty minutes distant from Stenè. This town was also destroyed by the Turks, but not without their suffering in return from the vengeance of the Greeks. Our muleteers pointed triumphantly to the bleached bones which yet lie by the road-side. "Thus," exclaimed one of them, "will we ever serve the Turks." At Distŏmo, as at Arrakhŏva, the buildings are of stone, like the Scotch rouble-work, but more rude. This was the ancient Ambrysus: its ruins consist chiefly in large stones, which are strewed about in all directions: some of the largest have gone to fence the public fountain, which is copious in sweet water. Some traces of walls remain on the hill overlooking the village, and which is crowned by the hovel-looking church of St. Elias: this was, perhaps, a part of the Acropolis; but it must also have comprised the adjacent mount, which is higher, and contains also some massy remains of building. I thought I could trace a connecting wall.

The descent to Asprospiti (White House) is first by a narrow defile and a rugged path. After an hour it widens into corn-fields, and descends direct upon the sea-beach; then turning to the left, in half an hour it reaches Asprospiti; being, in all, two hours from Distŏmo. This is supposed to be the ancient Anticyra. The vestiges of an old port are hardly recognisable upon a low, slightly projecting head-

land. The modern representative consists in a mud cottage, a mud house, and a khan now in building. The bay is prettily encircled by corn fields, from which rises an elliptical-formed mountain, covered with olives and other trees for half way up its sides, and the rest is rugged rock: one more insulated, in the shape of an egg, might be the mount on which the hellebore grew. If it could have cured impatience, we should all have been glad to have found some still growing; for the coast was deserted by the inspectors and our boatmen had again neglected to procure the necessary certificates for landing at Corinth. I proposed that, as we were in the dominions of Greece, and intended to land on the opposite side of the gulf in the same dominions, we might go without a licence; but the captain, still recollecting the summary proceedings of the Turks, drew his finger across his neck, intimating that he should be hanged if he attempted such a thing. I therefore contemplated for some hours the barren mountains which encircle the snug bay of Asprospiti; and at five o'clock P. M. we sailed for Corinth.

We passed three small rocky isles, which run across the mouth of the bay, at sunset. The mountains appeared to fall in soft foldings into the bosom of the waters, until terminated to the view by the Cape Trakhila. The sun shed a glowing light upon Cape Avgò, the nearest land on the opposite shore; and I watched the changing shadows and hues as they fell upon the mountains of old

Sicyonia. Slowly moving over the placid waters, I enjoyed that soft delight which is seldom of long duration, but, like the keenness of appetite, is blunted at the first enjoyment. The purple waters were stricken by the beams of a bright planet which stood over the mountains; and in the contemplation of nature's stillness, which soon elevates the mind to the tone of praise, I laid me down upon the narrow deck, and counted the midnight stars. The sun rose upon Mount Helicon, and on the coast of Achaia: behind the rocky chain which bounds the gulf towered Mount Zyria, anciently Cyllene, and, like the corresponding mountain of the Muses, it had streaks of snow falling from its craggy tops. On the left lay the isles of Kalanisi: steering towards the headland of Heræum, the Acrocorinthus bore nearly due south. Mount Cithæron came in view at the end of the gulf, bearing east. The outline of the chain which screens the Bay of Ægina is broken and varied. The curvilinear sweep embraces a wide expanse of water, and the white sails flit in the distance like birds under the lofty summits.

In approaching the coast of the Morea, the village of Kamares, once Aristonautæ, is distinguished on the edge of a green declivity, which lines the shore beneath the rocks of the ancient Donussa. The eye runs along the green margin as far as Vasilika, above which rise the rocks on whose flat top stood Sicyon.

The Asopus falls through the open cleft below, and a low line of mountain, gently undulating, makes the maritime limit of the old kingdom of Sicyonia. The Mount Geranion fills up the intervening space between the Corinthian and Saronic gulfs. The kings of Sicyon are enumerated by Pausanias, and they stand in chronological tables almost at the head of all the monarchies of ancient days. It is probable that an early colony from Egypt first established a kingdom on these coasts; but little more is preserved of its annals than the mere names of its monarchs. As we reach the shore, nothing remains conspicuous to the eye to dispute the sovereignty of the Acrocorinthus: but the once renowned Corinth appears now as a mass of barbarous ruins, save where regenerated Greece has begun to sprinkle her abodes over the desolation.

Landing on this silent shore, I found the old Lechæum vacant. A few beasts of burden were standing near the remnants of two or three habitations, and a group of peasants reclined on the sand. The ancient port may be traced in a kind of pond a little within the shore. We ascended among corn fields and wild grass towards the town; and, after a walk of thirty-five minutes, came to a low broken cliff which forms a natural wall, and has probably been used as such ever since the days of Cypselus and Periander. We easily surmounted this cliff, and then traversed the stony lanes which wind among the

ruined habitations: these conduct to the upper site of Corinth; and here some new houses have been built, and a street is almost formed. In the midst of these is an inn established by a villanous-Cephaloniote; but I ascended without delay to the fortress, lest I should lose the setting sun.

Corinth and its Citadel. — The ascent to the Acrocorinthus takes a S. W. direction from the "seven columns," and winds behind the rock, sometimes becoming very steep. On arriving underneath the cliff, the fortification walls, and the towers perched on its crags, have a picturesque and imposing appearance. I reached the first gate in fifty minutes; it required forty more to traverse the interior of the fortress, and ascend to the highest point of the eastern summit. After passing the second gate, which is plated with iron, we came upon the remains of a great number of houses. The wealthy Turkish merchants used to live here in times of peril, and found it the only place where they could secure their goods from the daring robbers of the isthmus. I observed a well and some marble fragments strewed around it. Continuing to ascend, we came to a platform in front of the barracks. This spot was enlivened by companies of raw recruits drilled by a few Bavarians — the action taking place near the fountain of Peirene! and whilst I quenched my thirst with the water, which yet does honour to the recommendation of Athenæus, I attempted a flight beyond the reach of

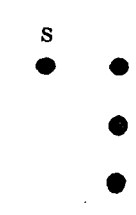
King Otho's garrison; but it was in vain: for the din occasioned by the hoarse drilling voices and the practice of the drum was enough to stun all the poetry of Bellerophon and his Pegasus.

Ascending from the platform by the outer wall, which overlooks the Saronic gulf, we soon struck off to the left, and gained the highest summit, on which stands a ruined mosque, surrounded by scattered fragments of antiquity. It was within an hour of sunset, and the atmosphere in the distance not so clear as to admit of the acropolis of Athens being distinguished. The mountains of the Morea were purpled with the shade, and occupied a section of the panorama towards the south and west, ending in the summits which overlook Elis, and closing the view with the gulf of Lepanto and the Sicyonian promontory. The island of Ægina is partially hid by the mountains of Epiduaria; but its long rock is seen running gradually down to the waters, and so are the little isles around it, bearing S. E. The Sunium promontory I saw but faintly: Salamis lay east, and the Saronic gulf was just beginning to receive the mellow tints of evening. The low-lying isthmus seemed almost within my grasp, and my eye comprehended the track of St. Paul across it to the port of Cenchræa: the shortest distance across the isthmus is not much more than four miles. In front of my station, lying below the corn fields, was distinguished the western port of Corinth, the Lechæum, which did not contain a single

vessel except the bark which had conveyed me thither. Beyond a small bay, rise the mounts Oneion and Geranion, falling away to the west in the tongue of rock which ends in the promontory of Oliniæ. The "Dun Cithæron" bears N. E.; the ridge of mount Helicon, N.; and the more conspicuous snowy tops of Parnassus, N. by N.W. Beneath this gigantic chain, I perceived the bay of Asprospiti, and the little islands which, on the previous evening, had overshadowed my bark. The intervening waters of the gulf — the blaze of "living light" which now was kindled behind the Achaian mountains — the solemn hue which hung over the Morea, and the stillness which began to pervade this vast and splendid panorama, filled my mind with delight and wonder; and as the pure tints appeared to make their way to heaven, after having shed their beauties upon earthly summits, I almost wished to be mingled with their essence, pure, and ascend to the still brighter glories of the invisible regions! These, or something like these, were the feelings with which I descended from the far-famed citadel; and, looking down upon the scattered ruins of the town lying at my feet, could only repeat, as if I believed not my eyes, "And this is Corinth!" The Acrocorinthus was always deemed impregnable until Mahomet II. battered the citadel from the pointed rock which bears S.W. of it; but if this were secured, according to the rules of modern tactics, the whole might be

defended against a host of enemies by a very moderate garrison.

Of all the porticoes, baths, theatres, and sixteen temples enumerated by Pausanias at Corinth and the neighbourhood, there exist but seven columns of a temple or portico, and some masses of Roman brick work, good enough in construction to be of the time of Hadrian. The columns stand as exhibited in the annexed sketch. The entablature still remains resting upon five of them; the one marked (6) wants a capital: there are vestiges of the tryglyphs. The material is a porous calcareous stone, and some slight traces of stucco may yet be discerned in the flutings. When Dr. Chandler visited Corinth about seventy years ago, there were eleven columns standing, and the same number was observed by Wheeler in the sixteenth century. Their heavy proportions have induced some architects to assign them to a very remote antiquity, and a name has been sought for in Pausanias' enumeration of the buildings of Corinth, which must be mere conjecture; to others the massive proportions have appeared too forced to be genuine, and ought therefore to be considered as a mere imitation of some ancient edifice. If this be so, out of the many appel-



lations that have been given to these solitary remains, I had rather adopt that of the portico of Octavia, and consider the building of the age of Augustus. The streets of the modern town, except those that have lately begun to rise, are in a state very much resembling the ruins of Pompeii: the houses are all unroofed, the walls of many fallen in; but still they mark the line of the streets distinctly, so that the same inquiry appears to rise upon the lips in both cases, "But where are the inhabitants?" The city stands, and probably always did stand, upon a low cliff rising abruptly from the plains, and which may also have served, with some aid, as a wall of defence; there are, however, no traces that I could find of any construction. Near a Turkish fountain I saw some ancient fragments of marble, and a column stuck in the ground; and, at a very little distance from thence, some brick remains of a large edifice, which I would call the "Thermæ Hadrianæ." The population of Korintho will hardly exceed six hundred souls, and their occupations lie chiefly in the fields; so that, with the exception of a few new-made police officers, who are stationed for the security of the isthmus, Corinth during a great part of the day is a deserted village: such is the present state of that city which was once "the light of all Greece." Still it is not possible, nor yet desirable, for the Christian to divest his thoughts of those associations which arise from treading the

ground where Paul planted, and Apollos watered. I am moved, "nescio quo pacto," by seeing the rock which was familiar to the eyes of the great Apostle for one year and six months; and in the dreary absence of "all them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus," I would fain bespeak the balmy air to know where stood the humble dwelling of the tent makers. Tradition, which has been so busy in other countries, has not consecrated here a single spot; and, perhaps, nowhere in the Christian world are the Epistles of Paul to the Corinthians less known or cared for than in the place to which they were first sent: but a ray of light now breaks forth from the darkness of many centuries, and, before many years more have elapsed, the doctrines of Paul and Timotheus shall again be read and taught at the foot of the Acrocorinthus.

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNEY FROM CORINTH TO NAUPLIA, BY NEMEA AND MYCENÆ.

Remnants of things that have pass'd away,
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay.
BYRON.

June 6.—THE approach of some Bavarian troops, on their march towards Zeitouni, added wings to the feet of the Corinthian peasants, and loquacity to the rest of the population; but these signs of activity portended no zeal for the king's service, although the inhabitants had written upon their houses, Ζητω Οθων ο βασιλευς της Ελλαδος—"Long live Otho, King of Hellas." The peasants fled in all directions, with their horses, to avoid supplying the royal troops. The publican and Cephaloniote did not remain an insensible spectator; but, taking due advantage of the confusion, raised the price of his horses, and despatched us secretly before the troops arrived. We were accompanied by three Greek guides, and one Turk,—perhaps the only one left in Corinth, but left

with the reputation of being more faithful and industrious than any two Corinthians. To him I was requested to pay the price of my conveyance, as being the most trustworthy of my conductors.

For the first half hour after passing the seven columns, we have the blue gulf of waters on one hand, and the Acrocorinthus on the other; but the bridges and villages between Corinth and Cleonæ, marked in the "Itinerary" of Gell, are now swept away by the "pugnaces Achivi:" gone, too, are the cypress trees, together with the village of Omar Tchaoutch. It took us three hours to go from Corinth to Cleonæ, which Pausanias says was on the road to Argos; and, according to Strabo, it was eighty stades, or ten miles, distant from Corinth. The principal ruins of Cleonæ, which are not many, recline upon a hill situated a little to the right of the path, and which is crowned by a holly tree. These appeared to me to be the vestiges of a temple; and, if so, what other temple can that be but Minerva's? This city has stood upon terraces, like most of those I have yet seen in Greece. From Cleonæ's Hill is seen the village of St. Basil, which some suppose to be on the site of the ancient Tenea.

Descending from the ruins of Cleonæ, among corn fields, we soon regained the path, and in less than five minutes arrived at a police station, and a khan adjoining. These are situated in the midst of a valley, and near some springs of water. Whilst I was seeking for

some remains of a temple of Hercules, which I understood to be in the immediate neighbourhood, an organ of government, sitting cross-legged on a newly erected shopboard, assumed all the consequence of Aufidius Luscus: he talked of his duties like a secretary of state, and insisted upon seeing our passports; boldly forbade us to advance a step further without his orders, and, like Cerberus, — for he had other two heads behind his own, — effectually defended the passage; but it was easy to see that, like Cerberus, he might be lulled to rest by a sop; and, eventually, his high sense of duty and his Grecian independence yielded to the touch of a single drachma, or the twenty-seventh part of a pound sterling. From the khan we struck off towards the village of Kutchukmadi; and, at the distance of about three quarters of a mile, came upon a small rectangular enclosure, set round with blocks of stone, and a part of a column lying in the midst; but whether this be "the Temple of Hercules," or not, I cannot tell. The distance from Cleonæ to Nemea cannot be less than three and a half miles in a straight line. Pausanias mentions two roads which led from Cleonæ to Argos; the one a short cut, with which no doubt the present road from Corinth to Nauplia coincides; the other was circuitous, passing over the mount Tretus; and this, I apprehend, went very near to Nemea, and was in the direction I am now following. The ascent of the mountain, which separates the valley of Cleonæ

from that of Nemea, and which is a branch of the Tretus, is so extremely rugged, that one may wonder how ever a carriage-road could have been made over it, which Pausanias intimates was the case.

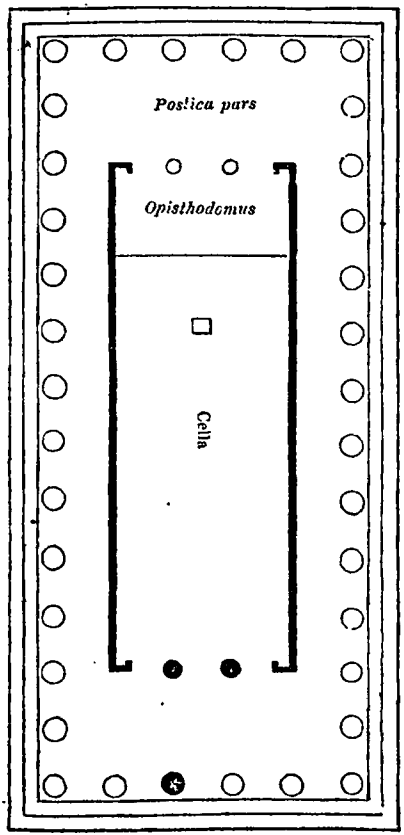
We soon arrived, after gaining the ascent, at some flat ground, covered with wild shrubs and brush-wood, wherever the rocky nature of the earth permitted: but this can never have been any other than a wild uncultivated track, and no place could be better adapted for the abodes of wild beasts. I observed some caves in the ascent, which, coupled with the Nemæan Lion, are sufficient to help the imagination. After passing a track of rough stones, we approached an opening, which at once led us into the Valley of Nemea; and there, in the midst, as the lord of the solemn district, stand the grey ruins of the Temple of Jupiter: no trace of a human habitation to be seen near them. Before descending into the vale, we reposed near a fountain, supplied by streams issuing copiously from the hill side; I could find no other to dispute the title of the Fountain of Adrastus. Standing near it, and looking towards the temple, I saw the Mount Tretus on my left; Apesas, on which Perseus made his sacrifice, rose nearly in front. It is now called, as an aged peasant informed me, Mount Bernabò; and the corresponding mountain towards the north, Saint Nicolò. On arriving at the temple, I found myself in a confined plain, fenced by low hills on the east and

west. The ruins themselves lie in the midst of corn fields, and the greater part of the vale is now brought under cultivation, by the inhabitants of the two neighbouring villages, Kutchukmadi and Aghio Georgio. The latter contains about 200 houses, and is situated beyond the foot of the Mount S. Nicolo.

At a little distance from the temple, and before arriving, there is a ruined church which has been built out of the materials of an ancient edifice. The outlines of the original are preserved, and show it to have been of a rectangular form, not ill answering to the Θριγγος λιθων of Opheltes' tomb. At a little distance from this, I observed another smaller enclosure, which certainly does not so well answer to the description of the monument of Lycurgus (χωμα γης): the name of Propylæa contends for the ruined church and its heap (χωμα) with the (ταφος) Tomb of Opheltes. The position of these ruins, with reference to the temple, is certainly a reason for calling them, as Sir William Gell has done, the Propylæa, because every great temple in Greece had its propylæa. Pausanias, on the other hand, saw the sepulchre of Opheltes, surrounded with a stone wall; and he also observed the monument of Lycurgus, King of Nemea, both apparently in the neighbourhood of the temple; but as these are all the materials whereon to build an antiquarian discussion, it may be hoped that future travellers will treat the vestiges like Dante's ghosts, "non regionam di lor ma guardi e passa."

The Temple of the Nemæan Jupiter has been measured and drawn by architects, so that any description of one less skilled would, in all probability, be inferior, if not altogether superfluous. The ground plan may, however, be roughly represented, without invading the province of the artist. The three columns marked in black are standing: all the rest have been thrown from their bases, and are lying in fragments. The lower part of the walls of the Cella also remains, and, upon two of the standing columns, a piece of the entablature yet reposes. The shafts of the columns, which are of the Doric order, were originally in twelve pieces; and this, I think, is an argument against the extreme antiquity of the building. The columns, moreover, appear to be in height seven of their diameters, a proportion by no means conformable to the ancient Doric.* The single column must be taken as the standard of measurement, for it belongs to the peristyle, and is five feet three inches in diameter. The temple is hexastyle, and may have had fourteen columns on the sides; but if all

* I find Colonel Leake accounting for these slender proportions by referring to a general principle which the Greeks appear to have adopted, viz. of placing their *Ionic* temples on a level surrounded with hills. And so sensible were they of this general principle, that these columns of the *Dôric* order, situated, as they are, in a narrow plain, have proportions not less slender than some examples of the Ionic order.—*Leake's Tour in Asia Minor*, note to p.258.


Postica pars
Opisthodomus
Cella
E

the intercolumniations be taken at seven feet and a half, there would hardly be space for so many. The material is a soft stone, made up of sand and small shells; but it has been covered with stucco. I was struck with the propriety of Dodwell's observation*:—"The columns have fallen in such regular order, that the temple evidently appears to have been destroyed by the sudden concussion of an earthquake." Not a particle of the materials appears to be lost. The whole might be set up again as perfect as it was at the first; but the effect would not be so striking as the ruins now are,—the solitary guardians of the valley where Hercules cut his olive club, and where the Nemæan games once made the "reverberate hills echo" to the sound of revelry. These games were dedicated to Hercules, the slayer of the Nemæan lion; and were prolonged after those at Olympia had ceased. A similar institution was transferred to the banks of the Tyber, where the Arcadian Evander is said to have feasted the hero-god in honour of his prowess, exercised with equal success against the monster Cacus. I could not but recall to mind the extraordinary combat which took place at the Nemæan games, between Creugas and Damoxenus, and which Canova has so admirably illustrated. The improper use which Damoxenus made of his fingers, partly caused an alteration to be made in the adjustment of the cæstus: the straps,

* Travels in Greece, vol. ii. p. 209.

which before were fastened round the palm of the hand, were brought over the fingers and tied upon the wrist.

Leaving the ruins of the temple, I passed an aged olive tree which is fast rending asunder the remains of the tomb of Opheltes; and after ascending the Mount Tretus, I saw, perhaps, the very cave which Pausanias alludes to as the retreat of the famous lion. That writer does not say that Nemæa is fifteen stades from Cleonæ, as some travellers have imagined, and thereby caused a topographical difficulty; but that the cave of the Nemæan lion, which was shown to him on Mount Tretus, was fifteen stades from Nemæa, which he calls a χωριον, or village; and Dr. Clarke, I perceive, has understood the passage in this sense. Some caves answering to this distance lie on the side of the mountain the farthest removed from the valley: one larger than any of the rest at once asserts its claim to the classic honour. These mountain passes are not less renowned in the history of the late revolution, than they were in the heroic ages of Greece,—substituting the Turks for the devastating lion, and Colocotroni for the victorious Hercules. In 1822, that general, together with Demetrius Ipsilanti and the brave Nikitas, defeated, with great glory, the numerous forces of Drama Ali: they made a Pacha prisoner, with 200 Turks; and 2000 were left dead among the mountains: they also took 400 Arabian horses, from 500 to 700 camels, and 1300

mules laden with baggage, which were all expedited to Tripolitza.

At the foot of the Tretus, we fall in with the road to Argos again, which runs through a gloomy glen in the bed of a torrent. After three quarters of an hour's travelling, the glen opens; and on the side of the mountain, left, I distinguished some remains of an ancient town: but the prospect of beholding the walls of Mycenæ within an hour and a half, turned away my attention from meaner objects; indeed, I am not aware there were any to attract it. Some armed Greeks rushed across the passage and accosted us in the voice of authority; but instead of any design of plundering travellers, their business was to prevent plunder. This was the first unequivocal sign I saw of Anti-radical associations in modern Hellas. We quitted the main path at the entrance of the plain of Argos, and after half an hour's ascent were surprised by "the treasury of Atreus."

This remarkable monument takes us at once to Egypt;—the shape of the door, the massy lintel, the pyramidical form of the vault, all indicate the "art of Dædalus."* Yet what can the whole mean, but a sepulchre? It has been so accurately described and measured by former travellers, especially by Dr.

* All the exploits of Dædalus are deeply involved in fable; but his travelling into Egypt, in order to instruct himself in the arts of that country, conveys real information upon the origin of the arts in Greece.

Clarke and Dodwell, that any details of the same nature would be superfluous. The same is true of the stupendous walls of the city. But who can pass by in silence such wonderful remains of so remote an age?

"The treasury of Atreus" wears an air of solemnity which at once compels assent to its pretensions of 3000 years of antiquity. The entrance is, indeed, dishonoured by an accumulation of small stones laid about it, piled against a wooden frame; but these are forgotten, when the stone, which weighs 133 tons, is discovered over the head of him who enters. I was surprised, after the unpromising exterior of the mound, to find myself in a spacious circular apartment, with a vault overhead tending to a point, admitting, by a breach at the vertex, as much light as served to discover the construction of the interior, which is of hewn stone. A square aperture on the right side, at about the centre, leads into a small compartment, which was probably the sepulchral chamber. The description which Pausanias gives of the treasury of Minyas at Orchomenos, appears to apply so well to this monument, that it has acquired the name of the Treasury of Atreus and his sons. A monument so called was seen by Pausanias at Mycenæ, and it consisted of some subterranean compartments; but there are reasons for believing it was situated nearer the fountain of Perseus than this monument is; and all the anti-

quarian reasoning I have seen is in favour of making this the *tomb* of Agamemnon, or Atreus, or Eurymedon: and as there are others of the same description still existing, though not so well preserved, we may furnish them with the names of Teledamus, Pelops, and Electra, who all had tombs about Mycenæ's wells.* If the one in question should be considered as the tomb of Agamemnon, as some suppose it is, it acquires a very great additional interest from the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides. The modern aqueduct, which ran over the top of the mound, and the few cottages which stood near it, are now in ruins, and there is nothing left to interrupt the solitude.

We passed over the extremity of a shallow glen, and stood before the Gate of the Lions. The site of a city that was built 1300 years before the Christian æra, and destroyed (except those genuine remains) near 2300 years ago, could not surely be contemplated without emotion. It is almost impossible to bring one's mind to believe that Homer sung of those very walls; and yet there are few antiquities so well authenticated, and none that I have hitherto

* All these subterraneous chambers are circular in plan, but have parabolic domes. Numerous buildings in Egypt, Sicily, &c. are constructed in a similar manner. See "the treasury of Atreus" illustrated by Donaldson, Supplementary Vol. V. to Stuart's Antiquities. It is not, however, here meant, that the "treasury of Atreus" resembles the monuments of Egypt in solidity, but only in the form.

seen so imposing. The mind, in reflecting with this object before it, runs back to the beginning of time! but at least to the origin of human records. I stood for a while within the consecrated place, "before the King's gate" (προπυλαις) and surveyed the walls on each side, which are founded upon a rock,—"the celestial walls of the Cyclops." The top of the angular block on which the lions are sculptured is broken off. This Mr. Dodwell supplies by a flame, and reasons beautifully upon the sacred emblem.* Underneath the lintel, there is space enough between it and the accumulated earth to admit of a person creeping up behind the gate, and then the back part of the marble is discovered scratched all over with the names of travellers. The walls on either side of the gate *within* differ in their style of construction; the one exhibiting a specimen of the real Cyclopean, the other approaching the Hellenic. This was perhaps a reparation, and may be dated at least 600 years lower than the original walls. I made the circuit of the Acropolis, which includes a space of 330 yards by 220. The construction of the walls often varies. A perfect mass, more regular than the rest, looking towards the treasury of Atreus, supports the terrace on which the Lion's Gate stands; and it has evidently been made subsequent to the work about the gate itself: the polygonal blocks often appear under

* See Dodwell's Observations on Mycenæ, vol. ii, p. 229—248.

the more recent rectangular ones; and the little postern has not the same appearance of antiquity as the Gate of the Lions. The rock on which the citadel stood has also served the purpose of defence: sometimes it serves entirely for a wall; at other times the wall supplies a fracture, or completes an irregular winding. I ascended to the top of the Acropolis, where the vestiges are unimportant; and I completed my circuit by walking under the northern side, where the greatest length of wall is visible at one view. The ravine on the south side held the stream which issued from the fount of Perseus; and this is sternly overlooked by the three-pointed Euboia. The rock on which the whole Acropolis stood is nearly insulated, and the adjacent mountains wear a forbidding aspect. I could hardly advance my footsteps from the awful gate through which one might fancy "the King of men" had yet to pass on his way to the Trojan plains.

Mycenæ began to decline in power very soon after the war of Troy. It could only equip eighty men to send to Thermopylæ, and furnished no more than 400 at the battle of Platæa. The Argians demolished the "wide-streeted" city about 468 years before Christ; but they evidently saved the Acropolis, whose remains are yet so striking. The city must, of course, have extended towards the plain of Argos, about the present village of Kravăta. A wall has been traced in that direction; and perhaps some of the numerous travellers, whom Greece will

soon see, may be tempted to make an accurate survey of the whole site. It was near sunset, and we descended to the village of Kravăta, and thence across a corn-field to a khan which stood on the edge of the plain of Argos. Our tardy beasts of burthen had not yet arrived from Corinth, and the son of Atreus himself could not have induced our "long-haired" Greeks to move their steeds across the plain that night. In the midst of a vain conflict, our tent and baggage arrived, the storm subsided, and our rest was undisturbed.

On the following morning, at half an hour's distance from the khan, I saw two small shafts of columns standing, and some other fragments strewed around them. At the well of Phonika (a small village of mud cottages), are some fragments of fluted columns, made into drinking troughs; and a little further I found similar remains. It is possible these might belong to an edifice which Pausanias saw on his road from Argos to Tirinthus, built to commemorate a battle which was fought on the spot between Prœtus and Acrisius. Proceeding about three quarters of an hour further, we came opposite the walls of Tiryns, which we reserved to a future opportunity; and after a three hours' journey from the Kravăta khan, we arrived under the rock of Palamedes. The lions of St. Mark, which meet the eye on approaching the walls of Nauplia, soon drew away the thoughts from the heroic age of

Agamemnon. But whatever train of reflections might be awakened, it was soon interrupted by the noise of a little Napoli, and entirely extinguished by the trouble of finding a lodging in it. At length we sat down in the *Hotel Bruno ;* and before three hours had elapsed, we heard the whole city ring with the sentence of Colocotroni's condemnation.

LETTER VII.

To Francis Ingram, Esquire, at Rome.

Napoli di Romania, June 9. 1834.

It is only ten days since I left Patras; and yet I have been able, in that short time, to visit all the most interesting objects on both sides the Gulf of Corinth. I have traversed the ancient district of Argolis, and had time to survey the city in which I now sojourn. I have met with no more difficulties and interruptions than I should have had to encounter in a similar journey in any part of Switzerland or Italy; that is to say, none worth mentioning, or calculated to put a reasonable traveller out of humour; and except on the plain of Argos, we have never had occasion to make use of our tent. We generally found horses in abundance at the rate of four or five drachmas per diem. Excellent bread, fruit, eggs, and poultry *ad libitum;* and we ever found the Greeks less eager of drachmas and lefta than the Italians are of papetti and bajocchi. I have consigned some observations upon the places I have visited to my Journal-book, which I intend to show you when I return to the seven-hilled city.

Napoli, being now the seat of government and

the centre of Greek civilisation, has no longer any similarity to its former internal appearance. The features of the Palamidi rock; the heights of Itchkali; the lowly coast sweeping round by Tiryns, and the Lernæan marsh, with the citadel of Argos rising out of the plain; the mountainous shores which flank the eastern parts, and the headlands jutting beyond the reach of the naked eye;—these are features which must endure the same as long as the landscape remains undissolved; but every thing that man and his institutions can change, is now changed at Napoli di Romania. Here is a royal palace—the same that was occupied by Count Capo d'Istria; and a place d'armes furnished with Bavarian troops; a new court of justice, called the Βουλετεριον, situated above a square which is defended by pieces of cannon; new streets named after the chiefs of the revolution, such as οδος Τψηλαντου and οδος Μιαυλος; shops stored with provisions, and cafès about the port and in the public resorts. The part of the city known in Turkish times by the name of Bazaar, is now become a regular built street in European taste. But amidst all these improvements, such is the crowd of foreigners and Greeks either connected already with the government, or expectants of some "good thing," that scarcely a house can be hired at any reasonable price, and the whole rate of living is about the same as at Paris or Naples. There are two reasons for not extending

the limits of this city: first, the want of convenient space, which has made the suburbs already grow to an incommensurate size; and secondly, the well-known design of transferring the royal residence to Athens, which will be effected as soon as the interests of a few individuals can be adjusted with the welfare of the nation at large: until then, the machine of government must move under the rock of Palamedes, in a confined space between it and the sea; or, if extended round the bay, must be exposed to the miasma of the summer months, and be unsheltered from the blasts of winter. It is estimated at present, that Napoli contains about 16,000 inhabitants, including the population in the vicinity of the Pacha's garden. The ship Madagascar lies in the bay, the representative of British protection, and the medium of all prompt communications. We have already had the honour of dining on board this highly disciplined vessel, and I am invited to appear again in a professional capacity.

Ever since my arrival here, the public mind has been occupied with the trial and final sentence pronounced upon Colocotroni: but perhaps you may wish to know something of the history of this man. —Theodore Colocotroni, now seventy-three years of age, is the son of an old Kleft of Arcadia, who was put to a cruel death by the Turks. His native place, or rather his home, was Karitena, where his mansion still remains on a lofty rock which rises over the

stream of the Alpheius. Driven from the Morea on account of his predatory acts, he retired to the Ionian Isles, where he served under Colonel (now General) Church, among the native troops employed in the British service. After those troops were disbanded, Colocotroni took up the trade of a butcher, and lived at Zante. At the news of the insurrection in Greece, he hastened back to his country, and was favourably received by Petro Bey, who had hoisted the standard of revolt in his rugged district of Maina. His military experience obtained for him an influence over his equals and superiors, and he was soon elevated by common consent to the rank of Captain. At Tripolitza, as well as in the plains of Argos, he showed some military skill; but created many doubts of his personal courage, which he has never been able entirely to wipe away. The plunder of Tripolitza and Nauplia, and his victory over Drama Ali, laid the foundation of his ample fortune, which for twelve years he continued to augment by various unjust exactions. The first provisional government that was established in Greece without him, called forth his opposition; and he endeavoured to thwart every arrangement of which he had not been allowed to become the director. Coletti caused him to be conveyed as a prisoner to Hydra, but his partisans forced the then feeble government to liberate him. He was subsequently named General-in-chief of the Peloponnesus against Ibrahim Pacha;

but, in this high station, he showed himself totally incompetent to perform any great enterprise. He was repulsed in the assembly of Trèzène by a large majority of the members. On the arrival of Capo d'Istria, he was left in the nominal command of the troops of the Morea; but he continued to excite troubles and to commit outrages. After the death of the President, who appears to have won over Colocotroni to the Russian interests, he set himself in opposition to the commission of the Seven, and he succeeded in lighting up for a moment a civil war in the Morea. He was thus employed when King Otho arrived with his Bavarian counsellors. The Regency stoutly refused to court or accept his co-operation; perhaps having too little respect to the services which, however deformed, he had rendered to the cause of liberty. Dissatisfied, as may well be supposed, with the new government, he not only opposed, but endeavoured to subvert, or at least *change*, the Regency; and on this was grounded a charge of high treason against him. It was also added, in the indictment, that he had excited rebellion in the Morea; and the sedition among the Mainatts, which was raging at the time of his trial, was tacitly attributed to his machinations. His nephew, Coliopoulos, was placed at the bar along with him, on similar charges. The prosecution on the part of the Regency was conducted by a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Masson; who, in his capacity of

Attorney-general, pleaded in a Romaic speech of five hours against the prisoners, and astonished the Greeks by his eloquence in their language.

The first question for the five judges who sat upon this important trial to decide, was, whether the prisoners had attempted to *subvert* the Regency, or only to procure such changes in the constitution of it as might better serve, in their notions, the interests of their country: if merely the latter, then it became very doubtful whether such attempts amounted to the crime of high treason. The second question was, how far the accused had been *proved* guilty of exciting rebellion in the Morea. One hundred and thirty witnesses appeared in favour of the prisoners; and they chiefly endeavoured to invalidate the evidence for the prosecution, by throwing aspersions of the foulest kind upon the other witnesses: and although the Attorney-general appealed against this species of evidence, which did not speak to the facts he had established, the President permitted the 130 to expatiate upon the vices of their countrymen. There could be no *moral* doubt of the guilt of the accused upon the second charge, viz. that of exciting rebellion in the Morea; but whether the charge was *proved* or not upon satisfactory evidence, is another question. The treasonable attempt to *subvert* the Regency was so interwoven with political intrigue, that it may be doubtful whether the removal of Count Armansberg, or that

of his two colleagues, was not really the point at issue. The Russian Cabinet soon discovered that the Count was *not* disposed to tread in the steps of the President of Greece; and the British minister as soon saw that therein lay the interests of England. If Colocotroni had succeeded in his attempts without being accused of treason, perhaps his instructions, if he had any, would have gone no further than to pray the father of King Otho to substitute a President of the Regency in the room of the obnoxious Armansberg. To attempt to penetrate the secrets of Russian diplomacy would be the height of presumption; but it is not easy to conceive that a Peloponnesian chief would have been *offered an asylum at St. Petersburgh*, unless he had done *that* state some service. Mr. Maurer, one of the German triumvirate, attempted to procure the recal of the British minister; and, for this purpose, is said to have tampered with a member of the Legation, who will probably have no reason to thank him. He pretended to reveal, at midnight, the awful secret, that the plenipotentiary of England was leagued with the President of the Regency to deliver Greece over to Russian bondage! but the British minister was fighting with a two-edged sword of diplomacy against Russian and French ascendancy: the danger of the former arising from the majority in the triumvirate, of which Herr von Maurer formed one; the latter, from the power with which he must

necessarily unite in order to gain the victory, deriving too much influence from the triumph. These political bearings of the state trial, which, no doubt, influenced more or less the members of the Hellenic Cabinet, reached the bench of the Judges; three pronounced the verdict of guilty, and left the President Polizoides, with Mr. Terzetti, in a minority. According to the 90th and 91st Articles of the Hellenic code of criminal proceedings, judgment is delivered upon a majority of votes, and the minority have no right to register or publish their opinions; or, in other words, to betray the secrets of the deliberation. All the judges are bound to sign the judgment of the majority, and the President to read the sentence publicly: but Polizoides and his colleague refused to become the organs of a decision which they considered to be unjust; and upon this a novel scene ensued in the "Bouleterion." The minister of public justice entered the court, and commanded the President to take his seat on the bench and read the sentence. "We will only yield to violence," answered the two judges, "and are ready to endure all things for the sake of justice." Violence was used, and the two judges were held fast upon the tribunal until they drank in the sentence of death with their ears. The crowd of Greeks were scandalised at this violent proceeding; and Polizoides, although in contravention with the law, and threatened with its penalties, was greeted with the title of Aristides. His real name is Anastasius: he is a

Macedonian, and is thirty-nine years of age: he took up arms at the beginning of the revolution, and in 1823 fought at Messalonghi: he was chosen as one of the Commission appointed for negotiating the Greek loan in London; and, after his return, he took an active part in the war of Western Greece. In 1826, he was engaged by the government to go to the continent of Europe and study civil law and political economy. After some time engaged in those pursuits, he returned home, and was named plenipotentiary at the fourth national assembly. Capo d'Istrias did not consider him a proper person to be placed in any official situation under *his* government; and he wrote, during that period, in a violent Journal called the Apollo. He speaks French, Italian, and German with equal ease, and is, perhaps, the best lawyer in Greece. *

Coliopoulos, who was condemned to death along with his uncle, is about fifty years old; he labours under the accusation of having entered into the plot laid for assassinating Grivas, commandant of the Palamidi, in order to get possession of that fortress: he was, however, named one of the Commission of

* Since the government has been transferred to Athens, I find Polizoides has been preferred to the highest judicial functions. The sentence of death pronounced upon Colocotroni and Coliopoulos was commuted to twenty years' imprisonment: and, perhaps, the President, who thought the judgment unjust, may think it his duty to obtain a further mitigation of the punishment.

Seven; and, above all, was one of the three commissioners sent into Bavaria to treat with the King. But I must leave for a while Greek politics and politicians, as I am just about to commence my tour in the Morea, having already hired eleven horses for the purpose at four drachmas and a half per diem. Farewell!

A TOUR IN THE MOREA.

'T were long to tell and sad to trace
Each step from splendour to disgrace.

BYRON.

Preparatory Observations. — GREECE was secure under the powerful protection of the Romans until the third expedition of the Goths, in the reign of Gallienus; and the first ruin of the cities of the Peloponnesus, as well as of Northern Greece, may be dated from that epoch. "The confidence of the cities of Peloponnesus in their natural ramparts had tempted them to neglect the care of their antique walls; and the avarice of the Roman governors had betrayed the unhappy province. Corinth, Argos, Sparta, yielded, without resistance, to the arms of the Goths; and the most fortunate of the inhabitants were saved, by death, from beholding the slavery of their families, and the conflagration of their cities." *

The destructive march of Alaric, at the close of

* See Gibbon's Decline and Fall, chap. xxx.

the fourth century, might be traced, like the effects of a baleful pestilence, from the Sunium promontory to the western coast. The ferocious invader was met by Stilicho, the general of Honorius, in 397; and after several battles fought among the mountains of Arcadia, Alaric escaped with difficulty into Epirus. Finally, the battle of Pollentia, where the spoils of Corinth and Argos were rescued out of the hands of the Huns, took place in 403. Justinian strengthened the straits of Thermopylæ, and restored the walls of Corinth: he also repaired the fortifications of Athens and Platæa. As early as the eighth century, the Peloponnesus began to be visited by the ruinous incursions of the Sclavonic bands: indeed, those inroads have been traced back to the very age of Justinian, and their effects were felt down to the fifteenth century: memorials of them are yet preserved in the names of many places, which are pronounced to be of Sclavonic origin.* Over those barbarian hordes, the Emperors of Constantinople held but a precarious sway; and the peace of the peninsula was frequently interrupted by the revolts and conflicts of those savage tribes. They were at length mingled with the Eleuthero-Lacones; and it was during their earlier invasions of the territory of Sparta, that the town of Mistra was built. The Laconians took the name of Mainotes, in the time of Constantine Porphyrogenitus

* See, on this subject, the acute investigations of Colonel Leake, Researches in Greece, &c. p. 376.

(911—959); and they were only converted to the Christian faith by the zeal of Basil, in the tenth century. Forty cities were numbered in the Theme or province of Peloponnesus at that period; from which also may be dated the final decline of such cities as Sparta, Argos, and Corinth. The industry of the inhabitants of the Morea in the manufacture of silk, kept up the population of the cities; and they preserved the secret until the twelfth century. At that period, the Norman invaders under George the Admiral appeared (A. D. 1146); and after committing great ravages upon the cities of Thebes and Corinth, the silk weavers of both sexes were transported to Sicily. After the final expulsion of those northern invaders, Greece and the islands obeyed the sceptre of the Emperors; and the Comnenian family, notwithstanding the losses sustained by the empire, "continued to reign, from the Danube to the Peloponnesus, andfrom Belgrade to Nice." Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete, and the fifty islands of the Archipelago, were also subject to their sway. They governed the Morea by deputies chosen from the imperial family, with the title of Despot. The last of those were the two surviving brothers of the Palæologi, Demetrius and Thomas. Mahmoud II., having secured his more important conquests, was content to put off that of the Morea for seven years: it was achieved in 1460. The despot Demetrius followed the Sultan to Hadrianople, and Thomas escaped to Italy with the head

of St. Andrew! The first interference of Venice with the Morea may be dated from their partition of the Greek empire with the French (1204). At that period, they made the conquest of Candia, Corfu, and many islands of the Ægean Sea. The Sanut family acquired the duchy of Naxos; the Marquis of Montferrat occupied the cities of Athens and Corinth, and made an attempt upon Napoli; but neither the Marquis nor the Venetians were enabled to make good their claims to their respective divisions of Greece.* The Morea, for the most part, remained under the power of independent Greek princes, or under the precarious authority of the Despots, until the conquest of Mahmoud. In 1687, the battle of Lepanto, fought by Thomas Morosini, gave the Venetians the possession of the Morea for twenty-eight years; with this, and a few trifling exceptions, it belongs to Turkish history, until its first efforts for freedom, in 1770, when it accepted the fatal aid of Russia. In 1822, it found the means of declaring its own independence †; and was ever independence "in such humour won?"

* The history of this obscure period will be found in Ducange's Hist. de Constantinople.

† See Colonel Gordon's excellent History of the Greek Revolution.

CHAPTER X.

THE MOREA.

Not distant far, Arcadia's blest domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains.
FALCONER.

THE only road on which a vehicle can move in King Otho's dominions, is between Napoli di Romania and Argos, a distance of about seven miles. At the end of the first two stands Tirynthus, a little to the right of the road, not far from some property belonging to old Colocotroni. The remarkable and astounding walls of Tiryns are built round an insulated hill which rises out of the plain; but it now wants the solitude which Mycenæ enjoys, on account of the high road to Argos running so near to it: nevertheless, when we arrive at the summit of the Acropolis, and look round on those rough walls and frightful towers, and direct the view towards the barren mountains, which, running in a north-east direction, join the chain of the Palamedes, — the vicinity of a public highway and the sound of human voices cease to distract the mind, now absorbed in

contemplation. Certainly, those walls are many degrees rougher in their construction than those of Mycenæ, and this is a fair argument in favour of their more remote antiquity: indeed, they are said to have been built by the Cyclops, for Prœtus, whose reign is sometimes placed in the year 1379 B. C. The whole space enclosed is 220 yards by 60, and appears to have been only the Acropolis. The greatest height of the walls, at present, is forty-three feet: it may originally have been sixty. Some of the stones are two feet six inches long, and four feet broad. I went into the best and most conspicuous of the galleries, which can have been intended for no other purpose than that of securing the besieged, whilst employed in the defence of the walls. At regulated intervals, there are triangular outlets; one appeared to me to form an arch upon principle. There are some loose blocks of stone to be found occasionally, which have marks of cuttings; but for the most part those genuine relics preserve their character; and we look upon the military fortifications of a city, just as Homer, perhaps, saw them, and certainly as Pausanias found them. When those huge polyhedric stones are laid one upon another, without any attempt at squaring, and the interstices filled up with smaller stones, that is properly the Cyclopean wall. The first improvement in the style of masonry was to diminish the interstices by slight linear adjustment of the blocks; the next step was angularity, until it reached the Hel-

lenic contruction.* Tiryns, Mycenæ, and Cranii of Cephalonia, afford genuine specimens of each.

I left those sturdy relics, wondering how they had resisted the devouring power of thirty-two centuries, and then rode quickly across the plain of Argos: its beauties increased, the nearer we approached the city of Agamemnon. It appears to the eye as if it was enclosed by an amphitheatre of mountains, with a single outlet through the gulf: an abundant harvest stood laughing over the plain. The evening was fresh and balmy; the husbandmen returning from their labour appeared happy; the welcome trees, seen at a little distance below the redoubtable fortress, began to refresh the view: and thus we arrived at Argos.

Argos. — The towns of Greece have changed their appearance so completely since the evacuation of the Turks, that the descriptions of former travellers are now scarcely to be recognised. The palace of the Bey, or Vaivode, is levelled with the ground, or falling into ruin; the mosques have disappeared; the streets, which had contracted the gloom and filth of a Mussulman population, are replaced by new houses, doomed, perhaps, to as much filth, but certainly to less melancholy. Such is Argos, with the additional animation derived from the presence of all

* Whoever wishes to understand the various kinds of construction in walls, as far as they can be understood without seeing them, will do well to consult the Atlas which belongs to Micali's work, entitled L'Italia avanti il Dominio dei Romani, edit. Firenze, 1821.

the *unemployed* Bavarian cavalry, and from the residence of a few wealthy persons, of whom Colonel Gordon may be considered the chief. The town is now spread over a wide space, but much of it is still vacant; the streets are scarcely adjusted with reference to any general plan; many of the roofless habitations and heaps of rubbish remain to attest the calamities which this place has suffered since its first revolutionary struggle of May 5th, 1821*; but a metropolitan-like church has risen, to assert at least the temporal triumphs of the Cross, whether its banner is destined to wave over ruins, or the habitations of a prosperous city. But the stirring name of Argos soon beguiles the thoughts, and carries them beyond the reach of objects so modern; and Inachus, who is said to have founded it, leading a colony from Egypt more than eighteen centuries before our æra, arouses the spirit of the antiquary. Its earliest history, if authentic, is connected with Assyrian and Egyptian commerce; its military history is immortalised in Homer; and we are indebted to Argos, its kings, and its localities, for much of the mythological fable which so early heats our fancy, without improving our moral conceptions. The tower in which Danäe was enclosed (inclusa) is now to be sought for in a cavern! the Cephissos, in a dry rill occasionally supplied from some hidden source; and perhaps the monastery which stands

* See Gordon's Greece, vol. i. p. 153.

half way up the Acropolis rock, on a separate precipice, may occupy the site of the Apollo Deirodiotes: but if we except a few remnants of polygonal walls below the theatre, and some of more careful compacture on the top of the rock, there is not a vestige left that can at all be supposed contemporary with "the King of many Islands and of all Argos."

In the freshness of the evening we visited the theatre, which, as described by travellers, has its seats cut in the rock. These, however, appeared to me to ascend to a height incommensurate with the expanse. The ground below still figures out the form of the orchestra. I should suppose the whole to have been a rude building; but the two flanking extremities, which Dr. Clarke thought so extraordinary, appear to have been necessary for enclosing the principal *Koilon:* without them, it must have been laid open to the plain and the city. He surely cannot allude to the brick ruins below, which are evidently the remains of a Basilica built by the Romans. The form of it is yet preserved, and we see the long hall with a tribunal at the end: this arrangement of a Basilica, near the theatre, is conformable to the precepts of Vitruvius. I could find no traces of any temple, either of Venus or Minerva, "on the top above the theatre." There is a small church, with some insignificant fragments stuck among the coarse materials. A little to the right, above, is a small edifice of brickwork, with a niche at

the end supported against the rock; behind is a channel for admitting water, and there are indications on the inner walls of water having flowed through. This was, doubtless, a Nymphæum, perhaps made by Hadrian. I wondered whether this could be Dr. Clarke's oracular cheat! The polygonal walls just below the theatre are very massive.

By the kindness of General Church, we were furnished with letters of recommendation to some of the Nomarchs and Eparchs of the Morea. The Eparch of Argos was the son of Petro Bey, and consequently the brother of George Mavromichalis, who assassinated Capo d'Istrias. I paid my visit late in the evening, and found both father and son, who hospitably entreated me to join them in their supper. I was glad of the opportunity of seeing the man who may be said to have first decided the fate of Greece; for had he withheld his co-operation when Germanos reared the standard of revolt in the Morea, the revolution would have been inevitably crushed in its origin, and the attempt for ever registered as a rebellion. Petro Mavromichalis governed, or rather moderated, the untractable region of the Mainatts. It was customary with the Turks to appoint a Greek ruler in that district, for a Turk always found it impossible to collect the tribute. The Bey of Maina, therefore, in 1821, had to choose between the uncertain advantages of patriotism and the more secure possession of his delegated power. He chose the

former, and was successful; but the faithful pen of the historian has unveiled some meaner motives. The old warrior wears the Albanian costume: there is something calm and simple, but nothing dignified, in his demeanour. His son, the Eparch, appeared affable and courteous: our words were few, for it was late.

June 10.—In the morning, after wrangling with an Argian landlord, who charged us eighteen drachmas for the use of four bare walls, and the rest in proportion, we ascended to the top of the Kastro. We first passed, leaving it on the right, a round-topped hill on which a solitary white edifice stands: this was, no doubt, the Phoroneus; the more formidable rock was the Larissa. In the ascent to this, Pausanias enumerates many objects; but not a trace of any one of them now appears. The top of the mountain is crowned by an extensive deserted fortress, chiefly the work of the Venetians. Beneath their paltry construction, we sometimes see the huge stones of the Cyclops, but they are evidently much less ancient than either Tiryns or Mycenæ. From the walls of this ample fortress, we look over the plain, which produces corn, and wine, and oil in abundance, interspersed with cypress trees. This plain of Argos, "so adapted to steeds," is nine miles long and six in width. It is open to the sea between Napoli and the marsh of Lerna. On the other hand, north of the Larissa rock, flows father Inachus in a torrent bed:

his present name is Zeria, indicative of his hoary stream. Pausanias traces its source to Artemision, one of those mountains which separate the plains of Argos and Tripolitza. Beyond this, he places Mount Onoe, where Hercules killed (I think) the stag. Of the Charadrus I know nothing, for we did not go the Mantineia road, but by that which, according to the same authority, led towards Tegea. The path to Tripolitza by the Mount Parthemius runs under the barren rocks of Lycone and Chaon.

At the distance of one hour from Argos, the eye is refreshed by a gushing stream of the purest water, and the first inquiry is, Where does it come from? It issues from the foot of the Chaon rock, near two large caverns in which the ancients sacrificed to Pan and Bacchus. A chapel, now dedicated to S. Sophia, supplies the places of the two dissipated gods. One of these streams (for the water, immediately on issuing from the rock, breaks into two courses), Pausanias calls the Phrixos: the other retains the name of Erasinus; and the water is said, both by that writer and Strabo, to come from the lake Stymphalus, where Hercules destroyed the carnivorous birds. Its subterraneous course is estimated at fifteen miles.* It is now called Kefalania, and it

* Pythagoras cites the Erasinus as an example of those rivers which have deserted their channels, and have been reborn elsewhere, — phenomena which have helped to produce changes on the earth's surface. See Lyell's Geology, vol. i. p. 17.

is used for watering the vineyards and turning the mills near its mouth. It enters the sea at Gephyri, or the bridge between Napoli and the marsh of Lerna. In the middle of this marsh there is a pool said to be unfathomable, which, in former times, was called Halcyŏna. I could hardly distinguish the pool, and perhaps now it has its depth only in the imagination of the peasants. The Hydra, however, is no longer formidable to them: his heads are cut off; that is to say, the streams which burst from the lake and destroyed the crops are now dried up, and time has permanently accomplished what the labour of Hercules temporarily effected. This, too, is the place where Amymōne was stolen away by Neptune whilst she was employed in supplying the city of Argos with water; that is to say, the sea, encroaching upon the shores, swallowed up a spring of fresh water, causing a great loss to the inhabitants. Here, also, Pluto and Bacchus were fabled to have descended into the infernal regions. These are all names so connected with the fanciful mythology of the ancient poets, that one is tempted to linger over a baseless vision; but some convulsions of nature which have taken place beyond the reach of human records may be descried through those splendid fictions.

The labours of Hercules were for the most part performed within the limits of Peloponnesus; and, when divested of fiction, they appear to point out some prince, or succession of princes, who, by means

of changing the courses of rivers, draining marshes, and perhaps clearing the mountainous districts of wild beasts which then infested them, improved the agricultural state of the country, and rendered many places habitable which had been previously abandoned.

Rugged rocks partially covered with stunted trees, without any redeeming glens or spots of fertility, is the character of the passage from the valley of the Erasinus to that of Hysiæ. Pausanias is our guide across the Mount Trochos, and points out a town on the left-hand side of the road, which he calls Cenchreæ. This can be no other than the vestiges which we found on the broad top of a hill about three hours and a half from Argos: several blocks of stone, having belonged to the walls, remain; and two small columns and some fragments lie under a tree. Soon after, the valley of Hysiæ appears, in which there was a city of that name, a colony from Argolis. The village of Araithyrea is but a name; and over stony paths we pursued our way until we attained a summit from which is discovered, not far beneath, the cold plain of Tripolitza. It was dark before we pitched our tent near a deserted khan, and under a village an hour and a half short of our original destination.

June 11.—I found it would save time to take, in my way to Tripolitza, the villages of Piali, Palaio Episkopi, and Agios Sosti,—the site of the

ancient Tegea. We arrived at Pialì in an hour. The vestiges of ancient edifices in most of the Greek villages generally find their way into the walls of the church or the well's mouth; and in these two places I found a few fragments, which indicate that some marble edifice has once stood at Pialì. Beyond a corn field stands the dilapidated church of Palaio Episkopì: its outer walls are nearly entire, and are composed of blocks, fragments of cornices and columns, intermingled with some regular brickwork; so that the whole is really neatly patched together. Some travellers had recently excavated and turned up a few broken shafts of columns and fragments of little importance. On going behind the church, I clearly distinguished a curved line of stonework, which had evidently formed part of a theatre; and with this, as a given magnitude, I traced, by the features of the ground, the proper continuation, and convinced myself of the fact. This, therefore, may have been the theatre built by Perseus the Macedonian; and the remains which still lie scattered around the church, or are inserted in its walls, will sufficiently attest its splendour. The church is surrounded by a wall, like that of St. Andrew's at Patras: the enclosure is spacious, and no doubt was held sacred: the whole may be as old as the epoch of the Crusades.

Across another corn-field is the village and church of Agio Sosti. A few pieces of marble in the walls

of the church, and two columns supporting the roof inside, are all that indicate this to be an ancient site. It is supposed by some to have been the Tegean citadel; and even if it were, supposing the city to have extended as far as Piali, it would not have been altogether larger than Mantineia; on the other hand, Mantineia had no citadel at all: the traces of Tegea, therefore, are, upon the whole, very slight; and it must be sheer conjecture to assign any of those remnants in particular to the famous Temple of Minerva Alea. From the top of Agio Sosti is a commanding view of the plain of Tripolitza. In three quarters of an hour we reached the once Turkish capital of the Morea.

The siege and sack of this city, in 1822, by the Greeks, forms one of the most important, but hideous, features in their revolution. Colonel Gordon calculates the number of slaughtered Turks at 8000. Ipsilanti performed all the preparatory measures, and then left Colocotroni to finish the operation. That chieftain did attempt to put a stop to the general massacre of the Turkish women and children; but he set the most prominent example of plunder, for the sake of which the massacre was continued. The heroine Bobolina, too, stained her hands with bribes and ravaged booty as deeply as any hero of Greece. In 1829, Ibrahim Pacha took vengeance on the defenceless walls. He left but one solitary habitation standing; and that, at the solicitation of a friend.

The town is now rising again upon and among its old ruins; but the new government has turned its eye upon Sinano, as a more desirable residence for the Nomarch.

The three cities out of which Tripolitza, as its name (Τρεις πολεις) imports, was formed, are not really known; but Tegea and Mantineia may fairly be considered as two of them, and perhaps Pallantium was the third. The mountains which surround it are, for the most part, of a barren and unfruitful aspect. Even Mount Mænalion, the residence of Pan himself, has scarcely a tree visible upon it. The plain, which may rather be denominated high table-land than a valley, is 2600 feet above the level of the Egean Sea. The most distinguished peaks around it are the Mænalion, Parthenius, and Artemision. In a labyrinth of ruins, amidst which new houses are scattered as if on purpose to beguile the footsteps, we sought a shelter from the sun; and after having explored the waste places, were directed to something like a street; and above a café we found an unfurnished chamber by no means to be despised. In a little time we were visited by the Nomarch's secretary, to whom a letter of recommendation had been sent. He pronounced all around us to be in a perfect state of tranquillity; and had he seen us a quarter of an hour after his departure, he might also have pronounced the English travellers to be in a perfect state of repose.

At half past two o'clock P. M. we proceeded towards the celebrated ruins of Mantineia. For the first hour the road runs along the plain at the foot of the Mount Mænalion, until it arrives at a prominent mountain, which descends into and gradually blends with the plain. This natural barrier, together with a wall whose vestiges may be distinctly traced, formed the frontier line between the Tegeans and their rivals. After passing this line, the road turns round the mountain and enters a more cheerful country. The eye is refreshed with vineyards and trees, and tall hedges fence the green path on both sides; and after passing the sluggish Ophis, the plain opens wide, and tempts the rider to redouble his speed. The monastery of Schipiana soon appears on the grey mountain which screens the plain of Argos from view; and at the lower end of the valley, overlooked by a mount called Grutzuli, and where the ground assumes a marshy appearance, are the singular remains of Mantineia. The walls are best preserved in that part which first presents itself on approaching from Tripolitza. Here alone appear three rows of stones above ground: the masonry is far more perfect and finished than any I had yet seen, but not quite out of the polygonal shape. At intervals of about thirty or forty feet, square towers project: there are about 118 of these in the whole circuit; and there were ten gates, well defended. The form of the city is elliptical, being about three

miles in circumference. It is surrounded by a foss formed by the river Ophis, which, however, was nearly dry when I saw it. On the north side of the city, this river, after making the serpentine course which its name denotes, leaves the walls and discharges itself into a "Katabathron," or outlet. This, Agesipŏlis, King of Sparta, stopped up by an embankment, which caused the water to rise to the height of the "unbaked brick" wall, forming the upper part of the fortifications: the lower part of the walls, being of stone, as they are now remaining, resisted the pressure of the fluid; but the hardened clay gave way, and thus was Mantineia taken by water. It must, however, be observed, that if those walls were built after the battle of Leuctra (B.C. 371) as some suppose, they cannot be identified with those which the King of Sparta so successfully assailed; but there can be no doubt that they were built precisely upon the same plan. The Emperor Hadrian embellished this city much, in honour of Antinous, who was a native of Bythyneium, a colony of Mantineia. Many and splendid were the works of art which adorned this city of Epaminondas. Pausanias enumerates works of Praxiteles, Alcamenes, and others; but of these, or the edifices which contained them, nothing is left. A small theatre may be recognised, near which is a well of excellent water: there are also some lines to be traced, indicating, perhaps, the original direction of the streets. The

surface of the city is partially cultivated, and I saw two ploughs at work in it. It stands in a most delightful solitude, where "where many a flower is born to blush unseen;" and if ever a road of communication is established with Argos, this valley would become one of the most desirable abodes in the Morea.

The place where Epaminondas saw the end of the battle, and then expired, was thirty stades from Mantineia, on the road to Pallantium. The road passed through a grove called Pelagos; and there the Bœotians came into heavy conflict with the cavalry of the Lacedæmonians and their allies. The grove was near the frontier line, and the place where the great Theban died was Scopè. With these indications it is scarcely possible to err. In returning towards Tripolitza, I bore them in mind; and in repassing the rock of Scopè, I thought it seemed to tell, in silent eloquence, the matchless renown of Epaminondas: but no pillar such as Pausanias saw now marks his grave; his only monument is the inviolable circuit of Mantineia's walls, and his pillar, the projecting rock which overlooks the naked land where once was the ensanguined grove. The splendid history of those classic days, mingled with the romance and poetry of Arcadia, gives life to these rural scenes. They still nourish large flocks of sheep, and the shepherd's reed is yet turned over all the plain. Pallantium, wherever it may be, revived

my recollections of poor Evander; and with him, Rome and the Campagna. Thus easily led by associations, I retraced the path to Tripolitza; and arrived in the cool of the evening, and whilst the sun was sinking behind the Mænalion chain.

June 12. — This morning, being provided with a better set of horses, and having exchanged our Polish muleteer (with whom we had set out from Napoli, beguiled by the heroic name), for a Greek one of Tripolitza, we took the path to Megalopolis or Sinăno. For the first three hours we travelled chiefly through naked valleys and rocky glens, leaving Pthana (a village which some have called Pallantium) on the left, at about three miles' distance from Tripolitza. At the end of the three hours, we halted at a spring which issues from the root of a rugged mountain. I took this to be one of the sources of the Alpheius, or, to speak more correctly, one of the places where it re-appears before it again becomes invisible. There are other springs about the spot, which all run down into a marshy plain lying on the left; and this I take to be the ground, in the territory of Tegea, where Pausanias makes the river enter.* I did not go by the ancient Asea, where it again re-appears; but continued under the mountain, until we entered upon a

* Dodwell has traced the course of the Alpheios in Pausanias, but evidently not in the Morea. See Travels, vol. i. p. 325.

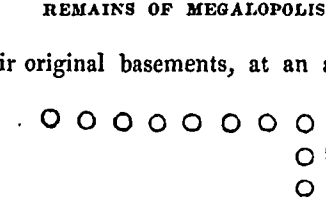
wider plain, and had some wooded hills in view: an extensive grassy valley lay on our left. After this we passed a low rocky eminence, and entered a forest of stunted ilex.

Continuing through defiles, we arrived at the top of the mountains which form the N. E. barrier of the plain of Sinăno. The name of the passage I understood to be Phthigla. A splendid scene here bursts upon the view. The Nomian chain of mountains rises opposite in all the beauty of romantic rock and forest; the mountain sides in every direction are smiling with corn or verdure; deepening glens and wooded knolls form a pleasing variety wherever the eye chances to alight: but towards the "sources" of the Alpheius an extensive forest girds the plain, which, in all its surface, exhibits scarcely any signs of habitations, except those that stand around the tall cypress tree of Megalopolis: not the hospitable shade of a tree, however, welcomes the sun-scorched traveller as he approaches the village of Sinăno. A superior peasant invited us into the rustic gallery of his house, and spread his cleanest carpets. He professed to be glad to have the visits of such travellers as ourselves, but prayed that no more Turks might ever again reach his native plains. He said he could recollect the time when a party of travelling Mussulmen, instead of asking for a reception as we did, would have at once taken forcible possession of his house, ordered him to set before them every thing he had, and,

after heaping abuse upon both parents and children, would have taken their departure without leaving a parah for remuneration. He expressed his gratitude to the three great Powers; piously observing first, to God, for having given Greece a king, and delivered it from the yoke of the oppressor; "for now," he added, "we till the ground, and reap the fruits of our labour." It occupied us more than six hours to go from Tripolitza to Sinăno.

The city of Megalopolis renews all the recollections of its illustrious Theban founder — perhaps the finest character of all heathen antiquity. The vestiges which remain, although much concealed among the standing corn, gave me an exalted idea of the splendour of this once great city: it was six miles in circumference, and the stream of the Helisson ran through the midst of it. The theatre stood on the left bank, partly cut out of a hill; and it is the only edifice whose outlines may be clearly traced. I may, however, except a temple or portico which has lately been excavated. The whole "Cavea" of the theatre is to be distinguished, although the seats are overgrown with thick brushwood, which gives it a picturesque appearance. On each side of the Cavea are walls of a very regular construction, built for the purpose of sustaining the "proscenium" and "scena." On the opposite side of the river, with the aid of our kindly host, I found the newly excavated temple. Ten pieces of column shafts stand

upon their original basements, at an angle thus —



A female statue was found in the excavation.

His Hellenic Majesty spent four hours in going over the site of this ancient city, and intends to commence excavations on a large scale at some future time; but if Cleomenes took away all the best things to Sparta, the labour will be attended with little profit, except that of discovering the plan of many of the buildings. I went over several fields of corn, stumbling over columns and fragments, which, although often broken and prostrate, have evidently never been removed from their original places. Colocotroni took away the stones on the upper part of the theatre to build a monastery with, which may be seen from Megalopolis, on the side of a richly wooded mountain.

We now continued our journey down the plain, which assumes the character of a valley, to the village of Bromesella, where the Hellison with another stream joins the Alpheius. Here we turned nearly at a right angle towards the north; the shadows began to fall upon the Nomian mountains which close the plain on the left; and, after an hour and a half's journey more, we turned off the path and ascended to the village of Maurias, where we set

up our tent for the night. This village bears S. of the mountains of Leondàri; below it is the glen of Vathy Rheuma, which Pausanias says contained a volcano. Ibrahim Pacha did not even spare this secluded spot; he destroyed the houses, and took away all the cattle, except one single cow. The peasants who came around us related how fifteen Greeks took refuge in a building on the hill above us, but were taken and put to a cruel death by the relentless Egyptian.—"And do you not feel grateful to that Providence," I could not but observe, "who has delivered you from the hand of such an enemy, and given you peace and security under a government of your own?"—"We first thank God," said an old man, "and then the three Powers!" We were soon supplied with abundance of milk and eggs. The outlines of the Lycæan mountains by moonlight, and their beautiful hues at sunrise, called forth a tribute of my admiration, and raised my words of prayer to notes of praise! But there is a work more wonderful in its contrivance, and more lovely in its aspect, than even the works of creation, and in the contemplation thereof the Creator's praise is turned upon redeeming love in thanksgiving and the voice of melody!

June 13. — Having descended again to the Alpheius, we proceeded along its banks among vineyards lying on their gentle slopes, and in three quarters of an hour arrived at the picturesque bridge

of Karitĕna. The main arch reposes upon two rocks, its natural foundation; and the vault is half concealed by ivy. The river has here cleft its own way through the rocks, and continues to flow around the fortress in so deep a bed, that after ascending a few steps from the bridge it is lost sight of. The town of Karitĕna now consists of about 100 houses scattered round the high cliff where Colocotroni's house and the fortress above it stand. From the summit of the rock we had a delightful prospect of the country of Elis, and looked back on part of the plain of Megalopolis: the Mount Taygetus rises in the distance beyond it: the village of Dragomani bears south; Florio, supposed to be the ancient Malpea, S. E.; and in the direction of N. E. we looked towards Gorthys, and the mountains which rise majestically above it. The whole scene is splendid, and worthy of the poetic fame which, not without reason, it once acquired as the favoured abode of the rustic deities.

The dismantled fortress occupies the whole summit of the rock, which rises between two mountains, and fills up the interval, except where the Alpheius has cleft its own passage. In the middle of the fifteenth century, Karitĕna was one of the principal towns in the Morea, and cannot be far from the site of the ancient Brenthes. The fortress, probably the work of the Venetians, was erected for the purpose of defending this important communi-

cation between the maritime and the interior districts; the modern repairs were made by the hero of Karitĕna. Upon a lower platform of the rock stands his house—a small paltry building, not out of keeping with the condition and character of a brigand chief. A round tower stands at one end of it, and a square turret at a corner, with some small projecting batteries; and close by it is a chapel. The house was occupied by an interesting looking-female, whom I understood to be the wife of Colocotroni's son-in-law: her countenance wore a tinge of melancholy, yet she opened the rooms of the castle for our inspection with unaffected civility. In one of the rooms, a sword and pistols were suspended on the rough wainscoting, and parts of a military uniform were lying in disorder. These, she said, were her husband's accoutrements, who had gone to Napoli to see his father-in-law; and, until his return, she was left alone upon the fortress rock. The Greeks, who had voluntarily accompanied us as guides from the town, here began to show a little interest in the fate of their renowned countryman: they knew he had been condemned to death the previous Saturday, but they felt confident the King would commute the penalty for imprisonment. They already begin to tell of his narrow escapes and his bold adventures: they point out the caverns where he hid his few troops, and the stone on which he sat down and wept when he was abandoned by them: and, perhaps, in the

next generation, his name will pervade the district, and be associated with the spectres which haunt his ruined castle.

After laying in a store of provisions, we left Karitena, and descended by a most rugged path nearly to the junction of the Gorthynius and Alpheius: a hill overlooks their convergence, with a single tree growing upon it. Sir William Gell observed some vestiges of antiquity, and thinks the place was called Rhœtea. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery in continuing to ascend by the river Gorthynius; its banks are lofty, and so clothed with green fern, that at a little distance it appears like rich vines. Plane trees almost meet in luxuriant foliage across the crystal stream; and as we advance, the rocks assume a bolder appearance, until they are over-ruled by the lofty mountains. After passing the bridge, we went up to the village of Atchicolo, thinking to find Gorthys there; but we ought to have pursued the course of the river for half an hour beyond the bridge: but having reposed at Atchicolo under the shade of wide-spreading beech trees, we were conducted by the Papas to the ruins of Gorthys. This ancient χωριον, or village, as Pausanias calls it, is placed on a very high precipitous rock above the river: some of its walls and of two entrance gates are standing, the masonry of which is striking and well compacted; it is of a polygonal construction, and may be considered, in the third degree, an improvement of the Cyclopean. There is a water-

course cut through the wall, and the gate has had its propylæ. There is a platform, on which a temple, perhaps of Æsculapius, has stood; but I saw no columns; and the Papas, protesting he knew nothing of either columns or temples, conducted me to the path I meant to pursue; and there in mutual ignorance and good-will we parted.

I proceeded in a westerly direction, and passed a rugged mountain, amidst wild holly bushes which sometimes tore the baggage from off our horses; and after half an hour from the place where I regained the path from Gorthys, came to a green plat which lasted ten minutes more: the whole I estimated at an hour and a quarter from Atchicolo. As this is a passage I have not seen described, — for travellers generally return by the Gorthynius and the Alpheius to reach A. Janni, — I continued to mark well the distances. The descent from the green plat to a dry torrent occupies fifty minutes; the path still lies among bushes, and a road branches off from the torrent bed to the left; in five minutes more a Top; houses appear on the right, and a fine view is obtained of a place called Kalyvia. A beautifully wooded defile now commences beneath a red mountain on the right. The path runs in the bed of the torrent, and in one hour from the "Top" reaches a delightful source of water, springing at the root of a plane tree. Proceeding now in a northerly direction, the village of Mades is seen on a height S. W.: some vines; and then a rough descent to a torrent bed surrounded by

much corn, twenty-five minutes. On the right a beautiful glen runs up towards a village situated on a mountain. Fifteen minutes from thence are vestiges of an ancient town, which may have been Buphagium; ten minutes further, I arrived under the village of Kokura, near a source; and it was now time to halt for the night. The range of mountains which we had continually in view on the S. W. exhibits a great variety of rural mountainous scenery; the foliage and corn-fields, richly intermingling, run up to the very summits; and in the distance we gain occasional glimpses of the blue mountains which bound the plain of Elis.

June 14.—Leaving the village of Kokura, after forty-five minutes we came to a source which descends from a rock. The Alpheius begins to be seen; and we soon arrive at Anazyri, one of the neatest villages in the Morea. At the further distance of three quarters of an hour we reach the village of A. Ianni, supposed to be the ancient Hærea of Arcadia. I saw nothing to indicate its antiquity, however, except some trifling pieces of marble in and about the church; but the situation is pretty; it overlooks the windings of the Alphéius, and looks well into the woody region of Arcadia. A. Ianni, sometimes contracted into Yanni, and expanded into Agios Iohanni, means St. John. The distance from Atchicolo, as I have traced it, is five hours and a half; but, perhaps, without the incumbrance of

much baggage, it might be performed in four hours and three quarters.

From the village of St. John, we descended to the level of the river, and in forty-five minutes came to the Ladon. It was unusually full of water; which was owing, as I was told, to the bursting of a fountain of the Limne, from whence the river issues. It flows, according to Pausanias, from the country of the Clœtorii. Before joining the Alpheius, it makes a turn, and then falls into it at the "Crow's Island." The Hill of Palatia escaped my notice. We left the village of Belesh, near which Corœbus, the first Olympic victor, is supposed to have had his grave, on the right; and, in thirty-eight minutes, we came to the Erymanthus, which was fordable. It descends from the celebrated mountain of that name. After travelling for one hour more, close by the river, among plane-trees and partial cultivation, we selected the shade of the largest for the noonday's repose. The beauties of the banks of the Alpheius are almost unrivalled; and for three hours and a quarter we passed through the most delightful and varied landscapes. With nature alone, however, must the stranger hold converse, for he will see no signs of habitations, and seldom meet a human countenance; but, how eloquent is that nature, and how well it supplies the absence of mankind! On the right bank of the river, the path runs through, and under, and above,

the most luxuriant foliage. Oleanders mingle with the plane-tree, and the black and the green firs. The windings of the Alpheius (now become a majestic stream) glimmer through the thick shade, and lead the way towards Olympia; whilst the opposite banks break continually into the most enchanting scenery, with large wooded glens and defiles opening at repeated intervals. In passing opposite Palaio Phanaro, we inquired for the ferry, but could hear of none, nor, indeed, obtain any information at all about crossing the river, until we arrived at the village of Miràka.

This village consists of a few poor huts and a ruined Pyrgo, to show that the Turkish aga is now there no more. The position, however, is at once rural and classically interesting; it overlooks the Olympic vale, and perhaps occupies the very site of the ancient Pisa. From hence, with the fresh evening before us, we made our excursion to Andìlalla, or Olympia; and what spot of Greece so interesting? —

> If the love of Pisa's vale
> Pleasing transports can inspire!

A descent by a steep path from Miràka leads into a small valley, richly wooded, and enclosed by picturesque hills: a small brick ruin is then passed, and, after a few paces, we turn through some corn fields, and enter the upper or eastern end of the far-famed vale. We must take for granted the names which investigating travellers have bestowed

upon the apparent sites of ancient buildings.* A little valley opens on the right, encircled by low hills, except at the extremity which communicates with the main valley, and this was the *Stadium*, The space, at least, is well adapted. On the left are the more evident appearances of the Hippodrome. The Mount Gronium rises overlooking the Alpheius, on the northern side of the vale, and nearly at the foot of it are the remains of the temple of the Olympic Jove.

This far-famed edifice was erected, according to Pausanias, on a consecrated piece of ground, called the Altis, an antique word, appropriated to the sacred enclosure, and made use of by Pindar; who farther tells us, that the hallowed area was set apart and dedicated to Jupiter by Hercules himself. The temple was built in the Doric style, surrounded by a colonnade: the whole was composed of a beautiful species of *marble* found in the country. Its height to the roof was 68 feet, its breadth 95, and its length 230. The architect was Libon, a native of Pisa. The roof was not covered with earthen tiles, but with marble brought from the Mount Pentelicus, and cut into the form of tiles. Recent excavations have thrown out more of this stupendous edifice than former travellers have noticed.

* For a topographical plan of Olympia, as well as of other cities of ancient Greece, Colonel Leake's Morea will be consulted with most advantage; his written descriptions are also all made with severe accuracy.

A great number of column shafts, broken indeed, but often standing in their original places, serve to indicate the plan of the whole. With those remains, and the detailed account given by Pausanias, it would not be difficult to restore it, but the splendid statues it contained can never be restored unless brought to light by future excavations, when a few of these works may be recovered. The Doric columns which yet remain are more than seven feet in diameter. They are of stone, which is entirely composed of shells, and they have been covered with fine stucco, to make them appear like marble, for which they seem to have been mistaken by Pausanias, unless he meant to call the material "marble of the country." A quantity of fragments of real marble, of many kinds, have been turned up in digging, and they now lie scattered within the precincts, ready to furnish the architectural student with authority for his restorations. That part of the pavement which was immediately in front of the marvellous statue, was composed, we are told, of black marble, and surrounded with a circular rim of Parian marble, raised about it like a step, on purpose to contain the oil which was poured into it, to preserve the ivory from injury; for, owing to the marshy nature of the Altis, damps arose out of the ground, which it was necessary to provide against. I found several pieces of black marble which appeared to have belonged to a pavement.

The Pelopeium Metroum, and Temple of Juno,

and a variety of other objects which once embellished the vale, I leave to more diligent observers. I saw no other ruins, except some Roman sepulchres of a curious shape, and some small masses of brick-work. I rather was inclined to look over the rich and classic region, and people it anew with the assembled thousands that came to celebrate the great games, which even Paul the Apostle did not disdain to allude to. Long before the day that Herodotus, in reading his history, drew tears from the boy Thucydides, to the time when Theodosius put an end to the games of Jupiter, this Pisæan vale had honour and sanctity in the eyes of successive generations. For near 800 years it regulated the very march of time, kept alive the hopes and fears of the most civilised nations on earth, and inspired an emulation, which the reward of a "corruptible crown" could hardly be thought to create.

Happy he whose glorious brow
Pisa's honor'd chaplets crown;
Calm his stream of life shall flow,
Shelter'd by his high renown;
That alone is bliss supreme,
Which, unknowing to decay,
Still with ever-shining beam
Gladdens each succeeding day!

"*Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.*"

The prize in the Olympic games was a crown

made of the branches of a wild olive; in the Isthmian, which were dedicated to Neptune, of the branches of a pine tree; in the Nemæan, celebrated in honour of Hercules, it was a crown of parsley; and in the Pythian, in honour of Apollo, it was of laurel. The crowns, which long since faded on each successive brow, might be renewed out of this lovely vale, where the bounty of nature still causes to flourish in the midst of the solitude, the wild olive, the laurel, and the pine tree. It is this solitude which now inspires our veneration, as if it proclaimed its final victory over the vain revelry which once struck its reverberate rocks, and the crown which it wears at sunset, as I now see it, is the glorious light shed over the varied tops of the mountains that close it in! Wrapt in some such train of reflection, I returned to Miràka,

Through the famed Altis of Olympic Jove.

We found our tent disposed in a position which combined the tastes of the Greeks of Tripolitza, the Suliote sergeant, and Agostino of Zante. It was situated near enough to the village to have free access to the merriment; it was upon a cliff high enough to enjoy the mountain air, and it stood under the luxuriant shade of a fig-tree: near the door was the edge of the cliff, upon which we could sit with feet suspended: the delighted eye ran among the valleys until it reposed upon an opposite ridge; a

single tree stood leaning from its summit, and as the sun sank behind it, it appeared like an object floating in an ocean of "living light." On the following morning, from the same spot, I saw the sun rise upon the renowned vale. The light broke first upon the rock Typœum, which recalled to memory the boldness and fate of Callipatira, the luckless female that paid the penalty of looking on forbidden objects. Our preparations being made for crossing the river, we descended from Miràka to the only place where it is fordable, even in the dry season. In three quarters of an hour we arrived on the left bank, escorted by half a dozen of the villagers; and out of the ten horses, with their burdens, living or lifeless, not one was rolled in the stream! Our principal guide was an old man, who, having left his shoes on the right bank, accompanied us barefoot amongst thorns and briars nearly up to the site of Palaio Phanăro. This village, which now only exists in a few ruins, is supposed to mark the site of the ancient Phrixos. We travelled among oleanders, firs, and plane trees for one hour and twenty minutes, and then passed through a rock rent, where marks of an earthquake may be observed. Forty minutes beyond, the river banks unfold themselves in a plain, which is enriched with shady trees, and brings, in looking back, the pointed mountain of Palaio Phanaro into full view. A pretty glen soon opens on the right, and after twenty minutes we arrived at a few huts,

which the peasants called Kotzukera. The path now leaves the river banks and takes a S. E. direction; the village of Asprospiti appears on the opposite bank, and in five minutes a fine view of the Mœnalion chain is obtained: we then descend again to the level of the river, into a beautifully wooded glen, which occupies ten minutes: the path continues to ascend and descend among fern and fir trees until it places us opposite the river Erymanthus, in thirty-five minutes. We had now reached a brook, and sought the shady repose which a few laurels overhanging it afforded; and here we reared our Sabbath altar.

At the distance of half an hour from our place of rest, we finally left the Alpheius, nearly opposite the "Isle of Crows," and in one hour and five minutes ascended to the village of Tzaka. From this elevated station there is a splendid view: the Mount Olonos is distinguished by its isolated top; the chain of the Erymanthus is seen in all its towering majesty, and towards the east are a number of peaks which run to join the Mœnalion. The village of Tzaka is built among walnut and other broad-leaved trees, and its situation, if one may judge from the goodly appearance of the inhabitants, is most healthy. We still continued to ascend from it for twenty-five minutes, and in thirty-five more arrived opposite a monastery nestled under a rock: in thirty-five minutes more we passed a bridge in a cultivated valley, and then achieving a steep ascent, which

cost an hour, we followed the path as it wound round the hills until it alights upon Andritzĕna. I thus calculate the distance from Miràka, including the fording of the Alpheius, at ten hours, or thirty miles.

Andritzĕna, which was entirely destroyed by Ibrahim Pacha in 1825, has now about 300 houses: about a third of them form one street; the rest are scattered on the mountain side, and produce a picturesque effect: there are also habitations on the knolls above, called Upper Andritzĕna. The valleys beneath are fertile, and in a higher state of cultivation than is usually seen in the Morea. Corn and wine form the chief productions. Our room, which we procured for a lodging, was soon filled with visiters, who considered it a sort of duty to bid strangers welcome. In return for their civility, it is expected that the strangers give some account of themselves, and answer to the question, which has been faithfully transmitted—"Is there any thing new?" Our querists, though living in a region so secluded, were well acquainted with the politics of the day. The chief speaker discussed the merits of the separate treaty which Russia had made with the Porte, and was not unacquainted with the quadruple alliance: he tendered his thanks to England for the interest and part she had taken in their struggle for independence; and to this sentiment all the rest, like Homer's Greeks, "murmured their consent." Amongst the number, I observed several young palikars, hand-

some in form and feature, and who appeared to pay due deference to the Mercurius of the party, a respect which his superior knowledge had secured him. This I was soon enabled to account for; he had lived a good while at Napoli, and had held an inferior office under Capodistrias. He spoke Italian, and had some knowledge of European literature. "We are now," he said, "beginning to reap the benefit of our independence; the fields which you now see cultivated around us were, but a few years ago, a wild waste: the faces which now smile, and the eye which is now brilliant, were, but lately, dull and melancholy. It is true we must still labour and toil, but then our labour is for ourselves." "It were well," I replied, "that you also laboured for the meat that perisheth not;" a sentence which he comprehended and assented to; and after a few observations more, we were left to our repose. The town of Fanari, which stands on the top of a mountain, one hour and a half from Andritzèna, is still in ruins.

June 16.—At twenty minutes past six o'clock we ascended to the upper town, and soon came to the place where the two roads branch off respectively, leading to Amphelone, and to Bassæ or "the Columns." Taking the latter, the Mount Analipsi soon appeared on the left, and afterwards the Palaio Castro of Fanari, perched on the summit of a high mountain. The path winds down glens, and round the sides of mountains, amidst the shades of spread-

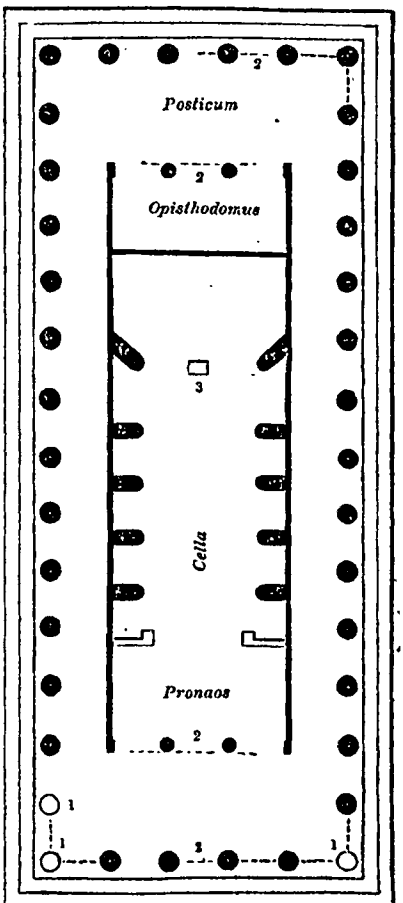
ing oaks; so that the journey becomes delightful to those who travel it in the summer. At the end of one hour and twenty-five minutes, the Gulf of Arcadia comes into view. After proceeding fifteen minutes further, we discover the village of Vernizza, in a valley only separated from the coast by a thin chain of mountains. After a steep ascent, we came down immediately upon the beautiful Temple of Bassæ, having been two hours and five minutes from Andritzĕna.

The singular situation of this temple, the celebrity which it has acquired from the marbles now in the British Museum, taken from it, renders it an object of breathless interest to the traveller. He hastens up the rough ascent—looks around the rocky seats, but looks in vain, until he alights almost upon the top of the Epistylia. Standing in front of the portico, I first took a view of the interesting objects which are seen from the site. A portion of the gulph of Arcadia, with the extremity of one of the Strophades, lies W. and S. W. by W. Veering round towards the east, the eye is arrested by the mountain of Ithome, rising like an immense wave out of the plain of Messenia. The Bay of Coron describes the limits of the Morea in that direction, and the snowy peaks of Mount Taygetus bear S. E. On the east are the Nomian mountains, but the Mons Lycæus, or Dioforti, is concealed from the view by the nearer summits.

Behind the temple, N., are some rocky eminences, the last of the Mount Cotylius, with a sprinkling of aged oak trees. A few sheep were feeding below the peristyle, and a shepherd, from his temporary hut beneath the shelter of a rock, brought us, unsolicited, of his rustic stores. The temple was erected by the architect Ictbinus to Apollo Epicourios, or the Helper; because he averted a plague which infested the people of the district of Phigalea. It is remarkable for the elegance of its proportions, and the beauty of its ornaments, as the bas-reliefs in the British Museum sufficiently attest.* If we except the Theseium at Athens, perhaps there is no temple in Greece remaining so well preserved. A rough sketch of the ground plan is all I shall venture to substitute for an architectural description.

In an hour, by a rugged path, we descended from the temple to the village of Schleru, so called, as some have thought, from the *roughness* of the mountain (σχληρος). From hence we made an ascent to the top of the Mount Lycæus, which occupied us one hour and a half on horseback, and half an hour on foot. This mountain contends with the Mount Tetraze (a peak in the same chain, bearing S. by E.) for the honour of Pan's divinity. It is situated in a

* The Phigalean marbles were discovered in 1812 by a company of artists and amateurs. For a pleasing, as well as instructive account of the excavation, see Donaldson's illustrations in the supplementary volume of Stuart's Antiquities.


Posticum
2
Opisthodomus
2
3
Cella
Pronaos
2
1
1
1
1

central part of Arcadia, and so isolated as to make the panoramic view of the distant objects complete. Although the atmosphere was not very clear (it was about mid-day), many of the distant mountains and promontories of the Peloponnesus were brought into view. Looking first towards the Gulf of Arcadia (the ancient "Cyparissius Sinus") I distinguished the Isles Strophades, bearing nearly N.W. After running over a line of blue ocean, the eye reposes for a moment upon the Cape Katocholo, and even reaches the Mount Olonos, rising out of the plains of Elis. A nearer object, in the same direction, is the point of Palaio Phanaro, overlooking the Alpheius, at the place where we crossed that river; and this directs the view to the vale of Pisa and the whole district of Olympia. The blue hills, which form a soft barrier to Elis, bear nearly N., and the towering Erymanthus, with its peak, raised like a human finger, succeeds by a few more points to the East. The high chain is interrupted in the N.E. direction by the nearer mountains beyond the Alpheius, and then comes the lofty Cyllene; but, veering round to the east, a sea of mountains gradually falls away into the plains of Sinano, E.S.E., and the snowy tops of Taygetus rise into the clouds on the south, and then descend in graduated slopes to the plains of Messenia: those plains are partly hid from view by the nearer mountains, but the eye catches the summit of the Mount Ithome. To com-

plete the panorama, a monotonous chain, of not high mountains, bounds the prospect from Ithome to the Arcadian gulf. "In Coron's bay" I saw no "galleys light," and was left to imagine the haunts of the Corsair about that solitary shore. The undulated surface immediately below reminded me of the view from Rigi Culm; and a few passing clouds threw fitful shades over the waving sides of the mountain. Such were the scenes which the Lycæan Pan saw when he looked over his own Arcadia. The sound of his pipe is still heard at the root of his mountain; and it is to be expected that he will again have many flocks and herds to survey and tend. On a peak, about 100 feet lower than the summit, are some remains of a castro, and this often presupposes a building of antiquity. The pastoral god might have had an altar here, or an ædicula. After the first half-hour's descent we found a shepherd "lacte abundans;" and in one hour and a half from thence, descended to the village of Amphelone: there, under the shadow of a large walnut tree, we were glad to repose.

Amphelone is situated in a deep, broken valley, abounding in streams, springs, and pasturage; and the same kind of scenery, admitting of the richest variety, continues for two hours in the direction of Leondari. The shade of trees overhanging the path, the thick-wooded sides of the more lofty mountains, the innumerable springs, and the fertility of the

deep little valleys which occur on every side, render this pass, whence issues the Neda, worthy of the reputation of the old Nomian regions. On gaining the summit of the passage, a magnificent view bursts forth from the plains of Sinano: the fine forests which lie at the distant extremities, are girt by a low barrier of mountains, and overlooked from afar by the huge Taygetus. In about twenty minutes, by a steep descent, we came down to a newly-built village, which appears to have grown out of a *Dervouni*. A group of children at school, under the primitive roof of a spreading oak, first attracted our attention, and led us to a spot, which was too inviting to be passed by that evening. The teacher of this little throng appeared to be a peasant, who, having acquired the art of reading, was teaching it to others for the pure love of communicating his knowledge: this is a prominent trait in the Greek character,—their love of learning, and of being in any way engaged in the pursuit, is remarkable. In ancient times, it made them all orators and poets, and it is devoutly to be hoped, that henceforth it will make them enlightened Christians. The tattered books which these children used, contained sentences chiefly of a religious nature, and various portions of the gospels; and when I asked them to read, they readily complied with the request, and the rustic schoolmaster smiled at the result of his labour. At a little distance from the school, I saw a company of men

listening to one who was reading aloud, and I then thought I had alighted upon a reading community; but the document turned out to be an edict which the Nomarch had just issued, enjoining certain restrictions upon the use of common pasturage, and to check the practice of one turning his horses or his cattle into his neighbour's field: this system the Arcadians had, of course, derived from their former masters, the Turks. I shall not soon forget the oak tree and the rural scenes of Dervouni.

June 17.—We now left the Nomian mountains and proceeded towards Leondāri. For the first hour the scenery was lovely, and during the second almost equally delightful. The Chimparou, whence issues the source of the Alpheius, rose frequently conspicuous beyond the plain. I turned aside to see the now ruined Pyrgo of Delhi Hassan. It is situated upon an eminence sufficiently high to command all, without losing any of the beauties of, the plains of Sinăno. In this neighbourhood Mr. Dodwell found the vestiges of Lykosoura; but he would now find no Aga of Delhi Hassan to interrupt his search. The town stands in lonely ruins, and the fragments of marble inserted in the walls remain as the only monument of Turkish barbarity. In four hours and a half from Dervouni, we reached Leondāri. This town still presents the miserable remnants of Turkish devastation: a few habitations are rebuilt, and even a street formed or forming; but in the uneven valley,

which is screened, by some low hills, from the view of Sinăno, I found nothing but ruinous heaps of stones and battered walls. We reposed under the portico of the church, which also served as a school for children: from it is seen the cone-shaped hill, at the base of which Leondări stands. There are the remains of some fortress walls, coeval with the Venetian times: the building must have been extensive, and capable of offering a stout resistance; indeed, we know that Leondări was a considerable town in the fifteenth century. The portico of the church is supported by some marble columns, evidently ancient, and, as I was informed, were brought from the ruins of Megalopolis; but Leuctron was nearer, and may have stood upon the very spot. My conversation with the Papas led me to speak of the church, which he said was founded by the Emperor Andronīcus: this would be in the fourteenth century, which I thought highly probable. The pavement inside has some traces of tesselated work, very like that which I saw at Megaspailion. The Papas would hardly allow me time to examine it, but hurried me to an inner sanctuary, where I thought some object of greater interest awaited me. I found a naked altar, with a book lying upon it, which I opened and began to read. It contained one of the gospels, and some prayers taken from St. Basil. The priest took this opportunity of appealing to my generosity; and, for the value of a

single drachma, I was put into complete possession of the church, and left alone to pursue my reflections. From Leondāri, to a village situated on a hill to the left called Peribolia, I found to be five hours. The details given of this route by Sir William Gell are most accurate: it offers much rural beauty, and occasionally are found slight vestiges of ancient villages and temples. The path runs between the mountains Cerana and Chimara; and the village of St. Basil is seen high up the latter on the left. The latter part of the journey lay through a country not agreeable in its aspect, nor was the spot which we were obliged to adopt for the night, near Peribolia, at all enchanting; but a most glowing sunset, a blaze of unclouded light in heaven, more than recompensed the dulness of earth.

June 18.—I was more pleased with the scene when I saw the early sun-beams glittering in the Eurotas. This river winds through a valley in which there is corn, pasturage, and some vines: at the end of an hour and a half, it runs among mountains, and the path frequently ascends its banks. At about an hour and a quarter short of Mistra, we ceased to follow the river, and, turning to the right, soon gained the top of a low passage which commands the first view of Mistra and its celebrated plain. The enraptured eye runs too eagerly to and fro over the actual scene to allow the spectator (for a while) to realise the idea that he is approaching the land of Lycurgus,

and Leonidas, and "many a worthier son than he" of Sparta!

Mistra is situated under the huge rocks of Taygetus, and near a large cleft, which exhibits strong features of the mountain having been riven asunder by some earthquake or convulsion. The town is, or rather was, divided into Upper and Lower Mistra: the upper part runs down the steep declivity of a conical mount, which is crowned by the castle, and the buildings even now, in their ruinous state, produce a very striking effect. When those houses of the upper town touch the stream of Pandeleimona, the rest of Mistra runs at the foot of the castle hill, towards the south; and, being interrupted by the slight projection of the mountain base, the habitations are again resumed, and that portion appears almost like another town. The whole resembles a picture suspended from the Taygetus, which, running out towards the south in high rocky peaks, limits the prospect with that part of itself which is called St. Elias. The plain, rich in olives and in fruit trees of all descriptions, extends far away towards the Gulf of Kolokythia, the upper end being closed in by low hills projecting from the Taygetus until they join the banks of the Eurotas. But, although Mistra is thus situated under the cool protection of a snow-topped mountain, and elevated above the plain, it is accounted unhealthy; and the ravages of the Turks, joined to a recent decision of the Greek government, that "Sparta shall be rebuilt," have decided the fate

of this city. Mistra "fuit." A few houses have been built since the disasters of 1825; but the greatest part of the town is a melancholy mass of ruins, without any chance of being restored.

The city, which is said once to have contained 20,000 inhabitants, will now dwindle into a village, and its dismantled fortress will be left upon the hill to point out the vicissitudes of the modern Lacedæmonia. It was, in all probability, built when old Sparta was abandoned; and the lofty hill on which the castle stands might be thought more adapted to the warfare of the lower ages than the low mounds of Sparta. It is found in documents of the thirteenth century with the name of Myzithra, and it is called one of the chief places of the Peloponnesus. It was established as an episcopal see at an early period of Christianity: the Byzantine writers, after the revival of letters, especially Pachymer, will tell the rest. We took up our quarters at the house of the Papas, which is kept cleaner than usual, for the reception of strangers. In the cool of the evening he guided us to the ruins of Sparta.

Having crossed the Pandeleimona and the Trypè, by a bridge, we arrived within an hour at a little church of the Panaghia, which stands within the limits of ancient Sparta: in it are shut up several fragments and inscriptions, dug out of the adjoining fields, which the Papas unlocked to view. In examining the fragments, especially the inscriptions, I found many in

honour of the Emperor Antoninus, with the title of Soter; from which I conclude that he had conferred great benefits upon the old city. On a small Hermes I found the word ΕΥΝΕΦΗΒΟΙ (*sic*), and the name of Damocrates. I then proceeded towards the hill, which is partially surrounded with some ruined walls; and this was probably the city of Sparta contracted to its narrowest limits, previous to its final depopulation. Some suppose that these walls were the work of Julian the apostate: they might have been hastily got up to offer a feeble resistance to the tremendous scourge of the Goths under Alaric; but then we learn that Sparta, as well as Corinth and Argos, surrendered to their victorious arms without resistance. But, whoever made the walls, they must be considered as belonging to a low period of the empire; and the more ancient theatre has been made subservient to the fortification of the hill. The theatre, indeed, is the only object that can, with certainty, be accounted a remnant of ancient Sparta: it contains, or rather it exhibits, but little of its old materials; the form is perfectly preserved; and Colonel Leake has remarked, that, whilst the proscenium is Roman, the rest is of Hellenic construction. The institutions of Lycurgus certainly admitted of no theatre; and it would be difficult to say that this was made at any period earlier than Roman ascendancy. *

Sparta was a city built in a semicircular form,

* Comp. Thucid. lib. i. c. 10.

having the Eurotas, with a projecting mount, the last branch of Taygetus, for the chord or diameter: a group of five hills, more marked than those of Rome, rose about this mountain arm, and some low marshy ground lay near the Eurotas, called Limnæ. The five hills have nothing in common with the five tribes into which we know Sparta was distributed; but a very successful attempt to fix their localities has, I think, been made by Colonel Leake. He has not so well reasoned upon the hill which he chooses for the acropolis. The words of Pausanias would almost intimate that Sparta, as she had no walls, had no acropolis at all, but only that the highest of the hills was so called by the Spartans. Now, certainly, to an ordinary observer, the hill against which the theatre was backed, with all due allowance for the accumulation of stones, is the highest; nor can I think that the Agora would ever be placed on the top of a hill. But, proceeding from the theatre with Pausanias, we may feel our way to the tomb of Leonidas: it must, however, be sought for, amidst stubble and a stony soil, with the somewhat vague direction of being "opposite to the theatre." Of the Roman remains, we find traces of an acqueduct; some masses of cemented material, that might be pressed into Thermæ; and a few others quite unintelligible.

Beyond the Eurotas, at the western extremity of what may be called Sparta, is a low chain of

hills, ending in an eminence called Mount Menalium. There was only the distance of a stadium and a half between this cliff and the nearer part of the city, or, as Livy says, the walls of the city. Polybius describes the attacks of Philip upon Sparta, B. C. 218, and Livy relates the expedition of Quinctius against the tyrant Nabis; and both these writers accurately enough describe the eastern limits of the city. The Eurotas, therefore, served as a defence, and covered nearly one half of the circuit. The mount, called the projection of Taygetus, amply covered the five hills and all the best part of the city; so that the enemy, before he could attack Sparta "without walls," must get into the plain, and have Mount Taygetus in his rear: but even in this direction there are many streams, flowing sometimes in heavy torrents, especially the Cnacion. The valour of the Spartans being their only walls, may thus be thought a slight bravado; for the position, considering all things, would be very little benefitted by walls; and neither Philip, nor Quinctius, nor Philopœmen attempted to attack Sparta on the side of the plain. It is not easy to decide in what direction the cavalry of Epaminondas advanced.

The five hills, in their present state, are chiefly covered with a species of wild grass; the Theatre Hill, however, has corn both on the hollow top and on its sides. The plain below, towards the north, is also corn; but about the rivulet called Trypiòtiko, anciently the Cnacion, tobacco fields and

other plantations begin. The sun was now setting; and in returning to Mistra I enjoyed the beauties of this extensive vale, on which Nature appears to have lavished all her bounty: and yet, as if to counterbalance the indulgence, it is bordered by a lawless tribe of barbarians, whom ten centuries have not taught to gather in peace the blessings which Providence has poured at their feet. The Mainatts are supposed by some writers to be descendants of two Sclavonic tribes, the Milengi and Ezcrites, who, in the ninth century, dwelt on both sides of the Mount Taygetus, and owned allegiance to the Eastern empire: Constantine Porphyrogenitus, however, considered them to be of pure Greek origin, and he affirms that they were only converted to Christianity by his grandfather Basil, the Macedonian, in the ninth century. Their language is thought to come nearer to the ancient Greek than any other dialect. If this latter view be the correct one, and they be the lineal descendants of the Eleuthero-Lacones, they stand in the same relation to the rest of Greece as the native Welsh do to England. Whilst I write, the Mainatts are in arms; and within a march of eight or ten hours, I might see them, from their low rude towers, hurling defiance against the Bavarian troops, sent in vain to reduce them to order.

June 19th. — At five o'clock I ascended to Upper Mistra. I took my station upon the ruined walls of a house, and I had in front a high barrier of mountains, which, running down from Mount Parnon,

reaches far into Laconia: behind these the sun was rising. A projection of the Mount Taygetus obstructs the view S. W. On the north I saw some elevated ground just high enough to close in the nearer objects, and then it softly subsides into the valley of olives, orange, and all kinds of fruit trees. The bright stream of the Pandeleimona runs towards me. Behind me are the shattered walls of what once was Mistra, running up the hill, and telling of Turkish devastation up to the very summit. Now the first light has struck against the fortress! and in the plain I discover trees of greener hue intermixing with the olive and the gloomy cypress. At this delightful hour every instant brings with the first beams an accession of beauties. Now every object is suddenly changed from shade to light, from light to dazzling brightness; while the gleams play through the shades, and alight upon the purling streams, which had remained, without them, undetected. I could say it was one of the most enchanting spots I ever beheld, were it not for the desolation, and with that the unavoidable association of misery, *immediately* around me. Through the kindness of Mr. Lutris, the secretary of the Nomarchy, an abundance of fruit and yaourt was presented for our breakfast. Previous to our departure I paid him a visit, and he informed me of the decision to make old Sparta the capital of the province: the subdivisions, also, are to retain ancient names wherever it is practicable;—Amyclæ, for instance (about an hour and three quarters from Mistra), will

be Amyclæ still, and lose the Sclavonic name of Sclavokhoù. The Nomarch was absent among the rebellious Mainatts; and, as the Eparch gave me no encouragement to visit the gulf of Láconia, I turned my steps towards Napoli.* We left Mistra at six o'clock P. M., and returned to the little plain of Papiote, passing some remains of an aqueduct, in all probability contemporary with the walls at Sparta. Our road lay along the Eurotas, as far as a bridge, which is crossed at some risk of stumbling either up or down the steepest arch one ever met with. An ascent now begins, and continues for an hour: occasional glimpses of Mistra are obtained, and of the villages Bordhonia and Longcastra; the last view is caught at the distance of two hours and three quarters from it. We then descended to the Han at Kravăta, now ruined: a shady tree near a brook was our substitute. This name of Kravăta is taken from a powerful Greek family which once flourished at Mistra, but, having been induced to join the Russian invasion of the Morea, the whole family was involved in ruin: there was, however, a descendant left to take a part in the late more successful revolt. The whole distance from Mistra to the site of the Kravăta Han we estimated at four hours and a quarter.

* It would have made my tour in the Morea more complete to have gone from Ampheone to Messene, and then by Nisi and Kalamata to Mistra; and this would have required two days more: but, having seen Mantineia, the walls of Messene might not, perhaps, recompense for the loss of the *Nomian mountains* on the side of Leondări.

The path we now pursued lies in the bed of a stream overshadowed with plane trees: proceeding for an hour and a half it turns more westward, having continually on each side a low barrier of mountains covered with copse. Continuing for an hour and twenty minutes more, the ravine opens at a grove of ilex; some tillage appears on the banks, and a glen, with a brook dividing it, opens on the left towards Mount Parnon. In fifteen minutes more we quit the stream, and, by a few minutes' ascent, arrive at the church of Arakhova. A mountain rises N. E. of this village, which is clad with vines and a profusion of fruit trees; the whole forms a hollow bend, like the "cavea" of a theatre, and the vineyards rise one above another not unlike the steps. After an hour's ascent there is a splendid view of Mount Taygetus and the continuous range of mountains to the west; also beyond them is distinguished the barrier which separates Maina from Bardounia: an insulated peak is the most distant visible object on the south. From the same spot are seen the mountains which rise between the plains of Tripolitza and Sinàno: a glimpse of the Nomian chain is caught, and of the more distant tops which overhang the Alpheius; nor are the summits beyond Nemea unseen, which were just receiving the last hues of sunset. The Mount Parnon rises immediately in front of a bleak mountain. After proceeding for a quarter of an hour further, we caught the first view

of the Argolic Gulf; and in about half an hour more descended to Agios Petros: the distance from Sparta is thus estimated at nine hours.

The large village of St. Peter is situated on the pendant hollow of a mountain, and its houses are scattered far and wide among tobacco grounds, with most inconvenient paths to get from one place to another: one part of the village alone seems to an ordinary eye practicable. So well are the knolls and slopes covered with cultivated grounds, that we only found one scanty platform large enough to contain a tent; this was nearly in front of Mount Parnon; and a deeply-wooded valley fell down on the right, upon which the light of a full moon was beginning to take repose. Upon numbering the heads of men and horses, we found a Greek of Tegea missing; and I wondered at the indifference with which his comrades informed me that he had fallen sick on the road, and they had left him. "But what is to become of the poor man?" I exclaimed. "He will be taken care of at the first house he reaches." "But how do you know he will reach a house?" "He sat down upon a stone by the way-side, and the first traveller that passes by will take him to the house of the Papas." "But, perhaps, the Papas lives far distant?" "Then he will find some other place: hospitality is sure." Although I did not doubt the general exercise of hospitality, yet it appeared, in this instance, to be a substitute for the principle of individual humanity; and I proposed to

send back a messenger to seek the lost companion. Of all things that I could have proposed, this appeared to the Moreotes the most superfluous; and I took refuge in asking if their conduct was Christian? "Pas de tout," answered my own Agostino, without turning away his face from the blaze over which he was preparing his dish of rice; and, whilst I was endeavouring to explain the Christian duty of benevolence, the poor Tegæan arrived. I administered to him a cordial; and, with a softer bed than usual, under the branches of a tree, and an additional covering over his weary limbs, he dreamt of luxury.

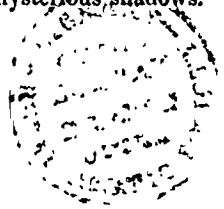
June 20th. — The rain fell in torrents for the first three hours of our march towards the gulf. We ascended and descended by rugged paths, having the chain of Mount Zavitza on our right, until we reached the maritime plain: here cultivation gladdens the eye, and the lively coast invites one to hasten across the fields. It took us seven hours from St. Petros to reach the small port of Astros. A jutting headland conceals this small village from the view of the Palamīdi rock. On the top are buildings for which it is not easy to assign a use, considering what the habitations are beneath them. Here we took leave of our faithful guides, who, for nine days, had endured, with willing minds, more fatigue than any men of a similar description would have endured in France, Switzerland, or Italy, without an exorbitant reward; and whoever would traverse the Morea in comfort may

safely commit themselves and their household gods to Costi of Tripolitza and his companions. We aroused from sleep the man of brief authority at Astro, to give us a permission to embark; for now that Greece has obtained a good government, *permissions* to move by water or by land are to be had in every corner. A boat, with three Psarriots, conveyed us to Napoli in two hours. The island of Spezzia was almost hid in the misty rain; but the coast of Hermionis cleared off, and the isles of Psylia, Playta, and Makronisi sometimes were bright with the rays of the sun. We landed at Napoli at four o'clock P. M., having been nine hours and a half in performing the whole journey from Agios Petros.

June 21st. — Napoli, Nauplia, or Anapli, according to the caprice of languages or persons, originally took its name from Nauplios, the fabled son of Neptune and Amymone, whose story lies about the lake of Lerna. The fort Itchkali is founded upon some remnants of old polygonal walls of less remote antiquity than Tiryns, but built previous to the Hellenic period; and, with the exception of a few trifling fragments, these walls are all that remain of ancient Nauplios: even the fountain of Kanathos may be considered as but a name. The grand and immoveable feature is the great rock Palamedes, which carries on its summit a formidable fortress, built originally by the Venetians, disfigured by the Turks, and now restored or restoring by the Greeks. The reader of

the revolution will often be called upon to contemplate this citadel as the scene of many a tale of suffering; and, perhaps, the well-grounded hopes of the people may be dated from the day that the banner of the cross was seen to wave over its mighty walls. I went up towards evening, and soon reached the walls which run up on the edge of the precipice, and form small parapets at different heights. The winged lion occurs at every corner, reminding one of more than one great change of masters. The Venetian guns, having served the Turks, still remain as heir-looms of the fortress. It is distributed into several divisions, each of which has its name; one is called "the Devil's Portion," and the rest have titles not less formidable. In a part secluded from the rest by walls of rock, I saw the rooms preparing where Colocotroni and his nephew were to be immured; and, after visiting the remoter turrets, I passed through a blasted rock and gained the highest point: here an extensive view opens of the Egean Sea and the Arcadian Mountains. I could discern the point of the island of Spezzia, beginning from which, the eye wanders over a wide expanse of waters: the plain of Argos and the city of Napoli are spread out at the feet like a map, and the dark waters of the bay are seen at a perpendicular depth of 800 feet. The sun began to gild the peaks of the Morea, and for a long distance the varied profile of those gigantic heights appeared in the purple hue of "parting day." But, turning towards the

Fort Tolone, I saw close at hand the tomb of Müller, a German Philhellenist, who died whilst he was in command of the fort. A harsh rock lies beyond his grave, and points out the way by which the Greeks entered the fort in 1822; but there were only about thirty famished Turks to resist the assault, and the wonder is that they held out so long. It was moonlight before I descended, and the Palamīdi appeared to grow with the mysterious shadows.



LETTER VIII.

To Mrs. W. H. Campbell, at Geneva.

Napoli di Romania, June 23. 1834.

I RETURNED on Friday last from an eleven days' tour in the Morea; and I never travelled in a country where there appeared to be greater personal security. Out of the eleven nights we were out, we only slept three of them in houses; and wherever we chose to pitch our tent, we received civility from the villagers, and in no instance rudeness. We found the rustic population generally industrious, and so far given to hospitality that their milky stores were placed at our disposal, and no reflections made upon our generosity. We were respectfully greeted by the way; and when recognised as English travellers, it seemed to inspire an additional degree of consideration. Our cavalcade consisted of ten horses, four of which were dedicated to lifeless luggage. Over one were slung four mattresses; upon a second, a tent; a third carried a couple of panniers, which contained our "viatica;" and the fourth those changes of raiment which constitute the genuine "impedimenta." The procession was headed by our Suliote sergeant; who, with one continually out-stretched arm, over-ruled the loquacity of our muleteers. In the rear sat Agostino

of Zante, in the form of a Z emerging from an ocean of canisters, basket-flasks, and kitchen utensils. Our average speed was three miles an hour. We rose with the sun, reposed during the heat of the day, and closed our fatigues with the evening twilight. It cannot, however, be denied, that the Morea wants two essential comforts for travellers, viz. roads and inns. A rough stony path is generally the substitute for the former, and we found no inn at all equal to our wandering shed. I can give you no description of Arcadia in a single letter, nor even venture to introduce you among the shadows of those cities which once flourished in the Peloponnesus; much less ought I to attempt to embody thoughts which appear little better than rhapsody out of the elements in which they were formed; but, if I am no Sybil to introduce you to the shades of Greek heroes, I may at least show you the living ones — that is, give you some account of the present state of things at Napoli.

King Otho has taken up his residence at Argos for the summer months, but he generally rides across the plain to Napoli in an evening. Since the division in the Regency, he has been deprived of one of his greatest social comforts, which was that of spending his evenings in the society of the Countess of Armansberg and her amiable daughters. On my first arrival at Napoli, I found the Prince Mavrocordato holding the office of secre-

tary of state for foreign affairs. Greece owes more to this celebrated Fanariote, for her independence, than to any single Greek now alive. His patriotism was exhibited, when he yielded to faction for the sake of preventing internal dissension, in 1824. Some may say this was his subtle policy, but such policy becomes in fact patriotism; and his noble defence of Messalonghi will never be forgotten but with the revolution itself. Since the condemnation of Colocotroni, the Prince has left the administration, and is succeeded by Jakovi Rizzo, who has been called from the Nomarchy of the Cyclades. Coletti still remains in the government, more free to act. The Prince is charged with the embassy to the courts of Munich and Berlin. General Church has been appointed ambassador to the Autocrat of Russia, but the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh has not yet signified its approbation of so liberal an appointment. The General waits standing with one foot in the stirrup, but it seems to be the common opinion that he will never bestride that steed of diplomacy. The object of the Regency is to frame the institutions of Greece so as to put them all into the hands of the King in June, 1835, in a complete state. Hence they divide Greece into Nomarchies; they shape the ecclesiastical establishment; they form codes of laws, and arrange the administration of justice. The skeletons of institutions are running a race with June, 1835, whilst the Greeks wonder at the skele-

tons. How much better, as far as a stranger may see, to have made a few roads of communication, that the produce of the land might have acquired some value:—how much better to have built a bridge, than to have drawn an Eparchy upon parchment. But we shall see: perhaps I am taking too hasty a view; besides, I never could penetrate into state secrets.

Yesterday being Sunday, I had the great pleasnre of performing divine service on board the Madagascar; and it was a delight (to me a novel one), as well as an edification, to witness so devout an assembly of British seamen performing on their own element the first duty of the Christian Sabbath. I preached from the first Epistle of St. John, chap. iv. verses 10. and 11., and I do not remember to have ever been listened to by a more attentive audience. The King of Greece and the Regency were first conveyed in the Madagascar to the new kingdom; and the high respect which those authorities then conceived for the British navy, in witnessing so perfect a specimen of its discipline, has been constantly promoted and more widely diffused in Greece by the presence and deportment of Captain Lyon. The battle of Navarino must, indeed, have given the Greeks a high notion of the naval power of Great Britain. They, of course, only judge of that affair by its immediate results; others, considering it to have cut off the right arm of Turkey, look

to its more remote consequences. I confess, now that I have seen what Greece is, and consider what it was, I prefer viewing the "untoward event" in its immediate results; and most of all, because it has opened "an effectual door" for the propagation of Christian knowledge in the East. Still I think, as an act of national policy, it was rightly denominated in the Cabinet by a word which opened all the dictionaries in Europe, as you will perceive by reviewing the steps which led to it. You may, therefore, at your leisure, peruse the enclosed paper, upon which, as I am just upon the point of setting out for Epidaurus, I can offer no comments.

Affair of Navarino. — In consequence of the treaty of the 6th of July, 1827, Colonel Caradoc was despatched to Alexandria to endeavour to stop the Viceroy of Egypt from sending out reinforcements to his son. He arrived too late: ninety-two sail were already at sea. On the 17th of July, Admirals Codrington and De Rigny held a conference at Napoli, on board the Asia, with the Secretary of the then Hellenic government, Glarakis; Zaimis, the President; and Mavrocordato. The Greeks were *invited*, but not officially, to observe a truce. The executive government did not reply in any positive terms. On the 2d of September, the clause of the treaty enforcing an armistice was presented in due form, to which the Greeks gave their adhesion: nevertheless, we find them carrying on hostilities throughout September, as they had done throughout

the month previous; for on the 10th of August, and on the 8th of September, they gained some slight advantages on the west side of the Morea; and on the 30th of September, an important affair took place near Scala di Salona. On the 19th of September, Admiral Codrington addressed a letter to the Ottoman commander of the fleet, stating, that in consequence of the article of the treaty, hostilities could not be allowed to proceed; and on the 22d, a similar letter was sent, in which the French admiral joined, formally announcing their intention of enforcing a suspension of arms. On the 25th, Ibrahim Pacha declared that he could not receive such an injunction, which would be in opposition to his orders from the Porte, but he would communicate to the Porte and to the Viceroy the altered position of affairs, promising in the mean time that his fleet should not go out. The proceedings of Lord Cochrane had, in like manner, been stopped off Patras on the 10th of September. Now, as the Porte had not yet consented to the truce, neither were the Greeks bound to observe it as a compact: but when Ibrahim Pacha, the executive power of the Turks, had promised to cease from hostilities until an answer could be had from his government, the Greek captain should, pro tempore, have ceased from hostilities; for the Pacha's promise necessarily included this condition,—providing the enemy do not provoke. Now, on the 30th of September, Captain

Hastings destroys the Ottoman flotilla in half an hour, near Scala di Salona, and had, along with Captain Thomas, entered the Gulf of Corinth for that purpose on the 21st and 22d; the latter being the very day on which the joint letter was addressed to Ibrahim enforcing an armistice. The Pacha, hearing of the affair near Scala di Salona, ordered the fleet to weigh. Admiral Codrington drives back the first division of the fleet on the 2d of October, and on the 3d he did the same to the second division. On the 4th he fired among the Turkish vessels, and prevented them from victualling at Patras; and, finally, Ibrahim with his whole fleet was forced again into Navarino. On the 7th of October, the English admiral boarded two Austrian transports and a Turkish brig near Vassiladi, and sent them to the Ottoman fleet. On the 18th, the three allied squadrons stood united before Navarino; and on the 20th they cleared for action. On the 30th of August, the Reis Effendi answered to the repeated demands of the ambassadors of the allied powers, that the Sublime Porte would not accept any proposition concerning the Greeks, but would persist in its own will even unto the day of judgment. A second declaration, which had been framed in London, was then delivered next day, but with as little success. Still the ambassadors continued to reside at Constantinople, professing peace and good will to the "faithful ally;" and in the midst of these pro-

fessions, the news arrived of the battle of Navarino. "The conduct of the allies," said the Reis Effendi, "is like breaking a man's head in the midst of pacific professions." However the message of Ibrahim Pacha might have affected the councils of the Divan, diplomatic relations were not suspended as long as the ambassadors remained at Constantinople. On the 8th of December they departed: then, and then alone, would hostilities at Navarino have been justifiable. If Ibrahim Pacha, in the interval, allowed hostilities to continue in the Morea, what were the Greeks, under Colonel Fabvier, doing at Chios? Nor could the Pacha be accused of a breach of faith in sending out his fleet after receiving the news from Salona. About 6000 Turks were killed in this engagement; and out of 120 vessels of all descriptions, about twenty or thirty small corvettes remained afloat.

CHAPTER XI.

JOURNEY FROM NAPOLI DI ROMANIA TO THE PIRÆUS, BY EPIDAURUS AND ÆGINA.

On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile.
BYRON.

I FINALLY left Nauplia on the 23d of June, and passed the Pacha's garden at seven A. M. A wide road runs east over a naked plain, with a few insulated rocks, like that of Tyrinthus, rising out of it. Nothing can be less captivating than the first five hours of road to Lykourio: arid mountains on both sides the path form a space which can neither be called valley nor glen; but the general features are those of a wild Scotch moor, save the joyous plants, and an occasional tree of a species which reminds the traveller of the East. On the heights are sometimes seen remains of fortresses of Hellenic construction, surmounted and repaired by Venetians or Turks. Slight vestiges of many habitations occur, but scarcely any signs of cultivation, until the neighbourhood of Lykourio is approached. This is

supposed to be the ancient Lessa, but, like most of the towns of Greece, it wears the marks of revolutionary waste, and deserves no other appellation at present than a village upon the slope of a hill. There are vestiges of antiquity near and about a well, and a church of A. Ianni stands near them. There was also a town called Midea, which probably stood on some one of those above-mentioned hills, where there are remains of citadels.

The Mount Arachne now occupies the attention, and we struck off from the *direct road* to Epidaurus in order to visit Iero, the region of Æsculapius. In viewing the monuments of heathen antiquity, we are seldom led to contemplate an institution which savours of humanity or of sympathy for the sufferings of our nature. Every temple tells some tale of horrid superstition, although connected with an elegant mythology: every sacred grove but too obviously perpetuates the memory of bloody sacrifices, which were not always innocent; and even the places of public amusement recal to our minds the degradation, rather than the recreation, of the people: if these things be not so now, it is due to the influence of Christianity more or less remote. This valley, however, taken in its most favourable light, suggests a train of reflection which is calculated to afford some relief to the moral sentiment; and, fortunately for that object, it stands connected with the name of the virtuous Antoninus Pius. The con-

secrated grove of Æsculapius, the baths, the healing fountain, all show that this valley was dedicated to the relief of the sick and diseased. The priest of an inveterate superstition would "suck thereout no small advantage;" but, upon the whole, it must be allowed that the suffering portion of the community found in this institution some relief and consolation. The Romans adopted, from this very place, a similar establishment at Rome. Their temple to Æsculapius was built on the Island of the Tyber, and a monument of the serpent which followed the ship from Epidaurus still exists * to commemorate the "lying wonder."

The valley of Iero (Ιερον) is enclosed on the N. W. by the Mount Arachne, anciently Arachnaion, and on the E. by some dome-shaped eminences, supposed to be the ancient Titthion, which means a teat. The outlet is towards the west, where the ground gradually falls away, admitting an ingress from the side of Lykourio and the *upper* road from Napoli, which I ought rather to have taken. The outlines of those mountains are soft, though the whole be sterile. The valley itself is not remarkable for its fertility, more especially as it is strewed with masses of stone and platforms of ancient buildings. The most remarkable object of antiquity in this "sacred grove" (ιερον αλσος, as the

* I must here take leave to refer to my "Topography and Antiquities of Rome," vol. ii. p. 237.

valley was called,) is the theatre cut out of the side of a hill; and the seats are, for the most part, remaining. That peculiarity, which has been so often observed by others in the construction of those seats, would certainly afford a better accommodation than there was in any other theatre; and hence we may infer that the invalids were taken especial care of even in their amusements. The steps at the top are formed into arched projections; and there is also a space cut out for the purpose of admitting wood or some other such material, but no specimen of this remains: some vestiges may, perhaps, at length be found under the copse which has been allowed nearly to swallow up this curious "Cavea." From the highest seats there is an advantageous view of the whole valley.* The sacred enclosure, or αλσος, is still sufficiently defined by a line of confused walls nearly even with the ground; within this is the great platform of what is thought to be the Temple of Æsculapius. There are also some remains of baths and cisterns of Roman construction, besides other platforms of lesser temples, or Ædiculæ. I observed, beyond the limits of the enclosure, a long platform, narrow, and which might answer for a portico: near it is another more suited for a temple. Pausanias enumerates a Stoa, or portico, and a temple of Venus and Themis apparently near to it: but without in-

* See the theatre in the grove of Æsculapius, illustrated by Donaldson, Supplem. Vol. V. Stuart's Antiquities.

scriptions or some other positive indications who can tell the names of these faint relics? In leaving the "Alsos," we come upon a square spot covered with large thick slabs, on one of which a Russian mariner has engraven his memorial. The spot is shaded by two or three trees, and I took it for an indication of the "healing fountain." It is singular that we should meet with some sloughs of serpents here; but, perhaps, if seen any where else than in the grove of Æsculapius, they would not have attracted notice.

Towards evening, we took our leave of the god of medicine, and, pursuing a scarcely visible path, descended into a deep wooded glen which conducted us into the confined bed of a torrent. After about half an hour, this joins the main road to Epidaurus, now Pidavro: the path then winds on the side of a mountain, having a torrent (which was then dried up) on the right: on the opposite side of the romantic defile are fine groves of arbutus and myrtle; and, amidst soft and beautiful scenery, the distance is beguiled until the traveller gains the first view of Ægina and the promontory of Methana. Welcome, dark blue Egean! But the exclamation is short; for it soon disappears again, and affords only occasional glimpses, until, at length, the hill is reached which overlooks the maritime valley of Pidavro. The scenery of the latter part of this day's journey recompenses the barrenness of the former; but so confined is the view where Epidaurus stood, that it

presents nothing striking or splendid: vineyards and corn-fields form the principal features of its cultivation. The whole journey from Napoli, including the time necessary for seeing Iero, may be estimated at nine hours. The village of Pidavro, somewhat resuscitated since the recent devastations, stands within a theatre of hills, with a threshing area in front of it; it contains no vestiges of antiquity, except a piece of a column, and a fine fragment of the statue of a lion in marble. These stand upon the beach, where I bade farewell to Epidaurus at sunset; and now we sail the Ægean.

June 24. — I awoke on deck in time to see the first blushes of light identify old Homer's matchless description of Aurora. Her fingers in this pure region are, indeed, rosy, and the gates of light are unbarred as with the delicate touch of some celestial hand! The saffron-coloured waters, over which the bark scarcely moved, attracted my half-closed eyes; and, for a while, it appeared as if I had fallen into some other planet, "a brighter region far than earth." Stretching far away was the coast of Eleusis, where Megara "lay before me:" the Isle of Salamis and old Ægina were near at hand, but the projecting mountains of Trœzenia concealed Hydra and Spezzia. Innumerable little isles are sprinkled over the deep. We landed at the town of Ægina, now called Eghina, at eight o'clock, having been all night long in a perfect calm.

An immense modern building first attracts the

attention in approaching Eghĭna; and after wondering what this can mean in an island, you discover it was intended for a college, and was built under the patronage of the President of Greece: at present it is a barrack and a museum. It serves as a depository for all objects of antiquity that are now discovered, or may have been preserved, in different parts of Greece and her islands. Two courts are set round with small dedicatory altars, inscribed stones, fragments of sculpture, mutilated statues, &c. The altars are chiefly from Delos; several found at Salamis and Megara; others from Sparta. The dedicatory inscriptions generally end with χρηστε χαιρε; and the figures are, for the most part, in a sitting posture, very much resembling one another. But, in giving a description of such things, there is no medium between a few words and a volume. In a room are collected many small vases and "pateræ;" one or two of the peculiar form called γρυψ. They have bedecked the walls with some grotesque paintings, and introduced some Chinese wooden figures to represent the valour of no less a man than Marco Bozzari. These things (I mean the antiquities) are all destined to form part of a national museum, which, at some time, may be established at Athens. Ægina became, like Salamis, a place of refuge for many of the exiled Greeks. It was always the most flourishing of the Ægean Isles; owing, first, to its commerce, and next, to the fertility of its valleys; for, although it presents itself as

a rock to the Athenian, that rock shelters the fruitful plains which its inhabitants enjoy. Some vestiges of the old city to the east of the present town may yet be recognised; and also some traces of the ancient city of Ænone (as I was told), on a mountain called Oros. These I had no opportunity of verifying, and was even obliged to content myself with spying the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius at a distance. * I landed for a moment beneath the ruins, and attempted the ascent; but I was more in a state to visit the Temple of Æsculapius. We thrust out from the rocky shore about an hour before sunset, and, sailing towards the Piræus, traced the path of Sulpicius. How nearly the same reflections would naturally occur to a modern traveller! And what wonder? — for, in many things, the human mind is in all ages susceptible of the same impressions. But that the same places which now invite our sympathy for their downfall should, eighteen centuries ago, have awakened a similar feeling on the same grounds, appears to fill up the interval of time, and show us the Roman, gliding past, approach, as I do now, the rock of Salamis! We entered the Piræus by moonlight.

* Dodwell's description of the temple will abundantly supply my defects; he has not only written about it, but examined it carefully. Travels, vol. i. p. 566.

LETTER IX.

To John B. Scott, Esq., Bungay, Suffolk.

Athens, June 27. 1834.

Some time has now elapsed since we were wont to walk together over the ruins of the Capitol, or make excursions on the Via Appia. And it was a thought often expressed by one or both, that we might some day track the route of the Panathenaic procession, and ascend the Acropolis of Minerva. It has been my lot to realise the classic vision without you; and the only recompence I can make to you is, to send you an olive branch from the Attic plain in the shape of a letter and a diary. I landed at the Piræus a little after daybreak on the 25th, and felt no disposition to awake the solemn silence which pervaded the shore. A very practicable road (not a common thing in Greece) leads through an olive grove to the city, which cannot be said to have either access or entrance in one place more than another. The most conspicuous object seen over all the plain is the Mount Anchesmus; next, the Acropolis, which is so familiar to every one's eyes, from drawings, that it cannot be mistaken. The other object which at once

arrests the eye is the Temple of Theseus. The walls which encircled the Athens of the Turks are now so nearly levelled with the ground, that the city at present cannot be said to have any assigned space; and it would, I conceive, be difficult for former travellers now to recognise, upon the spot, their own descriptions of what Athens was: but it is fortunate for the antiquary, that all the space between the Acropolis and the Ilissus has been kept clear from buildings; and, perhaps, we are indebted to a Turkish cemetery for the veneration which has been shown to the Areopagus and the Pnyx by those who knew not why they should respect them. It is in the unpeopled valley, which lies beneath the Hill of Museium, where the genius of ancient Athens meets the stranger, and where he may yet wander undisturbed among

"Fields that cool Ilissus laves."

The desolation caused by the siege of 1827 is yet, for the most part, unrepaired; whole streets lie prostrate in the dust, and beaten paths are made over the heaps of rubbish which point out the site of a Turkish bath, or the Serai of an Aga: but, at a distance from the ruined habitations, and on the higher ground nearest the Acropolis, which is destined, I conceive, to become the most eligible part of Athens, you see large houses, reared here and there, indicating the return of wealth and peace, if not of authority. The most conspicuous of those edi-

fices is the Russian Consulate: a few houses in continuation, which may be called a street, have arisen in about the centre of Old Athens; but, owing to the indecision of the government respecting the plan on which the new city is to be built, the people are afraid to go on; and thus temporary habitations only are built, while those who resolve to build more solidly retire to a distance, where they think the new plan, whatever it may be, will not affect them. Thus is Athens scattered, either among its own ruins, or over the plain places; and no one can judge of its future arrangement. But what can be compared to a disinterested zeal, and to the labour which proceeds from a Christian faith and spirit? In the midst of these unformed streets, the missionaries from America have built a school house, and collected within its walls several hundred Greek children. They have established a printing press, which is used for the purpose of diffusing scriptural knowledge, and forwarding general education; and it, doubtless, would have sounded strange in the ears of the Academicians, if they could have been told that men would come from a world to them unknown, and be the first to print the dialogues of Plato, in his own language, on the banks of the Ilissus. But, if we stick to antiquities, I must cease to pursue such novel reflections.

On the antiquities of Greece in general, and of Athens in particular, much, as you know, has been

written; so that he would be a bold man who should attempt to do any thing more than enumerate the objects which remain. Our antiquarian knowledge of Greek topography and antiquities is generally supposed to begin with Spon and Wheeler; but there were several Italian writers who threw light on the subject before them. Bordoni, I think, was the first: he printed his observations at Venice in 1554. Gerbelelio, whose work you will find in Gronovius' Thesaurus, as well as those of Laurenbergio and Lazio, laid the foundation for future researches; and, before the close of the seventeenth century, we have Du Loir, La Boulaye, and some other French writers, following up the subject. Spon and Wheeler then came in, and awakened a new interest for the classical soil. Palmerio published a description of ancient Greece in 1678; and Tournefort's admirable work, "Relation d'un Voyage," &c., appeared in 1718. Le Roy chiefly confined himself to the descriptive; and we then take our stand again upon Chandler's Travels and Ionian Antiquities, published in 1769. D'Anville must be considered as a geographer, but one in which every English reader is interested, because he is Gibbon's guide. Stuart published his celebrated Antiquities of Athens, 1762; republished, I believe, in 1817, by the Society of the Dilettanti. If to these be added Castellan and Choiseul, who travelled in 1780, the list will be complete up to the present century. The

campaign is re-opened by Sir William Gell, whose Itineraries are never found to err, except where changes have taken place since he travelled. He was followed by Dodwell and Dr. Clarke, whose learning and industry are beyond all praise. We have, moreover, Monsieur Poucqueville's Voyage dans la Gréce, 1820, of whom Lord Byron says, that "he is always out." Sir John Hobhouse merits well a niche in this antiquarian library; and then Byron may be brought to sound the trumpet of fame over both Greece and her illustrators. After such a formidable array of authors, you will hardly expect me to do to Athens what I did to Rome; and yet there would have been a place, if one author, more severely accurate, and more indefatigable in research, than any of his predecessors, had not performed the task. His work on Athens is indispensable; and no traveller of observation will ever return from the east without adding his testimony to the accuracy and learning of Colonel Leake. I shall soon have an opportunity of sending you my diary at Athens, which will let you see the order in which I saw the antiquities, and perhaps induce you to follow my steps.

I am, &c.

CHAPTER XII.

ANTIQUITIES OF ATHENS.

Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,—
Still in his beam Pendeli's marbles glare.

BYRON.

THE order in which I saw the antiquities of Athens is as follows. The evening of the day of my arrival, Wednesday, June 25, I ascended the Acropolis: the general features of that celebrated rock are so familiar to the civilised world, that it would be superfluous to attempt to describe it. The Turkish fortress, with the innumerable fragments of antiquity around it, and the Greek buildings, which time, and even the Turks, have spared, viz. the Propylœa, the Parthenon, and the Erectheium, are known to all. Without attempting to examine in detail, I was content to sit down upon the awful marble steps of Minerva's proud shrine, and look first at the imposing columns, and then on the Gulf of Salamis. I remained until sunset; but no description could issue from my tongue or pen.

Second day.—I saw *the Choragic monument of Lysicrates,* commonly called the Lantern of Demosthenes, at the east end of the Acropolis. Monuments of this description, at Athens, were the prizes of tripods given to the victorious Chori at the festivals; and the tripod was elevated upon a little round-roofed temple. The Capuchin convent, where Lord Byron resided, concealed a part of this small monument when it (the convent) was standing. A mass of ruins now points out the site; but the pedestal of Lysicrates' monument is entirely disinterred.

Gate of Hadrian, with the inscription on both sides, which has been published by several travellers. This gateway is not in a place to be appreciated, being eclipsed, both in design and execution, by all the other monuments of Athenian taste. Indeed, the arch itself appears ugly, and the upper work seems to have no business there. It stands at an angle with an enclosure, forming a large rectangular platform, and which preserves some fine remains of the stone substruction, especially that facing the Ilissus, and at an angle with it. This was the peribolus of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius. The greater part of the columns (which are of Pentelic marble) were removed by Sylla, to Rome, to serve for the great Temple of I. O. M.* Sixteen still

* Jupiter Optimus Maximus. For a description of this temple, see Burgess' Antiquities of Rome, vol. i. p. 427.

remain, and some travellers saw a seventeenth: these are the largest columns standing at Athens; but it does not appear that the Olympeium was ever a finished building until Hadrian completed it.* I passed the *Ilissus* at the remains of a bridge, whose flanks, wide asunder, still stand on each bank of this scanty stream. Near is the site of the Temple of the Muses "Illissiades," seen in 1656 by Spon and Wheeler. Having crossed the Ilissus, I entered the *Stadium*, which preserves its form perfect. The "Cavea" runs up very high: near the circular end is an egress by a passage perforated through the rock. In this Stadium, Herodes Atticus was buried. On one height, overlooking the Cavea, stood a Temple of Fortune: a great mass of "opus internum" still remains. At a little distance up the stream is a small church, supposed to be the site of a temple of Diana Agrotera. About a thousand yards further up the Ilissus, the Lyceium is supposed to have been: the city gate, which led out to this, was the Diocharis. A few paces more north was the Cynosarges.

* We learn from the following inscription, found in the island of Andros, and first published in the Ionian Anthology for April 1834, that Hadrian had the title of Olympius; assumed, no doubt, on account of his having completed and dedicated the temple:—

ΣΩΤΗΡΙ
ΚΑΙ ΚΤΙΣΤΗ
ΤΗΣ ΟΙΚΟΥΜΕΝΗΣ Α
ΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΙ Α
ΔΡΙΑΝΩ ΟΛΥΜΠΙΩ.

All these localities lie under the rocky point of Mount Anchesmus. I returned to the island, which is formed by the Ilissus dividing itself into two streams; these unite again at some low rocks near the fountain Enneacrounos. Upon the island are vestiges of antiquity; and some think the Eleusinum may have stood upon it. I stopped awhile to drink of the classical fountain, called, equally, Calliroe: the water was cool and delicious, and must have been, in Athens' bright days, a most valuable source. One morning, in passing by, it was troubled and defiled by "twenty-four washer-women,"—a profanation which the Crenarch of old (for there was such an office) most assuredly would not have permitted. Just opposite Enneacrounos is a small patched-up church, which is said to have stood near the *Temple of Triptolemus*, a monument preserved only in Stuart's Antiquities of Athens. I returned, by the route of the Panathenaic procession, to the eastern end of the Acropolis.

Third day, Morning.—I resumed my walk up the eastern end of the Acropolis, and ascended, first, to the cave and chapel of the Panaghia Spiliòtissa. This only resembles, on a little larger scale, the many caves and recesses cut out of the rocks, in all the neighbourhood of the Acropolis and the Lycabettus. But the most remarkable thing to be seen here is the smoothing of the whole rock, so as to adjust it to the form of a theatre, which, it appears, was the

famous Dionysiac. To be crowned at those games was one of the greatest honours an Athenian could aspire to; as appears from Demosthenes' oration about his crown, and others. The hollow of this theatre is very apparent, and it probably reached to the very rock of the Acropolis; and thus the cave appears to have been close upon it,—a circumstance which would induce one to think that they sacrificed to Bacchus in it. A little below, where the ground falls into a valley, but not a marsh, is placed by topographers the *Temple of Bacchus in Limnæ*. Close by, on the left, the *Odeium of Pericles*, near the street and district called the Tripodes. But these things exist only in name; except, indeed, we allow the monument of Lysicrates to say something in favour of the Tripods. All this side of the rock was called the Cimonium or Notium: the opposite side the Pelasgicum.

From hence I proceeded across the valley, and ascended to the *monument of Philopappus* the Syrian. This stands upon a master height, called *Museium*, from the tomb of Musæus, and was an extreme point of the Asty. The monument of the grandson of Antiochus is still erect, but the niche in which was contained his father's, or grandfather's, statue is fallen. The bas-relief, representing a triumph of his benefactor, Trajan, is much defaced. A little below the Museium is the rocky height of the Pnyx: here stands the entire pulpit, in all the imposing

majesty of antiquity. The steps by which to ascend to the *Bemos* are in perfect order; the orator would only want his assembly to put the Pnyx to its original use: but I hope to hear that the subject of eloquence will be the gospel. The platform on which the assembly stood is built up, in one place, with prodigious blocks of stone.

At the foot of the Museium mount I saw some caverns, commonly called Socrates' prison. One of those compartments, having a round hole at the top, appeared to me to have really served as a prison; and I shall be inclined to believe it as such, until something shows the contrary. Here we approach the site of the Peiraic Gate; but I went on to the Mount Lycabettus, which appears to have given the name to the whole ridge. The traces of the ancient walls behind the Museium height and the Pnyx are now very slight; the line is discoverable, but the materials have almost all vanished. From the Lycabettus I passed at the west end of the Areopagus (seeing some new cavern tombs), and arrived at the Theseium.

Theseus appears to have been associated to equal honour with Erectheus, although the temple of the former was not in the Acropolis, but in that part of the city called the Ceremaicus. At present, this venerable edifice stands alone upon elevated ground, and arrests the eye almost as readily as the Acropolis itself. It combines every thing that can be

elegant in architecture, but it is not magnificent, on account of its small proportions: it has thirteen columns on the sides, and six in front, with a pronaon and posticum; the former being the wider. Much of the roof of the portico remains; and this is the only instance I recollect to have seen that delicate part of the building preserved. The roof of the Cella is modern, and the posticum is deformed by the alteration thought necessary for a church. This temple has been accurately drawn and measured by artists: perhaps it is the most perfect one of equal antiquity in existence. The interior of the Cella, however, is entirely void of interest and detail. The sculpture, by the hands, or design, perhaps, of Mycon, in many places remains: the Centaurs and the Lapithæ form the most prominent subject, where Theseus alone is represented as having slain a Centaur. Hercules is also associated with Theseus in honour. This temple was erected thirty years before the Parthenon, 465 B. C.

In the evening I ascended Mars' Hill. I found steps cut in the rock in more places than one: at the summit we find some of the rock smoothed, and a space more level, which I took for the Areopagus. Here I read St. Paul's splendid address to the Athenians. The hill of Mars is rocky, and steep of ascent, but not high: it commands, however, a view of the whole site of Athens. The Acropolis rises near on the right: the Temple of Theseus, and the

entrance into the "Agora," are conspicuous below. I descended into the waste valley, which was the Turkish cemetery: here the graves are laid open, and a few "cippi" still point out the resting place of Mussulmen: its solitude alone now gives it solemnity. I re-ascended to the Acropolis, for the purpose of more particularly examining the buildings.

The access to the Acropolis is in the same relative position as that of the Acrocorinthus, and both equally have only one; this was defended by the Propylæa, which is now disfigured, and the columns walled in with Turkish patch-work. After passing two gates, we come upon the first six columns of the Propylæa: the steps are visible, and the adjoining works, with the large square tower, yet admit us to see the spreading of the north and south wings. The great vestibule is concealed, but, turning to the southern wing, we can see the other six columns, more or less perfect, which lead to the platform of the Acropolis. Although the work has evidently been of a design as bold and as magnificent as the Parthenon itself, it is now far less striking, because of its being so incumbered with the modern fortress works: it requires the skill of the architect to evolve its beauties and proportions; but when understood, and taken in connection with the place it was designed to fill up and defend, it is, perhaps, the most perfect example ever produced of a combination of elegance and utility. This work was begun 437 years B. C., and

was erected by the architect Mnesicles, who completed it in five years. Before the spectator has leisure to examine all the details of the Propylæa, his eye is arrested by the majesty of the Parthenon. Although surrounded by deformity and heaps of rubbish; the interior filled by an ugly building, now a barrack, once a mosque; notwithstanding the want of many columns on the flanks, and the shattered appearance of the tympana, with only two figures in sculpture left upon it, the Temple of the Virgin Minerva yet asserts its claim to be the most striking and highly-finished monument of ancient Grecian art: for, although much is wanting to complete the building, nothing is wanting to the plan. The eight columns, that number which the Romans so often imitated in their edifices, are standing in both fronts; and of those broken down at the sides, much of the material might be recovered, and, with some care and expense, by clearing away the rubbish, and restoring the levels, this splendid monument might still become the wonder of future generations. I ascended to the roof, where the sculpture, yet remaining on the inner freize, may be seen.

The third ruin on the celebrated rock of Cecrops is the Erectheium. This name designates the *whole* of the edifice, as standing on the spot where Erectheus or Erecthonius was buried; but the building itself was divided into two temples, viz. of Minerva Polias, and Pandrossus. Minerva had that epithet

as protectrix of cities; and Pandrossus was a daughter of Cecrops, who gained the favour of the goddess, by not prying into the secret of the basket committed to her care. Six columns, of small proportions, but of exquisite beauty, formed the east front of the Erectheium; one is now wanting. The portico led into the first compartment or temple, which was that of Minerva Polias. There was then a descent by some steps into another division, somewhat larger, but neither of them large; and this was the Pandrosium in which the sacred olive tree was, the crooked Pancyphus, held in high veneration by the Athenians. Behind the Pandrosium was a vestibule, and at each end, like wings, a portico: the northern one, the largest, was supported by six columns, four only in front, and two pilasters; the other was supported by those beautiful Caryatides, of which three are now standing, though mutilated. It is not too much to say, that the architectural ornaments still existing upon this monument surpass in elegance of design, and in the exquisite beauty of their chiselling, any thing of the kind, either ancient or modern, in Europe. It is impossible to cease admiring the taste and skill with which each flower and bead is pencilled; and in some places so clear and so white, that it is difficult to believe they were executed twenty-three centuries ago. Those who saw this fabric before the Revolution are to be envied: it is now lying in ruins, and, although the

finished details cannot be defaced (notwithstanding some attempts, still visible), yet it is piteous to the spectator to behold them lying prostrate in the dust. If Pallas asserts her right to be restored in her Parthenon, Minerva has as much reason to insist upon her right in her character of Polias. The Capitana Ghouras, who was the Grecian hero of the Acropolis, made the Erectheium his residence: the consequence was, the first cannonades of the Turks were directed against it. For further illustrations of the buildings of the Acropolis, Colonel Leake's work may be consulted with safety, and future travellers may hold themselves ready to receive the abundant lucubrations of German artists, who are now engaged in turning up the dust of the Parthenon.

In walking round the bulwarks of the modern fortress, we look down upon places bearing awful names; "*stat nominis umbra.*" At the N. E. corner was the Prytaneium; more south the Aglaurium: on the west the grotto and fountain of Apollo and Pan*, where, I think, was the Crypsela. Some singular looking arches, part of the fortress works below, looking towards the Philopappus, belong to the Odeium of Regilla; they are in a line with the Stoa Eumenia. These are names which now only occur in those more durable monuments of Greek genius, the ancient writings. But the Gulf of Salamis and the

* A marble statue was found not far from this place, and sent by Dr. Clarke to Cambridge.

Isle of Ægina, the Mount Hymettus and the Pentelicum, the modest Ilissus and the Areopagus, all comprised in this view, are sure and fixed, and there is enough connected with those names to render the view from the Parthenon one of the most interesting in the world.

On the *fourth day* (Saturday morning), I rode round the whole space of what was once Athens. I began on the north side of the Mount Anchesmus, and went round to where the Academia is supposed to have been; then to the position (as is probable) of the Dipylon, and behind the Museium: here the line of the walls is visible. I then descended to the Ilissus, encompassing the Olympeium, and ended at the supposed site of the Lyceium. The view is relieved sometimes by glimpses of the sea; otherwise it may be said of the celebrated Attic plain — "it is the loveliness of death." No tree now affords a shelter to the weary stranger, where Plato and his disciples used to walk embosomed in bowers; no streams to quench the thirst, where once were fountains innumerable (either real or imaginary). The Zephyrs indeed are as light, but they carry no longer the perfumes of the roses on their wings: the Mount Hymettus still yields its honey, but conceals the flowers which supply it. Minerva alone stands faithful to her trust: she still adorns the rock with her virgin temple, and clothes the banks of the "meek Cephissus" with her olives.

The Acropolis has been sorely beleagured both by friends and foes; and it is surprising how its monuments have escaped as they have, out of the fury of the revolution; not only the Acropolis, but every hill and monument around it, has been nearly brought to desolation. The Greeks first besieged it in 1821: the Cephaloniotes coming to their assistance, raised a battery near the Temple of Jupiter Olympius: the Zeàns placed another between the theatres of Bacchus and Herodes Atticus.* Two guns were planted on the Museium, and the Turks attempted to scale the Philopappus, but the Hydriotts who were posted there, drove them back to the citadel.† After a blockade of eighty-three days, the Acropolis was relieved by Omer Vriones, in July 1821. On the 21st of June 1822, it was surrendered on terms of capitulation which were shamefully violated by the Greeks. 400 of the prisoners were put to death in cold blood, and the rest saved only by the energies of the foreign consuls. When Ghouras received the command, a source of limpid water, a little brakish, had just been discovered beneath the grotto of Pan; Odysseus lost no time in securing this by building a lofty semicircular wall in front. In July, 1826, the

* "The theatre at the S.E. end of the Acropolis being admitted to be the Dionysiac theatre, that at the S.W. end must have been the Odeium built by Herodes, son of Atticus, and named by him in honour of his wife Odeium Regilla." See Leake's Topography of Athens, p. 60.

† See Gordon's Revolution of Greece, vol. i. p. 277.

Roumeli Valesi Kutahi, with an army estimated at 10,000 horse and foot, again laid close seige to the Acropolis: it was still defended by Ghouras, who, by his cruel exactions and avarice, had turned the minds of the Athenians against him. On the twenty-third, the hill of Philopappus was carried: up to the end of the mouth, the Turks threw 526 projectiles, while the beseiged returned twenty-five bombs and 224 cannon balls. Kutahi made himself master of Athens, and on the succeeding days engaged with Colonel Fabvier and Karaiskaki, near the small village of Khaidari, a league and a half N. W. of Athens: in this encounter the Turks were victorious. In the course of August, Kutahi's artillery discharged against the town and fortress, 2120 cannon balls and 956 bomb and howitzer shells. On the 12th of October, the Turks threw 190 shot and shells: next night Ghouras was killed by a shot from the entrenchments in the dark.

Three Greek captains landed with 450 Roumeliotes and Ionians, at the mouth of the Ilissus, on the night of October 23d: they silently proceeded to the foot of the Philopappus, and succeeded in getting into the Acropolis. But notwithstanding this timely relief the besieged were soon reduced to great distress, being hemmed in on all sides by the immense army of Kutahi. Their provisions and ammunition were nearly exhausted, and a surrender seemed almost inevitable. The garrison resolved to lay the state of

their distress before the government, which was then sitting at Ægina, hoping to induce them to send supplies before all should be lost. But who was to convey the message and break through the Turkish lines? The hazardous enterprise was undertaken by a valorous youth named Makryani. Mounted on a swift horse, he issued from the fortress at night, and soon reached the entrenchments below the Lycabettus: discovered and pursued, the intrepid messenger fought his way through the opposing Mussulmen; but at length, unable to bear up, fell wounded with his horse into the ditch. Surrounded by enemies, what could he do? Favoured by the dark night, and when the Turkish sentinels thought he had fallen to rise no more, he summoned strength and remounted his horse and fled to Eleusis; there he speedily embarked and carried the message to Ægina. The garrison was supplied with powder by a bold enterprise of Colonel Fabvier, December 13th: but after a series of disasters, which the rashness of Lord Cochrane in some measure caused, and the too cautious manœuvres of General Church did not prevent, the citadel of Athens was surrendered to the Roumeli Valesi on the 5th of June, 1827, after a siege of eleven months. The Parthenon, during that siege, was much battered, and the Erectheium fell. The widow of Captain Ghouras, and the principal ladies of Athens, having taken refuge in it

as a place of security, were crushed to death beneath the ruins.

Besides the antiquities already enumerated, chiefly existing about the Acropolis, there are some few others which are scattered among the desolate habitations of modern Athens: these I reserve for the evening.

Saturday evening I first revisited the Theseium, and again admired the bas-reliefs; which, though injured, are still left to adorn the frieze of the Pronaon and that of the Porticum. Theseus did not receive his divine honours until 800 years after his death, and then willingly shared them with his magnanimous kinsmen. The one caught the wild bull of Marathon, the other killed the hissing snake of Lerna; but St. George, who killed the dragon, has usurped the honours of them both. The temple is now the church of Agios Georgios.

The *gate of the new Agora.* This consists of a frontispiece, supported by four Doric columns; some of the Antes also remain. On the door jamb is Hadrian's decree concerning the sale of oil. On the epistylia is an inscription, showing the work to be of the Augustan age. The school lately built and conducted by the American Episcopalians, stands upon a part of the Agora. Not far from hence, is supposed to have stood the *Pœcile,* but no certain vestiges are now to be found. The form of the

Pœcile can now only be seen at the villa of Hadrian, near Tivoli.

At no great distance from the Agora, stands the Horologium of Andronicus Cyrrhestes, commonly called the Tower of the Winds. This answers accurately to the description of Vitruvius. It was erected B.C. 159: it served as a weather-cock and a a water-clock. The eight winds are sculptured on their respective sides of the octagon; and there are remains of an aqueduct, which conveyed a stream from under the cave of Pan in the Acropolis. This spring was the Clypsydra: finally, I visited the Stoa of Hadrian. Within this enclosure stood the Vaivode's palace in the time of the Turks: it is now levelled with the ground, but the remains of the ancient building exist the same. The end, which is the most perfect, illustrates the Colonnacce at Rome; and the Stoa of Hadrian will be synonymous with the Forum. The quadrangle, when complete, was 376 by 252 feet; the columns are Corinthian.

These are the principal and almost all the remains of Athens, and few of them admit of doubt as to their identity. The topographical disputes, and "the pleasure of doubting," will begin a little later; at present there are no wrangling antiquarians. Another evening I rode down to the Piræus, and for a few moments felt all the spirit of the classic element. The olive groves were fresh with the breeze, the light was glowing but not dazzling. I

traced the long walls, and went round the Munychia. The Bay of Phalerum was deep in its blue waves, and the sun sunk beautifully "behind his Delphian cliff." There are vestiges scattered over a wide space of the ancient *town* of Piræus, which appears also to have commanded the Munychia. The topographical survey which Colonel Leake has made of the harbour, and all that intervenes between it and the Acropolis, renders all observations of that nature superfluous; and when a king lives and reigns at Athens, and the Piræus, which now contains but a few huts, shall become a busy emporium, that survey of the land in its nakedness will help the classical traveller to evolve the long walls of Themistocles out of the entanglements of a railway; but there is a prophetic observation of that learned writer, made in 1821, which seems hastening to its fulfilment. The Piræus is called by the Greeks, Dhràko; by the Turks, Aslan Lemani; and by the Italians, Porto Leone: all names derived from a lion of white marble, which stood upon the beach, until the year 1687, when it was taken away by the Venetians. It was placed at the gate of the arsenal at Venice, and was taken to Paris in 1797. After the peace it was restored to Venice, "and by some future revolution in the European system, may, perhaps, be replaced in its original station at the Piræus."

LETTER X.

To Mrs. W. H. Campbell, at Geneva.

Athens, 30th June, 1834.

ALTHOUGH I am in the midst of preparations for leaving this celebrated city, I cannot forego the pleasure of writing you one letter more, which may be the last you will receive from me during my Oriental wanderings. But, I have no intention of introducing you to the academy, near which the tomb of Plato stood, and at the entrance, an altar of Love; nor can I describe the grove of the Lyceium, in which we might have become a pair of Peripatetics:—their very names have perished, and the nightingale has not a branch left whereon to take her nocturnal seat. The fountain of Panops ceased to flow before the Christian æra; and the rivulets, which fancy or necessity created, are absorbed in the dust of by-gone generations. The bubblings of Callirоë, and the murmurings of the Ilissus, still break softly the silence which reigns around them, but —

> How do their tuneful echoes languish
> Mute but to the voice of anguish.

If, however, I cannot introduce you to the Athenians of the age of Pericles, I may at least say something upon the epoch of Otho. The most interesting object now at Athens is, doubtless, the American missionary school, which for the last four or five years has been conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Hill. Since the commencement, it has had 300 or 400 scholars, and at present contains 150. The school, entirely built by the Americans, is an edifice of stone, and stands in the very Agora, or market, where Paul disputed daily with those that met him. A spacious court-yard belongs to it, in which the children sport and play under the shade of a pomegranate tree. The greatest encouragement has been given to this institution by the constituted authorities of Greece. When the King and the President of the Regency were in Athens they visited it frequently, and the Countess Armansberg made it her delight. Yesterday morning, being Sunday, I was invited by Mr. Hill to go and see the juvenile assembly in its best order; and I was happy to find Madame de Maurer there, taking great interest in the proceedings. The infant school is conducted in the same manner as our own in England. The little multitude march, and recite, and sing, and clasp their sun-burnt hands: after they had rehearsed a little, they were wound up with a hymn to the tune of Home Sweet Home, in which Mr.

Hill, the picture of kindness and benevolence, led the way. At the sound of a bell, they march forth, and take their seats in the court-yard, each carrying a little basket, containing the dinner. I have not time now to offer you any reflections upon this grand effort of Christian zeal; I can only say, it filled my mind with delight, and appeared to me to open a cheering prospect of the future destiny of Athens. After this interesting visit, I proceeded to the house of the missionary, and had the satisfaction of performing divine service and preaching to a congregation of about twenty persons. The audience consisted of a few British travellers like ourselves; a few Philhellenists who have established themselves at Athens, the household of Mr. Hill, and two or three of his assistant teachers, islanders, who understood English. Can you conceive any thing more joyful than such an occupation as this, within view of Mars' hill? Besides, I am one of those who believe that the Gospel is seldom preached in vain.

The Greek society of the higher order is as yet confined to the family and connections of the Ex-Hospodar of Wallachia, Prince Caradja. You may probably recollect him at Geneva in the winter of 1819, I think, when he had just escaped with his treasure from Bucharest. He has purchased a house at Athens, where he intends to end his days in the bosom of his family. The old man, who received us

with much cordiality, wears his Greek costume still, and seems partial to the dress in which Alexander the Great, conquered the world. One of his daughters is married to the Count Argyropoulo, and another to the Prince Mavrocordato, and a third to Prince Soutzo, now the Greek ambassador at St. Petersburgh, all Fanariotes. This family is something like the nucleus of a civilised European society, which will soon be formed at Athens; and we shall probably hear of English parties by moonlight, going to the Parthenon, instead of the Colosseum at Rome. There is also a noble Greek at Athens, named Cantacuzene, who says he is descended from the Emperor of Constantinople of that name.

Yesterday, whilst I sat on the steps of the Temple of Theseus, a company of women collected below, and began the Attic dance, to the sound of a crazy violin: the music was monotonous, but not uninspiring. The costume of the females at Athens, and, indeed, throughout Greece, is more remarkable for its richness than its elegance: to have any thing to fit is the last idea that appears to enter their heads; but in this, perhaps, they have copied the Turkish women, who never present any other object to the eye than what may be distinguished in a bale of cotton. The feet are put into a pair of slippers, which effectually prevent any thing like agility in the movements. The Greek figure is, however, sometimes set off with an open jacket, laced

with buttons from the shoulder to the waist, and the head invariably enveloped in a brilliant-coloured handkerchief, folded gracefully enough in the style of a turban, and from it is often suspended a rich metallic fringe. The rest of the figure might pass for any thing, from a hay-stack to a gate-post. All the beauty of Grecian women "like potatoes" shoots from the eyes! This goodly company which called forth these observations began the dance by moving slowly in one circle, making one retrograde step for about every four in advance. All hands being linked, the movement, though slow, was graceful, but without the least variety. The dance has neither beginning nor end; and the performers join in or drop off at pleasure. The occasion of this festival I found to be a marriage. Nothing that I saw among the lower orders of the people would justify me in speaking of a worse state of moral degradation than one sees elsewhere. Industry is not wanting, where employment can be had for them; and luxury has not invaded their houses. Indeed, many have no houses, and are not afraid to make a stone their pillow. I went into the street one night, about an hour after sunset, and nearly stumbled in several places over the sleeping bodies of men who had spread their rugs under the stars. We have taken up our quarters at the lodging house of Francesco Vitale, and have the choice of two hotels for eating in. They are both conducted in the style of Italian inns, and need no

other description. Vitale kept a lodging-house for travellers, long before the Greek revolution, and received Dodwell and Gell, and other distinguished strangers. At the Turkish siege of Athens he was obliged to fly, like many others of his countrymen, and he reached Rome with his sick wife and his young daughter. There I had an opportunity of administering to his necessities; and the poor exile found sympathy amongst some of his former guests. When Greece was declared independent, he returned to his house, but found it a heap of ruins. By the benevolence of an English nobleman he has been able to rebuild a part; and as times become more prosperous, he will take, I hope, a respectable station among the citizens of Athens. You may easily conceive that my reception was of the most cordial nature; and I had occasion to remark, that an act of kindness, however small, done to a fellow-creature in distress, not only imparts pleasure in the act, but is like bread cast upon the waters, found, as it was by me, at Athens, after many days. Such is the city of Minerva in the summer of 1834: but another year will change the scene. We have just hired a caique for the island of Syra; and now depart to meet it at Cape Colonna. Adieu.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNEY FROM ATHENS TO SYRA, BY MARATHON AND CAPE SUNIUM.

Age shakes Athena's tower but spares gray Marathon.
BYRON.

June 30. — From Athens we took the direction of the Mount Pentelicus, leaving on the left the rock of Mount Anchesmus, on the top of which Pausanias says there was a statue of Jupiter. For the first hour and half we travelled over a naked country, but in approaching Cephesia, the olive groves began to afford a grateful shade; the country becomes more luxuriant at every step, and one sees some reason why Herodes Atticus chose this situation for his villa. Under a large plane tree at Cephesia I sat down, and near, observed a fountain which afforded delicious water. The springs here are abundant, and form the main source of the "meek Cephissus." Hadrian supplied Athens with water from these springs; and there are yet remaining some traces of his aqueducts.

A large mulberry tree supplied us with fruit enough for a breakfast, and afterwards we continued our route at the northern extremity of the Mount Pentelicus. The general aspect of this and almost all the rest of Attica is wild, and only capable of partial cultivation. The mountains subside like waves of the sea, but seldom subside into fertile valleys: the habitations are few, even for Greece. Just before ascending towards the plains of Marathon, I met the Prince Mavrocordato returning to Athens from the Negropont. At first I could hardly distinguish his features, so effectually had he secured them from the scorching rays of the sun. His modest retinue consisted of two attendants. The Prince has never indulged in prodigality, but has given more to his country than he has received from it. He is equally free from vanity, and merits the title of a patriot. He is more of a statesman than a warrior; but his defence of Missolonghi gives him a good claim to the latter, also. He had been to visit some property he has in Eubœa, previous to bending his steps towards Munich.

By a rugged descent I continued my path, and came to the village of Marathon, situated on a stream which runs from the mountains rising close behind it, and then passes into the sea through the celebrated plain. Here are many Oleanders and much corn, with some vines; near, stands a square tower of modern aspect, and the scenery assumes a little softness. Having gained a glimpse of the sea and the plain, we pitched

our tent, and the neighbourhood of the village hardly awoke the solitude.

July 1st. — Five o'clock, P. M., we pursued our way towards the plain, following the course of the stream which runs past the village: at about half an hour's distance the plain begins to open. Just after passing a few huts, situated on an eminence on the right, we emerge from the vale, and then the plain spreads itself in its greatest apparent extent towards the mountains of the Negropont. A conspicuous mound is seen at a good distance; and towards this, as to the grave of the Persians, every traveller speeds. I found the solitude only interrupted by three or four dogs which were tearing the carcass of an eagle near the mound. The village of Brana is seen at the foot of the encircling mountains; the sea rolls its blue waters at a distance; but every thing else is mute and dead as the heroes who have long slept on the celebrated field. There is nothing but this mound to tell the tale of a battle, for all the objects mentioned by Pausanias have disappeared. The plain is chiefly cultivated with corn: there are several wells around "the Lake," which, although now doubtful as to its real situation, must have been to the westward of the mound where the ground appears now marshy. Besides, the topographer mentions the mangers of Artaphernes as being on the rock impending, and no rock comes near the plain except in this place; for the same reason, I should imagine the

Cave of Pan to be in those rocks underneath which the path runs. In proceeding towards Sunium, I observed, at a little distance, in that direction, two or three blocks of marble. But where are the columns on which the names of the Athenians, according to their tribes, were written? The mound, if it be any thing relating to the event (and how else account for an object evidently artificial), must be the Ορυγμα or trench (covered), into which the bodies of the slaughtered Medes were thrown; and thus it remains a monument of Athenian glory, with a better fate than the ossuary of Morat. The battle of Marathon was not won by freemen exclusively; slaves fought for the first time on that occasion, 490 B. C. There was also a monument of Miltiades in the plain, but that has long since wasted away with the classic fountain of Macaria.

The great names of Miltiades, Cimon, and Pericles, break with such effulgence on the memory, that the valour of modern Greece fades away on the plains of Marathon; but it may be said of the heroes of the revolution, what was once said of those brave men that lived before Agamemnon, they are covered in oblivion only because they found no pen to celebrate their fame. The "land of the unforgotten brave" has not disgraced its Marathon in the nineteenth century; and if the spirit and valour of the modern warriors will bear a comparison with the courage and bravery of their renowned ancestors, the vices with

which they are respectively tarnished may be cancelled on both sides, in awarding the palm of merit. The Persian's grave is not a more glorious monument than might be reared over the bones of three thousand Turks which George Canaris may be said to have destroyed by "his single heart and arm." —

☞ If I am to enumerate some of the heroes of modern Greece, there is no place where they can be more fitly introduced than on the plain of Marathon: —

Marco Bozzari, like Theseus, has a temple to himself.

Bobolina and her son, the latter killed at Argos in 1822.

Kyriakouli, killed in an engagement on the coast of Thesprotia, July 16. 1822.

Elias, son of the Bey of Maina, being surprised by a body of 1000 Turks in the village of Stura, near Carysto, to prevent himself from falling into the hands of the enemy, plunged a dagger into his own breast, and died regretted for his patriotism.

George Canaris, the intrepid Bruloteer, who, twice in the campaign of 1822, succeeded in burning the Turkish vessels. This Psarrian hero, in 1825, attempted, and had nearly succeeded in annihilating the preparations of Mehemet Ali in the very port of Alexandria. He was at the siege of Chios, under Colonel Fabvier, in 1827–28.

Dikaios Papa Flessa, a Messenian by birth, and bred up to the church; courageous and dissipated, a modern Alcibiades; he fell with 300 resolute soldiers in the pass of Pedimen, near Arkhadia. Ibrahim Pacha was personally engaged in the battle, June 3. 1825.

Karaiskaki, who distinguished himself in Attica, but especially by his victory at Arrakhova, and his successes in Eastern Greece in December 1826. He also seized a Turkish convoy at Thermopolæ; morality sat loose upon him, and his character is stained: he was shot near Athens, during the operations of the siege, in 1827.

Nikitas, who fought bravely in most of the campaigns throughout the war; he was especially distinguished for his personal valour in the campaign of Dramali in 1822.

Diakos, who was defeated at the bridge of Alamanna on the Sperchius; he was made prisoner, and put to a cruel death by Omer Pacha; his memory is venerated by his countrymen.

Miaulis, still living, respected by his countrymen and by foreigners. Courage and bravery belong to these names with very little tincture of selfishness to any. There are many others that might justly be enumerated as heroes, but their valour, more or less, is obscured by mal-practices.

Ipsilanti, Coletti, Mavrocordato, Trikoupi, and others, ought rather to be classed among the statesmen and politicians; but the defenders of Missolonghi in 1825, deserve to stand on the Persians' grave. There were nine: —

Nothi Bozzaris,	Demetrius Makrys	Christo Fotomara
George Kizzos	Basil Khasapi	Mitcho Kontoyani.
George Vaias	Kizzo Tzavella	George Valtinos.

We now went along the sea-coast for nearly three hours, having the mountains of Eubœa continually in view: those present a rich variety of outline, and with some small islands, form an agreeable interchange of sea and land. The eye requires such features to rest upon, for it is wearied with the mountains of Attica. We next came to Raphine, a deserted village near a stream, at about two miles from the coast, and about ten miles from Porto Raphti. We then took the direction of Mount Hymettus, the path running nearly parallel with the chain, until the village of Bronda: here a few olive-trees, in a comparatively happy situation, afforded a shade; and a well, copious in cool water, supplied

our thirst. I had before me the Mount Pentelicus and Hymettus, but all around was a wilderness, where little grew beyond the immediate precincts of Bronda, save holly-bushes and wild shrubs: it is, however, a wilderness of sweets, but the same cause which filled Attica with inhabitants in the very early ages*, has now left it nearly depopulated: I mean the barrenness of the soil, which Thucidides says was the reason why the inhabitants were less frequently disturbed in their settlements, than in the more fertile regions of Greece.

July 2.—Through a country wearing the same aspect, but frequently softened down by the outlines of the scenery. We passed to Kerratia, and observed several square towers, built evidently for defence. Some one of these must occupy the site of Brauron, although Pausanius does not mark any distance to ascertain the site.

With the village and immediate district of Kerratia cultivation ends, and we proceed, having the wild mountains of Kerratia on the right, through moor and rocky waste. The village of Metropisi, supposed to be the ancient Amphitropè, hardly affords any relief, although a few trees of fresher hue mark the spot, and the hether yields to a few corn-fields. The high wind, which made the bushes shake, and

* There was in ancient Attica 174 Demoi, besides the capital, including, perhaps, 1,500,000 inhabitants. See Dodwell, tom. ii. p. 6.

swept over the quivering stalks, reminded me most forcibly of Scotland. The general features of Attica, I thought, much resembled that country in its wildest districts. We proceeded for four hours and a half, and at length emerging from between two flanking lines of mountain, came upon the rock-bound coast near Alegrana. In passing a few huts, within about an hour and a half of this coast, I saw vestiges of antiquity, and I judged the Thorico Bay to lie on my left, with only a mountain intervening. From the opening towards the sea near Alegrana I took an easterly direction, and, crossing the headland, came within sight of the *Cape Sunium*, bearing on its summit the remains of the picturesque temple. By a stony path and a deep ravine, ascending and descending several times, we reached the port, but found no human habitation near; a cavern affords the only shelter for mariners who touch at this point; small vessels, however, ride secure. A violent wind now detains our caique under the Cape. I write this in full view of the Temple of Minerva Sunias, whose white columns glitter in the rays of the sun.

This renowned solitary cape rises about 300 feet from the level of the sea, by a gentle inclination from the side of the little bay and the land, but precipitously steep from the Ægean waves. It is still consecrated to the temple, for nothing intrudes upon the walls and terraces, and fragments which occupy

almost all the summit. I ascended to the temple from the cavern in the bay in about eighteen minutes. Nine columns, of the side looking towards the Island of St. George, the ancient Balbina, stand erect: three more remain of the front or end, overlooking the Port Panormus, and one of the Antes. On the land side, the columns have fallen from their bases, and are strewn amongst the fragments of walls, making the whole platform a melancholy heap of ruins. Bold walls and terraces still remain "on Sunium's marbled steep," and no where could there be well imagined a solitude of wild rock, ruin, and wave, so complete: far from human habitation, or any signs of man's cultivating hand, those deep blue waves roll on beneath the cliff, and those ruins, bleached with more than two thousand winters, tell us that Greece once lived even here. Off this cape Falconer has laid the scene of his Shipwreck; it was also the scene, real or imaginary, of some of Plato's dialogues. Childe Harold visited it thrice; and it appears to have had charms for his gloomy imagination. To render it more inhospitable, no fresh water was known to be within an hour's reach: but this shall be no longer said; for our boatmen brought us some excellent water, which they fetched from the very foot of the promontory; observing, however, that it was a discovery, and one which seemed to give them joy.

In descending, I further observed some remains of

the "propylea" of the temple, a few broken shafts, and some vestiges of its platform: the whole has been a conspicuous object to the mariner approaching the Attic shores; and thus Minerva Sunias might not be without utility. At a little distance is the small rocky inlet of Karakka, which is, doubtless, the Patroclus of Pausanias: further down the coast, I see the bolder island of Gaidoronisi, and I look over a wide sea towards isles and coast, with which I am yet unacquainted. But I must on towards the shores of Asia; and, leaving Greece at her wildest, most remote promontory, I seem to have caught the melancholy impression which she still leaves on the mind of a stranger; for, though Phœnix-like, risen from her ashes, her strength appears to be spent, and she cannot soar aloft: her moral ruins lie over her fair surface, like the prostrate fragments on the lonely Cape Sunium. Adieu to Greece. [Wednesday evening, on board the Caique, July 2. 1834.]

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

00084073

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 06 February, 2016